



HILL 7



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HILL 7



SECOND LIEUTENANT GEORGE ELLIOT SHIPLEY
Killed in action in the Battle of the Argonne

^v
HILL 7

A LIFE SKETCH OF
GEORGE ELLIOTT SHIPLEY

BY
Mrs. MAUD (SHIPLEY) LEACH ^v
" "



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THIS STORY IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND
FERRY WILLIAM LEACH
WHOSE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT
HAS BEEN A REAL INSPIRATION
IN PREPARING THIS LIFE SKETCH
OF MY BROTHER

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks are due to Colonel Lawrence H. Whiting of Chicago for information from the front in France regarding our brother; to Mrs. J. D. Waller and Miss Helen Smith of Chicago for pictures; to Mr. Paul Strayer of River Forest for a picture and a map; to my sister, Mrs. Harry Henderson of Evanston, for the chronological arrangement of our brother's letters; to Mrs. Elizabeth Craig Haines of Chicago for a library reference; and to Miss Mary Herron of Oak Park for a picture.

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PRONUNCIATIONS

Langres	Lawngr'
Souilly	Sooyee
Bar-le-Duc	Bar l' duke
Montfaucon	Mo-fo-cō
Nantillois	Nan-tee-wa
Varennes	Varen
Romagne	Romāyne
Foch	Fōsh
Petain	Petán
Vaux	Vō
Saint Mihiel	San-mi-yel

“ JUST A WORD ”

During the years that have passed since the death of Lieutenant Shipley, there have come to us so many letters, messages, records and clippings that their accumulation suggested preservation in the form of a book, and accordingly this story was begun. The following lines, written as a foreword, were inspired by a sentence from the London Times: “ The statesman who did not keep us out of war should be impeached.”

If I may help one youth of note
Say “ No,” to war, again and again,
As hours are his when he may vote,
I shall not have written or — lived in vain.

If I may help one mother proclaim
The Truth to children again and again,
Christ Jesus the Name above every name,
I shall not have written or — lived in vain.

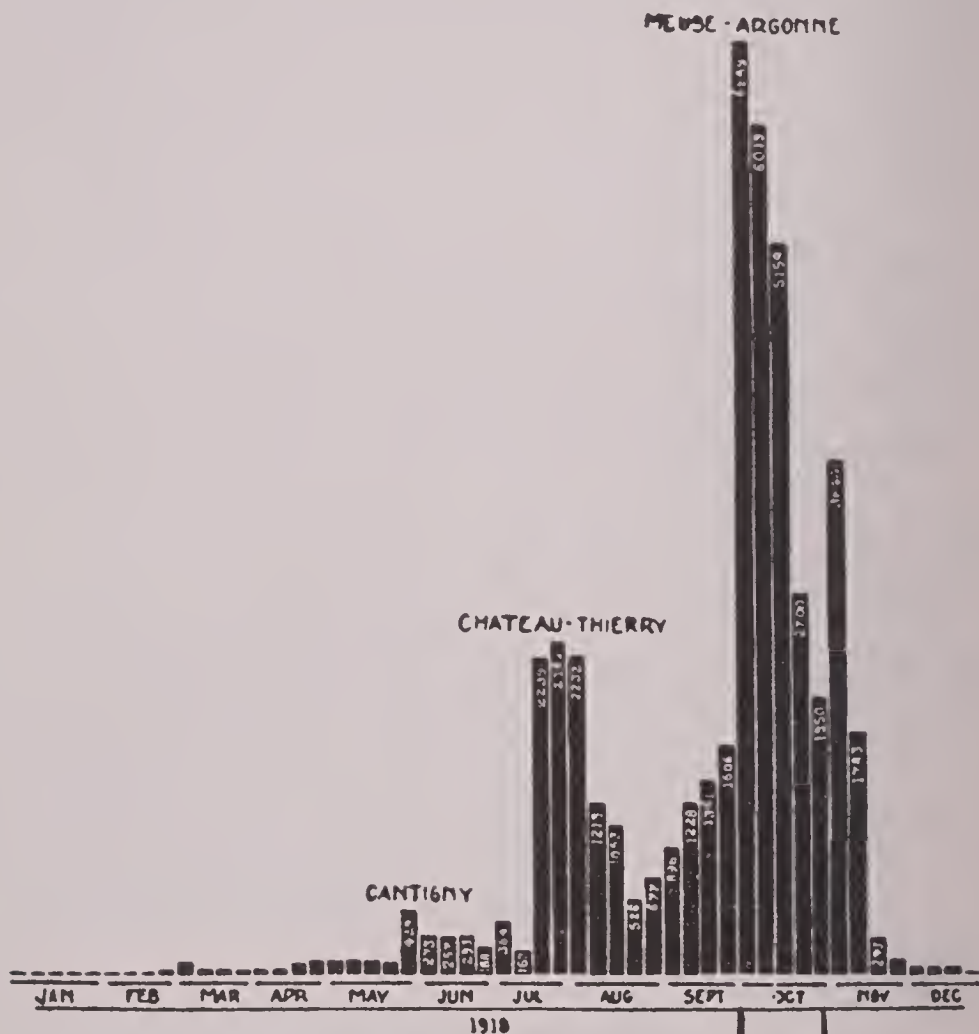
M. S. L.

THE HILL

*The naked summit of a far-off hill,
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space — boundless
Or guide into Eternity.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

THE BLACKEST TWO WEEKS



WEEKLY CASUALTY REPORTS

This chart from Thomas' History of the A.E.F. shows at its highest peaks, the blackest period of American participation in the World War, the two weeks from September 26 to October 11, 1918. These were the two weeks that Lieutenant Shipley spent in the firing line, and the chart therefore reveals our Hill 7 as being also the peak of the total war casualties. For it was on September 26 that Lieutenant Shipley reported at Souilly, 5th Army Corps Headquarters before going from Souilly to the front with the 79th Division; and just fourteen days elapsed between his leaving Souilly and his death, on October 11.

Surmounting difficult hills had been an outstanding feature of his young life, and George had particularly loved a mountain climb to view the sunrise. On Montfaucon, at the topmost point of the American casualties, he again found himself on a summit in the darkest hour just before a dawn. He died at the village of Nantillois, having led his men to their objective. Not far distant lay another small village, Sedan. In Sedan, a month later to a day, the Armistice was signed, and that dawn broke for which he had made his last climb.

AN INTRODUCTION

MY BROTHER

*Where e'er I roam,
Whatever realms to see,
My heart untraveled,
Fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns,
With ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove,
A lengthening chain.*

GOLDSMITH

A celebrated Londoner, owner of leading London newspapers, was making a world tour, and while walking with a friend down a lonely coast, he said: "It is my conviction that every human soul has a story, one at least, to write." As he made this statement, a man was seen approaching them, the lighthouse keeper on this coast. When the man drew near, Lord Northcliffe addressed him thus: "Friend, I believe everyone has a story to tell; have you one?" "Yes," answered the man, "I saw the ship, the Empress of India, go down off this shore."

I have a story to relate, the life of my young brother. Though I possess small knowledge of letters and no graces of rhetoric, and the telling of it must be in a crude fashion or, as Emerson said,

“dwarfishly and fragmentarily,” still I feel it must be told. So, for this story, this “raw material of a story,” I beg the indulgence of my readers (friends and family) and trust that, now it has been launched, it may sail out upon friendly seas and touch only at those ports which will welcome it with sympathetic interest.

That George himself would approve this account of his own record seems certain for the following reason. He was always deeply interested in those pages of his family history which told of the heroic and faithful service of his great-grandfather, Henry Shipley, in the American Revolutionary War. Henry Shipley fought in several important battles and served the dreary winter with Washington and his ragamuffins at Valley Forge.

When in January, 1918, the news of George's death came to us in Chicago, we received a letter from a friend who had known him very well, reading thus:

Well do I remember George sitting before the grate fire, reading the account of the brave deeds of his ancestor in the American revolution of '76. How speedily did George follow in the footsteps of his great-grandfather, whom he regarded with so much admiration.

Since George was so concerned with the service of his ancestor in the struggle for American independence, we are sure he would approve this account of his own part in the war which France waged to re-

AN INTRODUCTION

tain her independence. Lieutenant Shipley had read that in the Revolutionary War his ancestor had served heroically, and in the record of Henry Shipley's service in that war, had seen the adverb "gloriously" used to describe his service. Now it happened that for George's service in the World War, that same adverb "gloriously" was used by the French bankers, Pays Du Nord, when they cabled to us the information of his death.*

"Lieutenant Shipley died gloriously on our common battlefield" read the message. "Glorieusement" reads the record of Henry Shipley in '76, and "glorieusement" reads the record, one hundred and forty years later, of his great-grandson. Henry Shipley fought so bravely as to send his name thrilling down thru the blood of generations of kin to Lieutenant Shipley, his great-grandson, who followed his example so closely as to thrill his young nephews and spur them on to be faithful in all life's battles.

It was early in December of 1917, about ten months before his death, that George came in to Chicago from Camp Grant to bid his family farewell before starting for an eastern camp. He greatly

*
Paris, Feb. 7, 1919
Votre depeche dixhuit janvier Lawrence Whiting nous informe aujourd'hui vous ayant déjà appris douloureuse nouvelle decès Lieutenant Shipley tombe glorieusement champ bataille commun recevez nos sincerés condolences

Banque Pays Nord

enjoyed his visit, the last with his Mother, and as he was leaving, he said: "Whatever may happen to me, I shall never cease to thank God for this evening." As he waved farewell to his women folk, he called out: "This is a man's job." The purpose of the narrative which follows is to show how gloriously he performed that man's job, how he played the man "glorieusement."

Then, there is another reason for writing this narrative. When Lieutenant Shipley received his commission at Fort Sheridan, it was as an officer in the Quartermaster Corps. He went to France a lieutenant in the 304th Sanitary Train and was billeted with it on the 26th of September, 1918, just before the Argonne battle. The particulars of his death, which did not reach us until months after it had occurred, showed that he died with the Infantry. Naturally the question arose in our minds: — How did he get from the Quartermaster Corps into the Infantry? During the intervening years much additional information has come to us, through messages and letters, official and otherwise, from men and officers in his Company and this question may now be answered.

The World War was a disgrace to us all, but the bravery of our boys, who resisted the greatest crime of all the ages, committed by the Germans against humanity, that day in 1914, when they let loose the dogs of war upon a peaceful world, the bravery of our boys, I say, will never be forgotten by those

AN INTRODUCTION

whom they defended, and in this story of my brother's bravery, we are likewise celebrating the bravery of the millions of other young men who went into that hell upon earth, in answer to the call of duty.

SEVEN HILLS

THE HILL

*Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old . . ." "And when we die
All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,
— "Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"*

*"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lessons here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
"We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
— And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.*

RUPERT BROOKE, *the Soldier Poet*

To the Americans, the World War was a war of hills. The Argonne battlefield was a billowy sea of hill upon hill. From the very first pages of the Marines' story, you read of Hill 165, 169, and so on. In the Argonne account, hill after hill is mentioned: Hill 304, Hill 240, Hill 269, Hill 180, Hill 244 and Hill 223, then Deadmen's Hill and others. Not mountains as in Italy where twelve mountain peaks were to our knowledge the scenes of great battles,

but hills. Thus Montfaucon was the very center of the Argonne battle, the hill upon which the German Crown Prince had his first line headquarters, from which he watched through his periscope * the shelling of Verdun, from which he would have marched in Belgium-like victory down the Sacred Way to Paris, if the American boys had not come to say: "This is no road."

So, with all these hills in mind, it is my fancy to sketch my young brother's life in chapters which shall be named Hills, and this not only because he fought so bravely among those hills in the Argonne, but because as I muse over his life, which I, his elder sister, knew from beginning to end, seven hills seem to dominate those swift speeding years, seem to have formed its foundation, like the seven hills of ancient Rome.

From the day when I, a high school miss of 17, was called by the nurse into my mother's room to look through the blankets upon the wee face of my new brother, down to the day when, in the lobby of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, we bade good-bye to him, and looked for the last time upon that face so dear to us, his life was lived out before me. Like countless other older sisters, I shared with his mother the joy of mothering him, and it was a great delight that in his last letter home he wrote of "my Sister-Mother" thus giving me the right, in a way, to call him "my son."

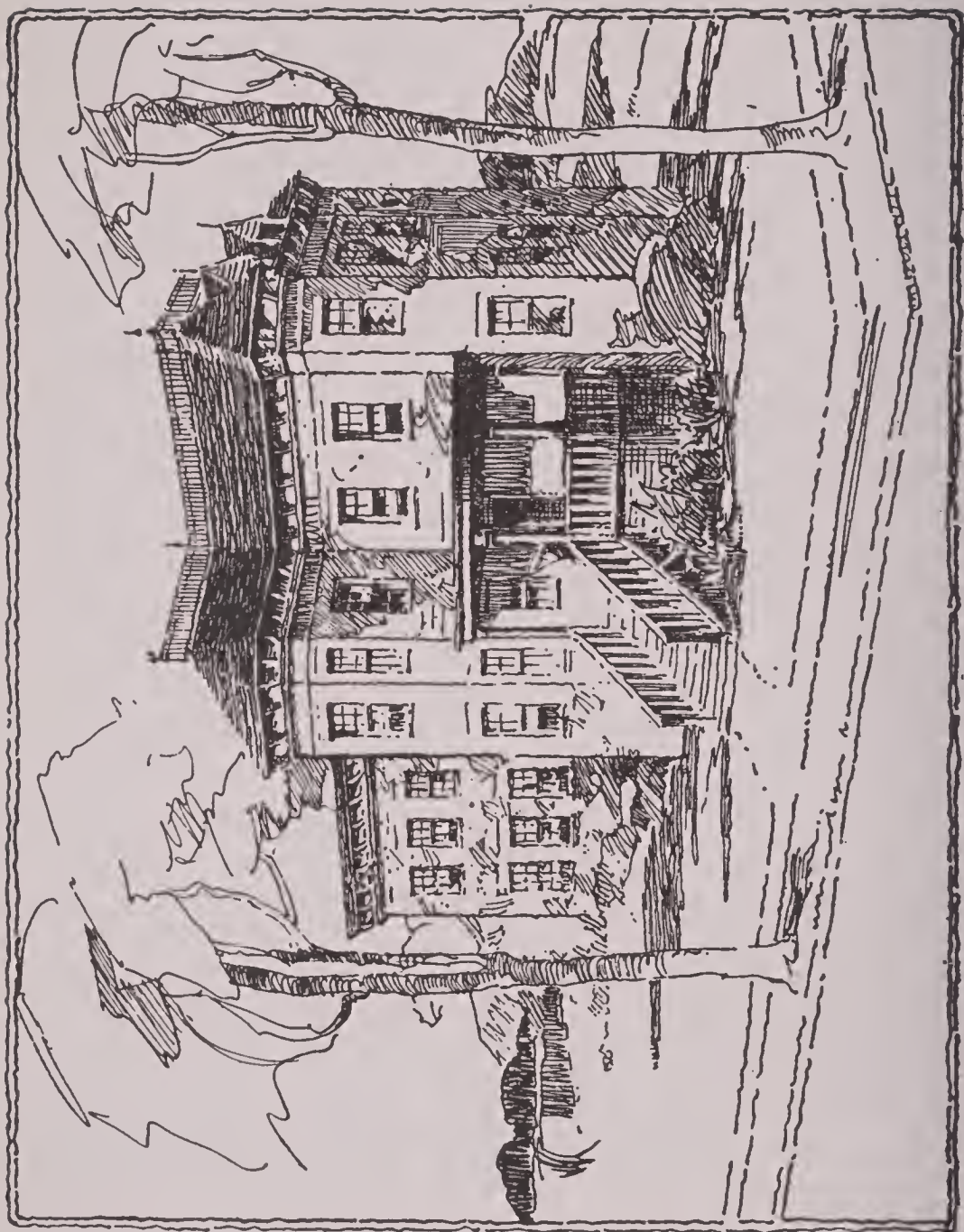
* This periscope now reposes in New York, it is said.

SEVEN HILLS

This thought of hill-climbing through life's struggles is beautifully expressed in the memorial to another Oak Park boy who died in war service. It was written by his mother, Mrs. George Whittle, and what she says of her son Amos so exactly expresses what I would write of my brother George that it shall stand in the beginning of his life's narrative. Mrs. Whittle says of her son: "He died with his eyes fixed on the high mountains of life where, beyond question, had he lived he would have climbed. But, dear friends, he had already climbed the high and rough ways that lead up to the steep mountains of character, and there he stood firmly at the top. Mistake not. It is no easy victory. Material achievement may be both, but no moral victory is ever easy or accidental." These words of Mrs. Whittle about her brave son Amos, I would make the keynote of this story of my brother's life — a hill-climbing story.

George Shipley was born in Detroit, Michigan, on the 14th day of October, 1883, in the old home which stood at the corner of Cass Avenue and Davenport Street, 612 Cass Avenue.

PART ONE



HILL 1 — A HOUSE TOP IN OLD DETROIT

This picture was drawn from memory by Detroit's celebrated ceramic artist, Mary Chase Stratton, a girlhood friend of the author. This house was Lieutenant Shipley's birthplace

HILL 1

A HOUSE TOP IN OLD DETROIT

612 Cass Avenue at the corner of Davenport Street

*Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count and touch and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother who has
Watched her children all the rich day thru
Sits, quiet, empty-handed in the fading light
When children sleep, ere night.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

It was late in the autumn of '84, the place, our old Detroit home on Cass Avenue, corner of Davenport Street. We were seated about the living room each busy at some task or other, none realizing that Baby George had eluded his nurse, and was not there with us in the room. He had just learned to walk; how could he encounter any dangers or pitfalls when his toddling steps could scarcely take him from our side? But this is what had happened: *he was learning to climb!* He had found the steps leading to the second floor, had mounted them quietly and safely. Finding the steps to the third floor, he ascended these also. He reached the third floor and through an open door to a room at the rear of the house he saw a chair close to an open

window. Upon this he climbed and before we had missed him was out on the flat roof which stretched over the rear of the house. As the house ran lengthwise on Cass Avenue, he was soon looking down upon this long street, absorbed in its far view of houses, trees, people, horses and carriages. He stood perilously near the roof's edge, while his family sat below, all unconscious of his danger.

Young Dr. Howard W. Longyear,* our family physician, who later became and long remained one of the leading diagnosticians of Detroit, was passing by in his slow-moving phaeton. He espied the little white-robed figure standing there on the roof's edge, and with one bound leaped into the house, crashing in the front door in such a whirlwind fashion that we were startled beyond words; even now I seem to hear the thunder of that crash coming down through all these years. He shouted: "Baby George is on the roof — on the roof!" He was up the stairs, we following, and in a moment the Doctor had little George in his arms, though not before we, too, had caught a glimpse of the tiny figure standing there gazing down the street.

This characteristic pose so typifies the upward trend of George's short but earnest career, that it shall form Hill 1, the first ascent in this story of Hills, which is to end with the tale of Hill 7, the crowning achievement of his eager, young life.

When George was still an infant, our family

* Now deceased.

moved from Detroit to Chicago, our first home being in Hyde Park, where George Shipley, our father, died in April of 1887. Thereafter, for nearly thirty years, George's life was lived in Oak Park, until the call came to go into military training for the World War, when he took up his residence in Chicago, to be nearer the armory where Battery E of the First Illinois Field Artillery was formed, and with which he went to the Mexican front in the summer of 1916.

Now, as to Lieutenant Shipley's ancestry. Someone has written: "Pride of race and pride of country go hand in hand as two forms of patriotism." There is inspiration in dwelling upon the character of a forefather who was worth while — no one can truthfully deny this — and in a family as inconspicuous as our own, it is well to remind the present generation of its lineage and of the cradle of its race. Lieutenant Shipley possessed through his father a lineage rich in history and tradition. As a matter of record, one family tree shall be given in full, that of his father's mother, Abigail Fitz Randolph Shipley.

It is the conventional thing nowadays to smile at the genealogical tables of those who aspire to the famous families of old England, and to discount some of them as being quite uncertain, especially those that stem from the Anglo-Saxon tree, but this Fitz Randolph line being also that of the present reigning monarch of England — for Queen Victoria was a descendant of our ancestor Lord Robert Fitz

Randolph, who built Middleham Castle in Yorkshire in 1190 — the family tree given below is not only of independent interest, but also of exceptional authenticity. Our American branch derives from Margaret Lady Stafford, the first wife of the Randolph Fitz Randolph who was created Earl of Westmoreland by Richard II in 1397, Lady Margaret being herself descended from an earlier royal family, that of Edward I; the present royal family comes from Randolph Fitz Randolph's second wife, Joan of Beaufort.

Lieutenant Shipley's grandmother, Abigail Fitz Randolph, was a direct descendant of Lord Robert Fitz Randolph and the name had come down for almost a thousand years from Lord Robert of Yorkshire when it ended with Abigail, who died in 1870, the last of our line to bear this name. The prefix "Fitz" must be a part of the name Randolph, must be proven to be so, or the name and family are not of this tree. The Virginia Randolphs, for instance, are not of this family, having never had the prefix, while on the other hand certain Fitz Randolphs in America have merely failed to retain the prefix, dropping it for convenience' sake.

There are royal names in the Fitz Randolph ancestry, but there is also a name which carries with it another sort of historical significance, the name of Archbishop Fitz Randolph of Armagh and Oxford, who taught, protected, and defended John Wycliffe, the Great Reformer of Oxford. Wycliffe, who gave



MIDDLEHAM CASTLE

Middleham Castle was built by Lord Robert Fitz Randolph in Yorkshire, England, in 1190. It is one of the most ancient and one of the most beautiful baronial castle ruins of old England. It stands upon the Roman Road over which the families travelled on their journeys from London. The story of this interesting old ruin is described in the novel "The Last of the Barons" by Bulwer-Lytton. Lieutenant Shipley's grandmother, Abigail Fitz Randolph Shipley, was a direct descendant of Lord Robert Fitz Randolph, the name having come down nearly a thousand years, and she was the last to bear this name in our line, her death having occurred in 1870.

The reigning monarch of England harks back to this castle as the cradle of his race, for he too is a descendant of Lord Robert Fitz Randolph. The moat that once surrounded the castle has been leveled, but the Keep within the fortification is still to be seen. It is said that Cromwell's men accomplished this ruin of Middleham Castle. John Wycliffe, the Reformer, lived not far away and tradition records that some of his work of writing was done here at Middleham.

Our pilgrim ancestor, Edward Fitz Randolph, came to America in 1628. He was not an eldest son and did not inherit either title or estates, but brought with him all the "visitation papers" which have come down to his descendants. His wife was Betty Blossom who came over on the last trip of the Mayflower, her parents having been friends of Governor Bradford. Edward's son, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph was the founder of that interesting locality, Barnstable, on Cape Cod.

the English Bible to the world, in a translation that he and his followers made from the Latin Vulgate, was born near Middleham Castle in Richmondshire, which is another name for that part of Yorkshire, and tradition says that he did some of his writing at this famous old house of the Fitz Randolphins. That John Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," should have had as his teacher and defender Archbishop Fitz Randolph of Middleham and Oxford is a tradition of which Fitz Randolph descendants even in a democratic country may appropriately boast.

Lieutenant Shipley's four grandparents were named Fitz Randolph, Shipley, Denman, and Selover. The first three were English, and the first two trace back to the Domesday Book of old England, compiled in the year 1000. The last, Selover, is of Holland origin, as the name itself indicates. The Fitz Randolph family tree may be found in the Newberry Library of Chicago, or in any other library having a special genealogical department. The Fitz Randolph lineage, being the most interesting, is alone given below:

- (1) ROLF, The Norseman Conqueror.
Born about A.D. 860. Died A.D. 932. Married Gisela, daughter of King Charles of France.
- (2) WILLIAM, "LONGSWORD," Duke of Normandy.
Died about 943.
- (3) RICHARD "THE FEARLESS," Duke of Normandy.
Reigned more than half a century. Died A.D. 996.

HILL 1

- (4) RICHARD "THE GOOD," Duke of Normandy.
Died A.D. 1026.
- (5) RICHARD, Duke of Normandy.
Married Judith. Died A.D. 1028. (He was father of Robert "The Magnificent," whose son was William "The Conqueror," and he was a brother of Avicia, who married Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany.)
- (6) GEOFFREY, AVICIA.
- (7) EUDO, Duke of Brittany.
Married Agnes, daughter of Alan, and died in 1079.
- (8) RIBALD, Lord of Middleham.
(Brother of Alan Rufus, Duke of Richmond, and to Stephen and to Bardolf.) Married Beatrix, and spent his last days in retirement at St. Mary's Abbey, York.
- (9) RANDOLPH, Lord of Middleham.
Married Agatha, daughter of the first Robert of Bruce.
- (10) ROBERT FITZ RANDOLPH, Lord of Middleham.
Built the Castle of Middleham and married Helewise de Glanville.
- (11) RANDOLPH FITZ RANDOLPH, Lord of Middleham.
Married Mary, daughter of Roger Bigot, Duke of Norfolk.
- (12) RANDOLPH FITZ RANDOLPH, Lord of Middleham.
Married Anastasia, daughter of William, Lord Percy.
- (13) MARY FITZ RANDOLPH
Daughter of Randolph and Anastasia. A rich, religious and benevolent woman. Married Robert de Neville. Died A.D. 1320, having survived her husband 49 years.

- (14) RANDOLPH DE NEVILLE, Lord of Middleham.
His second wife was Margaret, daughter of Marmaduke Thweng. Died 1332.
- (15) RANDOLPH DE NEVILLE, Lord of Middleham.
Married Alicia, daughter of Hugo de Audley. Died 1368.
- (16) JOHN DE NEVILLE, Lord of Middleham.
Married Matilda Percy. Died 1389.
- (17) RANDOLPH DE NEVILLE, Lord of Middleham and first Earl of Westmoreland.
His first wife was Margaret (daughter of Hugh), Lady Stafford, descended from Edward I, and his second wife Joan of Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt and granddaughter of Edward III. Died 1435. By his second wife his posterity runs into and down the English royal line. We now follow the posterity of the Earl of Westmoreland by his first wife, Lady Stafford.
- (18) JOHN (the children of whose brother Randolph were all daughters) married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Holland, Earl of Canterbury. He died two years before his father, 1433.
- (19) JOHN, heir presumptive to the dukedom of Westmoreland. Was hero of the battle of Towton, in the year 1461, and lost his life there on the Lancastrian side. Had married Anna, the widow of John de Neville.
- (20) RANDOLPH, Duke of Westmoreland.
(Son of John and Anna) married Margaret, daughter of Booth de Barton of Lancaster.
- (21) RANDOLPH, heir presumptive.
Died during his father's lifetime; had married Edith, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.
- (22) RANDOLPH, Duke of Westmoreland.
(Son of Randolph and Edith), married Catherine,

HILL 1

daughter of Edward, Duke of Buckingham. Died 1524.

- (23) RANDOLPH, fifth son of Randolph and Catherine. The first son being Henry, whose son Charles was the last in the line of these dukes of Westmoreland, and the other sons being Thomas, Edward, Christopher and Cuthbert. Died probably about 1565.

- (24) CHRISTOPHER FITZ RANDOLPH (son of Randolph, fifth son of Duke of Westmoreland). Married Joan, daughter and heiress of Cuthbert Langton of Langton Hall. Died 1588.

- (25) EDWARD FITZ RANDOLPH of Langton Hall. With whom was found and in whom was confirmed by the "Visitation" of 1614 the Fitz Randolph Arms substantially as borne by the Lords of Middleham and by the Spennithorne branch of Fitz Randolph. Died probably about 1635.

- (26) EDWARD FITZ RANDOLPH, Pilgrim. Married May 10, 1637, at Scituate, Mass., Elizabeth Blossom, daughter of Thomas and Anne Blossom. Moved to Piscataway, N. J., 1669. Died 1675.

- (27) NATHANIEL FITZ RANDOLPH (first settlers of Barnstable, Mass. Vol. III).

Born 1642 (Town Records) at Barnstable, Mass., baptized May 15th, 1642, at Barnstable, Mass., died Sept. 21st, 1713, at Woodbridge, N. J. Married November 16th, 1662, at Barnstable, Mass., Mary L— of Sandwich, Mass., who died at Woodbridge, N. J., July 12th, 1703, daughter of Joseph Holly (Holway-Holoway) and Rose, of Sandwich, Mass.

- (28) EDWARD FITZ RANDOLPH, born 1670 (O. B. Leonard) at Woodbridge, N. J., died February 23, 1760 (American Ancestry Quaker Records), at Woodbridge, N. J. Married 1704, Catherine (Quaker Records), born May 2nd, 1682 (American

- Ancestry) at Middleham, N. J., died August 13th, 1759 (Quaker Records) at Woodbridge, N. J., daughter of Richard Hartshorne (son of Wm. Hartshorne of Hathern, England, and Margaret Carr, daughter of Robert Carr of R. I.) .
- (29) RICHARD FITZ RANDOLPH, born April 16th, 1705 (Quaker Records) at Woodbridge, N. J., died 1754 (will proved November 25th, 1754, made November 20th, 1754) at Perth Amboy, N. J. Married July 25th, 1735 (Gen. and Biog. History Hull) (Quaker Records) at Shrewsbury "at the house of John Corlies," Shrewsbury (Quaker Records) Elizabeth, born August 20th, 1716 (Quaker Records), daughter of John Corlies and Naomi Edwards.
- (30) THOMAS FITZ RANDOLPH, born October 12th, 1740 (Quaker Records), at Perth Amboy, N. J., died 1801 (Will made July 21st, 1801, proved July 27th, 1801) in Edstone Township, Fayette Co., Penna., married November 23rd, 1763, Abigail, born February 14th, 1742, died —, daughter of Stephen Vail and Esther Smith.
- (31) STEPHEN RANDOLPH, born February 11th, 1772, in N. J., died September 16th, 1849, in Fayette County, Penna., married Permelia Nutt, July 14th, 1797. She was born April 10th, 1780, died May 10th, 1857.
- (32) ABIGAIL RANDOLPH, born in Fayette County, Penna., April 22nd, 1805, died in Richwood, Ohio, in 1870, married Benedict Shipley in Fayette County, Penna., May 22nd, 1821. Benedict was born in 1797, Sept. 26th, in Fayette Co., Penna., died in Richwood, Union County, Ohio, in 1873, either July or August.
- (33) GEORGE E. SHIPLEY, born in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, August 27th, 1845, died April 23rd, 1887, in Chi-

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cago, Illinois; married in Chesterville, Ohio, September 25th, 1864, Effie Selover who was born April 7th, 1846, died June 20th, 1920, and was buried in Chicago, Illinois.

- (34) GEORGE E. SHIPLEY, Jr., born in Detroit, Michigan, October 14th, 1883; killed in action in Battle of the Argonne, October 11th, 1918.

Ponder on the entire past
Laid together thus at last,
When the twilight helps to fuse
The first fresh with the faded hues,
And the outline of the whole,
As round eve's shades their framework roll,
Grandly fronts for once thy soul!

R. BROWNING



HILL 2 — "OLD BALDY"
A great sand dune in Michigan

HILL 2

A SAND DUNE IN MICHIGAN

Baldhead

“From every mountain side let freedom ring.”

To this line from our hymn “America,” we add a verse which Dr. Van Dyke composed as an addition to our national hymn, celebrating the beauty of our *inland* country:

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains.
Thy rivers’ mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep:
All thy domains.

As has been written, not long after the first hill climb in George’s life, in old Detroit, the family changed its place of residence from Detroit to Chicago, settling in Hyde Park, in 1885.

The pleasures and pastimes of the 70’s and 80’s are still vivid in the memory of us who were young in those days and frequently rise to present a pleasing contrast to the diversions of the present time. For instance, in beautiful old Detroit — and it was beautiful in those days — what a joy were the winter afternoons that we devoted to sleigh-riding!

What a picture old Cass Avenue presented when

the citizens all went sleighing of a winter afternoon up and down its long thoroughfare, hundreds of sleighs with their horses single or in lovely spans speeding its length, bearing whole families. How well I remember the graceful lines of the roomy sleighs, the bright colors, the great festive tassels of red waving in the breezes, the horses decorated with the merry silver-toned sleighbells, and the laughter of the pleasure-seekers mingling with the bells, for sleighing in that bracing air brought such laughter that none in those happy groups could escape the contagion of merriment.

When our family left old Detroit to reside in Hyde Park, Chicago, we were glad to learn that the Grand Boulevard system too had its section for sleighing in the winter. Fifty years ago, Chicago too watched this merry scene. As often as the snow was deep enough, those who could gave their afternoon to the exhilarating joy of a family sleigh ride. Alas! At this very time, the early 80's, when the beautiful horses, then so universally loved and admired, were carrying their loads up and down the Avenue to the music of the gay sweet-sounding bells, there were, in that very city of old Detroit, which we had just left, men who were dreaming and planning a new conveyance for the family. Along that very Cass Avenue, George's native street, the way led in from Dearborn, and in those very days, a youth, Henry Ford by name, the Dearborn dreamer, was traversing this thoroughfare, and in a few short

years this happy pastime would forever disappear from our city streets. Like the wild flowers that once grew upon every bank in the old state of Michigan, the family sleigh with its span of horses, so stately and graceful whether driven in tandem or in team, has vanished, and you children are missing a beautiful spectacle and also much real merriment, thereby.

One day fifty years ago your Grandmother was told by her father that he had an errand for her that morning. She found the errand a very pleasant one indeed, for at the appointed time the family sleigh stood at the door and this morning it was filled to overflowing with packages to be taken to the section of our city where the negro population at that time lived, west of State Street and south of 40th. The horses pranced gaily in the moments of waiting, as though eager to be off, the snow was deep, in spite of the fact that it was spring, and we soon reached our destination. I seem still to see at the windows the faces of those little pickaninnies gleefully watching us with black, bright eyes, as the roasts of chicken, beef, and ham, the bags of yellow oranges and red apples and all were taken into the tenement building. They knew that here was food enough to supply them bountifully for as long as the big snow-storm lasted. That, children, was the last sleigh-ride your Grandmother ever took, and in a little while the whole world had seen its last sleigh ride, and the merry, jingling bells were forever stilled.

At that time, her young brother George was four years of age.

The warm sun of spring was soon to melt the deep snow just described, but swifter did that day melt from the thought of this writer in the light of the sad events that succeeded it. The father who had thought of the pickaninnies and had sent them food for that stormy day was taken very ill and soon passed from us.

The custom of fifty years ago was for a friend to sit by the remains of the dead. Our father's close friend and neighbor of those days, Daniel H. Burnham, Sr., who was at that very time planning his Chicago Beautiful and also a Washington Beautiful, sat up through the long hours of the night keeping vigil. The next day Dr. Thomas Hall, pastor of our church, tried to comfort us with his services, and presently we were following the casket to its last resting place in Oakwoods, not far from the boulevard where we had loved to drive during those years of residence in Hyde Park.

Then the little family were on their way to Oak Park, sad and disconsolate, seeing a dreary future with the dear father gone from them. Their friends were back there in Chicago and the new home seemed lonely indeed. Mother built her home on the north side of the village, attracted by a great row of cottonwood trees, which seemed to offer protection to her and her woebegone little family.

A poet once wrote: "Joy's recollection is no longer joy, but sorrow's memory is sorrow still." So it is with the thought of that far away past. The memory of my father still brings sorrow with it. You, my dear grandchildren, are taught to revere the memory of your grandfather Lindsay T. Woodcock, a great merchant of his time and a great Christian of his city and country, and may you remember too that your *great* grandfather George Elliott Shipley, Sr., was a great soul and very dearly beloved by all who knew him.

Sudden changes in life are beneficial or not according as you take them, and the little family coming from a carefree life of plenty, of interesting events, of happiness in their dear father's presence among them, were now confronted with such a change.

Gone now were the happy summers on Wisconsin lakes, the cedar boat with its double silver-tipped oars and crimson cushions of velvet, gone were the days of horseback riding, on the black Kentucky saddle horse with its delightful canter and single foot gaits, on the equestrian third of the Boulevard, as it was, fifty years ago. Gone were the elder son's happy terms at Harvard School, then in its heyday, gone were our many friends and all the joys of such a circle.

But our mother was brave and her lonely struggle always remained an example for her sons to follow and to emulate when their own battles came.

Changes like this may be beneficial but they are hard to bear.

Our brother knew no other home than Oak Park and in order to give my readers a comprehensive background for the thirty years of his life at home, the following lines, written by one who lived in the village and walked its streets during those years, seeing it grow and develop, are given entire. The writer of these lines was the late Roxanne Seabury Wright, who kindly consented to their use.

AN ODE TO THE SISTER VILLAGES, OAK PARK
AND RIVER FOREST

O Sister Villages, so greatly blest,
Where love and friendship dwell in happy homes,
We pray thee listen to thy praises sung
By one who knew thee well when as a child,
She wandered 'neath the trees and by the stream
Where in those far-off days you had your birth.

For in those days wherein our fathers strove
To find a refuge from the city's din
And surcease from the city's carking cares,
They sought the shelter of the oaks and elms
That bordered all the boundless prairie-land
Which lay beyond the city's jarring gates.
And there they builded better than they knew
Their tiny homes amid those towering trees,
And found therein the peace and rest they sought.

They planted gardens by the gravel paths
That led to many a neighboring friendly door,
And merry children played beneath the trees

And watched the squirrels and birds at play above,
Or raced the prairies chasing butterflies.
So freely given — God's sweet air and sun
And rain, the happy children grew in grace
As did the wild-flowers in the fields.
There soon appeared a tiny meeting-house
Wherein the villagers might worship God,
And churchbells broke the solemn Sabbath quiet
With sweet insistent call to prayer and praise.
Then did the village fathers build a school
Wherein their children might be taught to read
And write and draw and do their simple sums.
Soon, shops sprang up to fill each house-wife's need,
And simple pleasures filled their hours of ease;
So life was full of joy and sweet content.
Good men gave freely of their gold and time
To further sweet prosperity and peace
Within the confines of these villages
Close-bound as sisters of a common blood,
The elder, named for all her stately oaks,
The younger, for her trees and river fair.

O Sister Villages, we loved you then
When in our childish glee we gathered flowers
Along thy woodland paths, 'neath skies of blue.
A priceless heritage, this memory
Of childhood spent 'mid scenes so beautiful,
So fraught with sweet simplicity and love!
We love thee still, since we have seen thee grow
From tiny towns to what seems to be worthwhile.
Still beautiful, tho man has pruned thy trees,
And changed thy forests into verdant lawns.
Instead of God's first temples 'neath the trees,
Stone churches lift their lofty spires to Heaven,
And many a school of brick and stone replace

The tiny buildings which our fathers knew.
Thy gravel paths long since are lost to sight
Amid the maze of myriad concrete walks,
And all thy lanes are busy thorofares.
Thy tiny shops are grown to wondrous size
And commerce plies its every trade and art.
Thy simple homes have crumbled to decay
And many stately mansions grace thy streets.
The quaint turnouts our fathers drove with pride
Have given way to horseless carriages;
Where once was heard the rumble of the cart,
One hears the hum of motor and the grind
Of wheels that bear one to the city's mart.

O Sister Villages, so blest with wealth
And joy and beauty, may thy children pause
Amid their gladness and their civic pride,
And thank the gracious God for mercies given
And for the men who sowed that we might reap
The benefits of all their generous care.

For thee, Oak Park and River Forest fair
We wish prosperity and peace and joy
Within the homes that dot the prairie land
And forests far beyond the boundaries
Which once those early village fathers knew.
Oh may thy children, grown to manhood keep
Unsullied thy fair name, and prove to be
All-worthy heirs of this, their heritage!
O Sister Villages, this be thy aim
And blessings shall continue as of yore
To make of thee a haven of peace and joy.
This then, our hymn of praise and prayer for thee!

The life portrayed in these lines was familiar to
our George for he, too, "wandered 'neath the trees

and by the stream " of the twin villages, in those early days of their history. Hiking, cycling, playing, fishing, swimming, and all the rest that delight a small boy all his boyhood days, were his, and the war memorial which the Gold Star Mothers of Chicago put upon the banks of the Des Plaines in River Forest, stands exactly upon the little hill where every spring George's family went in frolicsome mood for the spring flower picnic, to celebrate a birthday in the family, with the cloth laid upon a " bank of violets " and the breeze wafting the fragrance of the spring beauties, wild orchids, and Jack-in-the-Pulpits as it fluttered the candle flame upon the snowy birthday cake. I do not think this gay little picnic held always in May was omitted once in ten successive years.

Here in Oak Park George lived, attended the Holmes School, and was graduated from the Oak Park High School in 1904. During his high school days, there came into the possession of the Oak Park High School, a new athletic ground called " Phipps Field." This lay but a few steps from George's home and he spent much of his leisure time there. They were happy hours to him, these in which he took his first lessons in athletics, and it soon became evident that he was destined to excel in the art of running a foot race.

One day an old man of the neighborhood, a German, watched him at this sport with much interest. As he left the field, he met George's mother,

whom he addressed thus: "Dat poy, Georg, of yours, he can run mit his feet like a deer." When reading a history of the American part in the World War, we were reminded of this old German and his words about George's running abilities, by a story of some American boys taking prisoner an officer of the German army who spoke English quite well. When questioned, the captive officer said: "We did not know your American soldiers were all sprinters!" This name "sprinters" clung to that company for a long time. In the American Revolutionary War, our soldiers were called "ragamuffins." In the World War, the English were called "Contemptibles" by the Kaiser, and now our boys were given the soubriquet, "sprinters." It was a name in which George would have gloried.

This word "sprinters" interested the historians of the War, and in Palmer's "Our Greatest Battle," the following appears: "We had neither material nor time for extensive preparations. We must depend upon the shock of a sudden and terrific impact and the momentum of irresistible dash. If we took the enemy by surprise when he was holding the line weakly, with few reserves, we might go far. Indeed, never was the element of surprise more essential." The 440-yard dash! Ludendorff, like the German officer prisoner, had never considered that the Americans were sprinters, and would dash another offensive up over the heights of the whaleback! But, on the night of September 25th, from the Meuse to

the forest's western edge, every division was in position, and the sprinters, keeping faith with Marshal Foch, were ready to dash "over the top." To quote again from Palmer's history: "On the eve of the Battle of the Argonne, every soldier was a runner, crouched for the pistol shot, as he waited the dawn."

The sprinters crouched, waiting. They could all run with their feet like deer, or if need be, with winged feet like Mercury, and the Germans hesitated and staggered when the American boys came upon the scene in that vast battle of the Argonne in September, 1918.

The lessons learned at home upon athletic fields such as Phipps Field in Oak Park had much to do with the brave part played by our boys in the World War, and all honor to those citizens who make it possible for the youth of our land to grow strong, lithe and supple, to battle bravely if war must be, or to live nobly in times of peace. It is interesting to note in this connection that Phipps Field, lying at the dividing line between the twin villages of Oak Park and River Forest, was procured for Oak Park High School mainly through the efforts of Mrs. William Winslow, mother of Alan Winslow, the first American airman to bring down a German plane in the World War.

It was the summer of 1900 when George Shipley first came to the shores of Lake Michigan at Douglas for his vacation. Ever after, this was his favorite spot for summering and he spent parts of many sum-

mer seasons here. George very soon discovered old "Baldhead," a great sand dune on the Kalamazoo River. This hill, several hundred feet high, between the river bend and the lake, was really the first hill our brother had ever seen. There were no hills in Chicago. When a hill was needed, to test the climbing capacity of an automobile, when that carriage came into vogue, a hill, Algonquin, had to be built!

So it was at Baldhead, George's favorite camping ground, that he first learned to run. Running became his favorite sport. The great, wide beach, dry and hard, proved so grand a track. The air was invigorating, the plunge in the sea after the practice delightful. These early days of training were the supreme joy of his young life. And to Baldhead, our Hill 2, perhaps more than to any other place that played a part in his life did he owe his success in events athletic. "If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton" then the Argonne was won on Phipps Field, or on beaches like this at our Hill 2, where our youths spent their summers storing up health and strength in athletic training.

George also loved to climb the great sand dune in the evening to get the sunset view, and he learned to scale it in the early morning hours to catch the glory of the sunrise. He taught his friends the fascination of this night climb, leading them through the mazes of Old Baldy easily, for he knew so well just where the best paths lay that he could safely

pilot his companions up to the summit. If the light of the moon should be missing, they made the arduous ascent with lanterns, to be there in time to catch the first rays of the coming dawn. The beauty of this scene upon the summit of the great sand dune as the gray mist faded away and daylight came slowly on, displaying the pastoral fields to the north, the lovely river at the foot of the mountain of sand, the tiny villages nestled below, the shining little lake at the right from which the fishermen were beginning to dart out in their small boats to make their way to the big lake for the early fishing in deeper water, — the beauty of this scene as the sun arose from behind the mountains of gorgeous cloud, golden, purple, and crimson, that lay upon the horizon, quieted the hearts of all who gazed upon it. The great round disc itself was near, for a sunrise view to be at its best must be seen from a high point where you apparently have only to put out your hand to touch the gold that startles you with its nearness. For those ambitious climbers who have caught this view at early dawn, the sight is one that ever lingers in their memory.

This glorious view is thus described by another who saw it there at Baldhead: “as we watched the sunrise in all its splendor, we had in mind Sidney Lanier’s poem ‘The Marshes of Glynn,’ where he says — ‘I will heartily lay me hold of the greatness of God,’ and we too, tried to lay hold of the greatness of God. Many years will pass, but the memory and the

greatness of God in that beautiful scene will never pass nor fade away.”

George kept this love of climbing to get the sunrise or the sunset view all through his short life and it was this love of the mountain view that drew him to see the wonderful sight of the sunrise upon Pike's Peak later. He never lost an opportunity to make a sunrise climb if he was in the neighborhood of a point in the sky. He could not resist the mountain view.

At the foot of Old Baldy, in the year 1843, James Fenimore Cooper camped for a summer season and here laid the scene for one of his novels of Indian life, “Oak Openings.” This novel describes the spot, speaking especially of the river that runs at the foot of the sand dune. These are the words in which Cooper describes his camping spot: “The woods around are the unpeopled forests of Michigan and the small winding Reach, a placid water that was just visible in the distance, was an elbow of the Kalamazoo, a beautiful little river that flows westward emptying its tribute into the vast expanse of Lake Michigan.” Cooper calls this country “The Garden Spot of America” and he is led to quote Percival's lines as he attempts to describe the beauty of hills, rivers, fields, trees and the wild flower growth of this region: “There is no other land like thee, no dearer shore; thou art the shelter of the free; the home, the port of liberty.”

But, alas, this garden spot of our country, so

named by James Fenimore Cooper and on record in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, as one of the most noted parts of our country for the abundance and variety of its flora, has sadly changed. So much that was in wild profusion even twenty-five years ago has begun to disappear. The wild orchid, Southern smilax, the quaint Indianpipe, the field-daisies, the bluebells, the fragrant elderberry bush, and even the everblooming black-eyed Susan are scarce now, while the Boston fern that grew beside the road is entirely gone and the delicate Maiden-hair fern that once grew in the forests must now be searched for in the most remote parts of the inner dells, if indeed it can be found at all. All this in the short space of twenty-five years! What must this region have been in the days when James Fenimore Cooper camped on Lake Kalamazoo at the foot of Baldhead, our Hill 2? Those who summer here, year after year, endeavor to preserve their little patches of bluebells or ferns from summer to summer, but find it a losing game with the ruthless hand of the city florist trying to satisfy the demand for ferns in winter.

During George's senior year at the Oak Park High School, he spent his Christmas holidays clerking at Marshall Field's. Having an afternoon off on the Wednesday between Christmas and New Year's, he attended the tragic performance of the matinee at the Iroquois Theatre across the street. His description of this terrible afternoon given in an article

which he wrote at the request of the editor of the high school paper, was also printed in the *Oak Park Reporter*.

At the matinee he had noticed the entrance of a friend, Miss Christian, who, with her fiancé, was seated not far in front of him. As he viewed the sudden flame upon the stage, he felt at once a misgiving and glanced over at Miss Christian with anxious apprehension but, not having made the acquaintance of her fiancé and with too much regard for this cold formality, he simply left his seat and hurried down stairs, ahead of the crowd. How grieved he was afterwards that he did not obey his first chivalrous instinct and signal them to come away with him! Several hours later on finding that Miss Christian had not reached home, he telephoned to a relative of hers his fears for her, and together they went to the morgue to see if they could find her in that ghastly gathering of bodies taken from the fire. After a long and horrible search, they found and identified both her and her fiancé, and George came on home to Oak Park where he arrived at about ten o'clock, faint and miserable from the experience.

He staggered to the couch, black from his contact with smoke and soot in the morgue, and could scarcely get strength to relate his awful experience of the afternoon. His remorse that he had not been able to save our friend, the beautiful Miss Christian, was very great.

The story following must have taxed his descriptive powers to the utmost. His quiet reticence in telling of this calamity, one of the worst in the city's history, with six hundred people losing their lives in a short half hour, seems unusual, for he wrote but a few days after the occurrence. When asked why it was that he had come out in time to save his life when all about him sat still, he answered: "I am thinking that the game of foot-ball makes one sense a danger quickly." In this recital of the Iroquois fire, he says nothing of the care he took of several children who had been separated from their families. One child he long carried aloft on his shoulders, hoping that friends would discover the boy, then finally gave him into the care of the police and never learned what stroke of fate befell the little child or his parents so suddenly separated in the awful confusion.

IN THE IROQUOIS FIRE

(February Tabula)

So much has already been written about the Iroquois calamity that it would seem as though the subject had been exhausted, yet that can hardly be, as there will come to the public from time to time, some story or incident that failed to reach them before.

This awful fire occurred, as every one knows, in the midst of our holiday season, all schools from colleges to kindergartens, public and private, were closed and they were all represented that fatal afternoon of December 30th, 1903.

The first indication that I had of a crowded house was while I stood in line waiting to buy my ticket, a very long

line consisting of rich and poor, old and young. Some became impatient at the delay in obtaining their place at the window and departed with disgust, which would have changed to a prayer of thanksgiving had they known then what they were to escape.

The man at the window gave me my choice, standing room in the gallery or a seat in the first balcony. I obtained the latter and hurried into the building.

On entering the first balcony, I took my seat next the aisle, third row from the front and noticed of what a jolly crowd the audience was composed, a crowd full of holiday humor and bubbling over with mirth.

What impressed me most as I thought of it afterward, was the great number of families. For instance, across the aisle was a family consisting of a grandmother, the mother, a young man about eighteen, a boy about twelve and two little girls. This was an instance many times duplicated as that ghastly deathroll afterward showed.

The performance itself was in keeping with the building: they were both beautiful. These thoughts were going through my brain in the second act as the double octette had finished singing "In the Pale Moonlight," when suddenly a yellow light appeared at the left of the stage. There had been so many different colored lights used during the afternoon that I thought this one was a part of the play, until small pieces of flimsy drapery fell to the stage floor, burning.

At this juncture a quiet murmur ran through the audience but there was no shrieking or yelling at this time. Suddenly a man appeared at the place where the fire was, he seemed to be trying to put it out, but finding this impossible, he turned to the audience, motioning with his hand for everyone to remain seated and shouted something about a panic for I heard him only indistinctly. All this time pieces

of burning scenery kept falling down all around this man, who afterward proved to be the chief comedian.

I did not get up immediately but sat there, I don't know how long for every one around me seemed to have the same impression, namely to keep cool. Men got up from various places and shouted at everyone to remain seated. This I did till it seemed foolish to stay there any longer, and then turned up the aisle, leaving the people, many of whom by this time had become petrified with fear, as they beheld the lightning progress of those eager flames. I passed through the door, the very place where bodies were found in heaps, out into the marble stairway, the same way that I had entered, for it seemed the only way to get out, no exit doors were in sight and if there were any they were hidden from view, obscured by velvet curtains used to give a more beautiful effect.

As I left my seat, the thought of my hat and overcoat downstairs in the check room occurred to me and I went down the stairs two and three at a time, which fact shows that I had gotten a start on the crowd in the first balcony. However, it was different downstairs as the rush was on by the time I reached the first floor and had turned back to the check room. This I succeeded in reaching finally after a difficult rush against people who were half crazed by fear, and obtained my hat and overcoat in due order.

The shrieking and screaming of women and children had become by this time the chief noise with the exception of the explosion I heard while putting on my overcoat in the check room. The hallway was all made of marble and I thought then that it could not burn, but the explosions had put it in a new light, perhaps the whole building would blow up, and with such thoughts I went out the front entrance in the most panic-stricken crowd I ever saw.

On the outside there was also confusion, the loud shout

of firemen and clanging of fire bells making things lively for a while. I stepped across the street, out of the way of twisting hose, and climbed up on a hose wagon to get a better view of things. The street was crowded with people, onlookers, hatless women, chorus girls in stage garb and little children lost from parents; confusion reigned supreme.

The crowd was at last pushed back by an army of policemen who cleared a space in front of the theatre. Thirty minutes from the time the fire started, the last flame was out and in less time than that, I saw from my place on the wagon, the wounded carried out and sent away in ambulances. Next came the dead, one after another was carried out of that terrible hole of death and laid on the sidewalk like so many sacks of flour, faster than they were able to be carried away. When I had counted forty I left the horrible scene, fully conscious of my narrow escape.

This horrible holocaust was in itself a shock to the world, but it seems all the worse because the sanest opinions declare it was all unnecessary and the result of base neglect.

GEORGE SHIPLEY



HILL 3 — "HAPPY HILL"
Skiing at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire

HILL 3

HAPPY HILL AT DARTMOUTH

Skiing on the mountainside

*They had the still north in their souls,
The hill winds in their breath,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Was made part of them 'till death.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

When George discovered Hill 2, the great sand dune in Michigan, he saw for the first time in his life a real hill; and now when he came to Hanover, New Hampshire, his new college home, he found it beset with smiling hills, and for the first time in his life he gazed upon a real mountain range, looking down into the fathomless depths of the ravines or up to the incredible beauty of a mountain top that seemed to point among the stars. There were the Berkshires, the Green Mountains and the White: his letters home during these first months glowed with his delight in the surrounding scenery at Dartmouth. When he began his long walks through the mountain trails, his joy in this rare and dazzling order of beauty, so new to him, passed all bounds. And here at Dartmouth he learned to know the pleasure of a mountain climb. Those ascents were no primrose paths of dalliance: mountain climbing

at Dartmouth meant hours of hard and strenuous toil. But, before we say anything more about his pleasure in the mountains at Hanover, some other aspects of his college life must be given.

We have no records of the time he gave to athletics in those days, but since athletics formed so important, so momentous a part of his life from early youth, an attempt must be made to tell something of what he accomplished in this line. When his death in the Argonne battle became known, the Press headed all accounts in Chicago: "Death of a Noted Athlete." So, if to the outside world he was "noted" for his prowess in foot races, it is for us to write what we can about his efforts in this interesting field, especially as there are, among the members of the present generation who will read this account, some who have themselves shown an interest in athletics.

From his boyhood he had brought home medals taken in the different meets which were being held at the athletic fields for the schools of Chicago, Oak Park and neighboring suburbs. At first they were of bronze and some of these we still have in our possession. Later, they were more important appearing, some of silver and some of gold. He was very modest about these medals; we scarcely knew of them or realized how he excelled in this exciting sport. His women folk seldom heard of the "meets" and never attended any of them. We were in almost complete ignorance of them in those

days. However, when, in June of 1904, he was graduated from the Oak Park High School, it was our pleasure to attend commencement exercises, and one of the important days of that commencement week was Class Day, held in the new Warrington Opera House, where the medals were given out for the Field Day exercises which had taken place on the day preceding. We had not attended Field Day nor had we been told of what had happened on that day. Seated together in the Opera House we were quite unconscious of what was about to take place.

After the regular program, Professor Hanna, principal of the High School, announced that prizes would now be bestowed upon the winners of the contests of the day before, and that the name of the winner of General Merit would be announced. With pleasure we heard George's name called and saw him ascend the stairs to receive the medal for some race he had won. In a few moments, he was called up again, then again — we, the family, were getting quite thrilled at his distinction in the affair. Was he called to the platform ten times to claim a prize? I am certain it was more. And it was very soon evident who had won the Grand Prix or General Merit; there was great cheering for him and clapping of hands and as he continued to fly up those steps to the platform to take the prizes our pride in him knew no bounds.

We enjoyed that afternoon more delight in his

success in athletics than at any other time. When the beautiful cup was displayed and Professor Hanna announced George as the winner whose name would be placed upon it, our pride was beyond words. His name was on every lip that afternoon in the crowded opera house, to the accompaniment of shouting, stamping of feet, clapping of hands. Amidst that babel of sounds, we, his mother and two sisters, while gazing with astonishment upon the scene, were quietly in our hearts placing a garland of myrtle upon his brow, as the Greeks placed their emblem upon the head of their victors. He had won this distinction for fleetness of foot, but it had been earned by his strenuous drilling, discipline, and training; it meant that he had proved himself capable of endeavor.

The closing hours of that day were spent at home, with his friends dropping in to congratulate him and to see the medals he had won. This seems to us the very happiest day of his life. The holiday light of it remained in his eyes for a long time after. And we muse upon that day now with happiness for the happiness he enjoyed. Perhaps this story — which is, by the way, told quite out of chronological order inasmuch as the event occurred the year before Hill 3 really begins — may seem to embody a too extravagant eulogy. If so, however, it will at least no more than balance his own too persistent modesty about his athletic success, a topic of conversation that he always avoided.

As George consistently failed to show us any press clippings of his achievements in athletics, we have no file of them and so are unable to give any accurate account or chronological order of his successes in this most important and interesting part of his youth. After his death, the trunk which he had left at home filled with what he regarded as his most valuable treasures, was opened. Here all of his cups and a box containing his medals were found, and by reading the inscriptions upon these cups and medals, we get some idea of his life as an athlete. We see that his prizes were won mostly in the half-mile and the quarter-mile events, though some were won in high hurdles, broad jumps, and relay races. George held for some years the record in Cook County for the half mile, which he ran in two minutes, or "two flat" as they expressed it. His prizes were won in the following places: Oak Park High School, Cook County Athletic League, Dartmouth College, Brown University, Columbia University, Northwestern University, New England Collegiate Meet, Amateur Athletic Union, Yale University, Cornell University, University of Michigan, Boston Tech, Boston Athletic Association, and at an important meet in Philadelphia where the trophy was a fine gold watch. In 1903 he was invited to take part in a meet at the World's Fair at St. Louis. He won besides a gold medal, a two-year membership in the Chicago Athletic Association. One reason he was very desirous of winning in this meet may have been be-

cause the prizes were to be distributed by Alice, daughter of President Roosevelt then in the White House. Great was our pleasure in reading his short telegram — “ Won first place ” — for we realized what that particular victory meant to him. The St. Louis meet is the only athletic event the press record of which we have in our possession, and it follows as clipped from the *Chicago Tribune*:

SHIPLEY WINS HALF MILE RUN

At the Amateur Athletic Union's championship games at St. Louis the Oak Park High School boys entered in the junior division received a first and third. Captain Shipley won first place in the half mile, while Rose, heretofore undefeated, won third place in the mile, losing second by about six inches.

In Shipley's event he ran third nearly the entire distance. With him in a cluster were a New York man and a representative from San Francisco. When about 40 yards from the finish the Oak Parker sprinted around his two opponents and won by a yard and a half in the good time of 2:06 1-5. Comstock, Shipley's old rival, finished fourth in this race and dropped out of the quarter mile event. He entered the races untrained.

While in St. Louis the boys saw the Fair and everything possible was done for their comfort and enjoyment.

It is to the Greeks that we owe all our knowledge, national or international, of athletics for our youth. They were the trainers of the first athletes, the English followed them, and we followed the English, and though there may be much about collegiate athletics that is regrettable, after all there is nothing in



GEORGE SHIPLEY CROUCHED FOR A RACE

His record, the half-mile in 2 minutes, made in 1901. To-day's more scientific training methods have lowered this record considerably

the world to take their place. As President Tucker of Dartmouth wrote: "I regard athletics as a legitimate school for the training of our youth in leadership." He argued that in the strict training and self-disciplining of the would-be athlete, the moral possibilities to be gained were even greater than the physical results.

Among other pleasures at Dartmouth College, George enjoyed being a member of that ancient society called the Casque and Gauntlet, a privilege which brought with it a home in their house, one of the most delightful places on campus. Its wide porches commanding a fine view of the campus and its activities were a coveted spot in spring and autumn as was its large living room in winter, with huge wood fires burning out their fragrant warmth for the students when they rested after work or play. His life in this luxurious house was the luxury of his college course which George loved best to describe in his letters home. Perhaps it was the one great luxury of his life.

After George's death, the members of the Casque and Gauntlet Society wrote to his mother that he, George, had proved himself a true Knight of the Casque and Gauntlet Society indeed.

George corresponded faithfully with his Mother while at college and from some of his letters to her and to his sister the following extracts were taken because they showed his great love and admiration for his college president, Dr. Arthur L. Tucker, one

of the great educators of our country. After his birthday, he wrote:

October 18, 1906
Hanover, New Hampshire

Dear Mother:

The letter and package were received, and thank you. Everything was just what I needed. The little diary will come in handy. We are getting fall weather now, the leaves are turning and falling and the various colors and shades are something elegant. I enjoyed my birthday very much last Sunday. It was the best fall day I have ever experienced and I took occasion to ride out into the country. We get plenty of good snow apples here and also fine cider, too. I am studying hard this year, and hope to enjoy college much more. President Tucker seems to get better each year.

George

Hanover, New Hampshire

Dear M:

I am at liberty at last and can breathe freely once more. Exams are all over for me. They were fierce — haven't heard from any yet but English and Latin, getting 62 and 80 in them respectively. Think I passed all but was on the ragged edge of chemistry. Yale beat us at New York, but we think we can do better next spring at Philadelphia. Enjoyed my trip to New York very much though it was short. Today is Friday, and on Tuesday am going

to Boston where we race Penn., then our indoor season is over. It has turned cold at last, yesterday was about 20 below and snowed all day. I went to chapel this morning without a hat on, and it was 15 below, so you see we do not mind it so much. Next semester I take English, German, Latin and History. This semester will finish my language courses except perhaps German.

George

May 6, 1907
Hanover, New Hampshire

Your letter received and thank you very much. We are having fine weather which I hope keeps up. President Tucker went away today for a leave of absence. His heart is failing him. We certainly were sorry to see him go. Next week is our Junior Prom when all the girls come up and change the attitude of the college entirely! Am going to Worcester next week to run. The track season will soon be closing.

George

Nov. 10, 1907

Dear Mother:

Your fine letter came yesterday. This fall I have been extremely busy, never was so short of time, in fact, the days are not long enough for me. Next week the football season begins here with our annual game at Harvard Stadium. Yesterday we

played Holy Cross, a Catholic College at Worcester. We have a very good team this year and hope to beat Harvard by a satisfactory margin. We beat Holy Cross at the same score that Yale beat them earlier in the season. G—— and I are going down to the game together. I would love to see little R——. I suppose his mother grows prouder and prouder of him every day. I hope you are taking good care of yourself this winter, better than you usually do, for you must get the habit of taking care of yourself for you may not be able to endure the exposure to the cold as you have been formerly. I want to warn you to be careful, particularly so, and not to take on needless chances. — President Tucker is aging rapidly, though he still acts young enough for a man of his age. His intellect is as strong as ever and he appears at chapel each Sunday evening to deliver his usual good sermon. He is a most remarkable man in every respect, and there are few like him. We shall all miss him very much when he is gone. I hope this will not be until I have graduated, for I shall like nothing better than to have his signature on my diploma next June. June will soon be here, when I hope to get that degree. I hope you can surely come up to see the graduating exercises, but if you don't come I shall surely bring you up here some time. Remember what I said about taking good care of yourself this winter — take life more easily. I hope you will take pains about this.

George

George learned the joy of hill climbing on the high sand dune of Baldhead in Michigan. At Hanover, he made the acquaintance of *mountain* climbing. In order to show more clearly the opportunities he had for this unusual pastime during his college years, we quote from the Dartmouth Outing Magazine. The passage will also make a fitting introduction for our next ascent, Hill 4, the tale of his experiences on Pike's Peak in the company of his college classmate Mr. John Clarke.

FROM THE DARTMOUTH OUTING MAGAZINE

The Outing Club at Dartmouth College has nearly 100 miles of trail over the mountain territory near the college. While the Winter Carnival and ski-jumping features of this Club are more spectacular, the real heart of this organization is the trailing of its members over the hills and far away, during the week-ends of the college year. This trail commences at the first stopping place called "Happy Hill" trail, where behind the cabin rises a wide sweep of horizon, across the White River to the Green Mountains, westward to the Franconias in the White Mountain region to the north, and the New Hampshire hinterland to the east. This situation here upon Happy Hill has a most peculiar charm and restfulness, with a sizable brook near and a never-failing spring is also near by. From this spot the trail leads on to Moose Mountain, the most romantic and most beautiful road near the Governor's Road, which was constructed for John Wentworth, when he made his first visit to Dartmouth as Governor of New Hampshire in 1771, the never-failing brooks beautifully sharing the views on the hills about as in every locality. This leads to the road north paralleling the Connecticut River, over the shoulder of

Moose Mountain, then under Holt's Ledge, rising several hundred feet, sheer, from the valley to the long level ridge of Cube Mountain. This situation on Cube Mountain is peculiarly charming. A grove of old birches are near enough shade and shelter, but not so close as to obstruct the view in the distance, of the conical mass of Sunday Mountains in Oxford and beyond the forest, several hills of Vermont. At the back, the mountain rises some 1500 feet above the cabin post and affords an unusual view of Mooselauke and the northern ranges. From this, the road leads on to Armington Farm, the highest of this series of mountain ranges, including Lake Tarleton and Lake Catherine, where for a stretch about two miles long, and narrow, Armington washes the slopes of Piedmont Mountain. On still spring evenings, the only sound is the roaring of the brooks, across the lakes, and in winter, the roar of the wind as it comes from Moose Lake and the higher ranges. From Armington the trail leads to Glen Cliff through the wilderness, over the old highways, overgrown with saplings until at the Webster Slide, Wauchpauke Pond, the only sound is that of the lumberman's axe, and the country knows nothing else. From the top of the watershed the trail goes steeply to the valley, then to the village of Glen Cliff, to the Great Bear Cavern, the most spectacular in its situation of all the valley half-way houses. The real mountain work of all this 100-mile trail from Dartmouth begins from Great Bear Cabin. It leads up the slope of the summit, and if the day is clear, Tip-Top House is in view for a mile along the nearly level ridge of the summit. The view here is no less striking than that from any major peak of the White Mountains. The outlook to the north, and to the Franconia Range remains especially in the memory. This situation is a great favorite with the mountain enthusiasts of the camps of the New Hampshire and Vermont lake resorts. From Mooselauke Summit the trail drops to the valley past Jobildunk Ravine

over the slopes of Mount Blue to the old Kinsman Notch where, leaving the fantastic boulders and narrow caverns of Lost River it comes to its official end at the romantic and geologically interesting basin of Agassiz. Here beside the clear mountain stream and deep potholes is the northernmost cabin of the Dartmouth Outing Club. This is comparatively inaccessible, lying at the gateway of the Franconia Notch, inviting the camper to continue his journey to the even higher Presidential range. The enthusiast may continue his path through the Notch past the Old Man of the Mountains and the Twin Lakes, through the Northern Litchfield and on to Skyline Farm. There he will again find a small chalet, large enough to take care of those few who may find time enough from college work to reach this most distant point from Dartmouth. During the summer of 1920 and 1921 some *three thousand* and more men made this trail, or some part of it.

George's four years at college had been passed with great satisfaction to his family, his work had been done with credit to himself, and he had received several honors during his course at Dartmouth. After commencement, in 1908, he joined some friends on a canoe trip down the Connecticut River to the Sound, then, coming west to Chicago, began his search for a business career at home. During the spring of 1909, he went to Oregon. On his way back to Chicago in July of that year, he met in Denver his old college chum, John Clarke, and they found that there was a leisure day that they might spend together. How should they use that time? It is easy to understand how during a college course at Dartmouth, where the student lives surrounded

by scenery and mountain atmosphere, the love of climbing would so enter into the very soul of one, that were he to live a hundred years, this call to conquer every interesting high hill would never cease to be heard but would remain a compelling and moving force in one's life forever. Especially would this be true if after leaving college one's home were on the prairie, where the monotony of the plains would aggravate the longing and the hunger for the far view. Remembering thus the college experiences of these two youths, John Clarke and George Shipley, we are not surprised that they decided to spend their free day in what was to them the most glorious diversion of all and make the ascent of Pike's Peak together.

Before passing on to the scaling of this 14,000 foot mountain, we must stop for a moment over something that occurred in St. Louis shortly before this great adventure in Colorado. It was not so much an event as a momentary burst of confidence, a few words simply spoken which burned themselves like a prophecy into the memory of him who listened, his nephew, G——.

The two youths were lunching together in St. Louis, discussing their business affairs. Our brother said in a low voice:

“ I wish I could do something for my country.”

Tears were standing in his eyes. His heart had risen to his lips as he uttered these words, and his tears proclaimed his sincerity.

Hill 4 and Hill 7 were to be stages upon which he would be given an opportunity to prove this sincerity. The first lay immediately before him. As he and his friend, John Clarke, began their ascent, he was already about to do something for his country—for the mountain climbing world of America. They neared the summit that June morning in 1909 long before dawn, and though there were myriads of stars, the stage was set in darkness. Only a light before the Inn showed them their way upon this high plateau, a comparatively level spot nearly sixty acres in extent. But the curtain has rolled up upon this scene, a stage set upon a giant peak of the Rockies, and we must attend the tragic performance.



HILL 4 — PIKE'S PEAK

America's most accessible mountain climb

HILL 4

PIKE'S PEAK

Our most accessible mountain climb

*But the wild sheep from the battered rocks
Sure foot and fleet of limb,
Get up to see the stars go by,
Along the mountain rim.*

MARY AUSTIN

The fortunate people who have taken the famous tour around the world tell us of the two points, both in India, that impress them as being the most beautiful in the world. The one, produced by man's hand, is the Taj Mahal. The other is a scene painted anew every morning by God's hand, the sunrise from behind Mt. Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas, as seen from Tiger Hill. This, they tell us, is worth the whole trip — to be in Darjeeling, at sunrise. So much for far-away India. In America, Pike's Peak is a Darjeeling, a marvelous place to view the sunrise. Though not the highest, it is the most accessible mountain peak. Mont Blanc has drawn many to its summit, but Pike's Peak has attracted the multitude: two million have gone well up its slopes, while more than a million have reached its summit (1921). To see the stars go by and then to view the sunrise from the rim of this great altitude, is the joy of the mountain climber.

“Up close to the clouds and the sky, the big world far below, the scene stretches away in boundless, magnificent distances,” says Enos A. Mills of the view from almost any Rocky Mountain peak, and of Pike’s Peak in particular he says: it “affords a unique view, — wide plains to the east, high peaks to the west. Sixty thousand or more square miles are visible from the summit. It towers far above the plains, whose streams, hills, and level spaces stretch away a vast flat picture. To the west it commands a wondrous array of mountain topography — a two-hundred-mile front of shattered, snow-drifted peaks.” Of the peak itself he says: it “is an enormous broken pyramid, dotted with high-perched lakes, cut with plunging streams, broken by cañons, skirted with torn forests, old and young, and in addition is beautiful with bushes, meadows and wild flowers. . . . The varied climate of the peak makes a large appeal to bird-life. Upward of one hundred species are found here. . . . At the base the melodious meadowlark sings; along the streams on the middle slopes lives the contented water-ouzel. Upon the heights are the ptarmigan and the rosy finch. . . . No one knows how many varieties of wild flowers each year bloom in all the Peak’s various ragged zones, but there are probably no fewer than two thousand.”

“It has in the summer,” continues Mr. Mills, “a pleasant climate except on the top, where often icy

winds bring a blizzard for the travelers to enter as they complete the going to the summit."

Helen Hunt lived for years at the foot of Pike's Peak and wrote much of her work from commanding viewpoints on this mountain.

So about a year after leaving the hill-top atmosphere at Hanover, the subject of our sketch had the opportunity to climb Pike's Peak. He and his friend reached Halfway House in due time and after partaking of a refreshing glass of milk and sending off a few postal cards * to friends at home, they began the hardest part of the achievement with high and happy hearts. The most arduous part of the ascent comes, of course, above Halfway House, but our travelers seem not to have loitered on this more difficult part of the climbing, and in their eagerness to reach the top in time for the viewing of the sunrise arrived at the plateau long before the coming of the dawn. For a while they rested their weary bodies, looking up into the dark bowl of the sky ablaze with a million worlds, but their weariness soon drove them to the Inn, whither a faint light guided them.

As these tired travelers wait before the threshold of this Pike's Peak Inn we must leave them for a moment to relate a few facts concerning the history of this much-sought mountain top hostelry. For twelve long years, or perhaps one should say, for twelve

* One of these postals which George addressed from Halfway House was written to his nephew R— and reads: "Some day I will bring you up here to see this."

short summers, this little Inn had had the same innkeeper. To travelers making this journey by the tramcar he was generally a harmless innkeeper, but to those who made the climb on foot he was not always harmless. It is said that the thin atmosphere of a mountain top affects the nature of humans if they remain in it for any length of time, and it is evident that this innkeeper was at times seriously affected. He had grown so morose that his disposition was becoming a subject of discussion among the mountain climbing public of America. To mountain climbers, not to those who rode up in tramcars, his door was so often inhospitable that his reputation with them had grown to be most unpleasant. By those who had made the exhausting climb and found him in one of his ugly moods, he was considered a madman.

America's most accessible mountain peak was sometimes a dangerous point to approach, for one might find the innkeeper refusing admittance regardless of icy blasts, snow storms, or blizzards. There are Inns in the north of England where they observe a closing hour, but to observe a closing hour upon this roof of the world would be cruel and inhuman indeed. It is the duty of every innkeeper to be hospitable, proclaims every judge.

What a cause this would have made for the Knights of the Round Table of Old England to be agitated over! With what haste would King Arthur have dispatched champions for the dangerous task

of ascending the mountain and taking this innkeeper. Facing the vicissitudes of wind and weather to grapple with the unstable moral equilibrium of this strange and unsafe character, they would have taken him bodily from his high post and the very stars would have been attentive as they watched the close of this innkeeper's career upon it.

While the Knights of the Round Table may not actually have been worthy of the great reputation we often give them now, King Arthur would surely have called our brother and his friend, John Clarke, true Knights, after their experience on Pike's Peak. Both were men of honor and held in high regard by all who knew them. At Dartmouth they had both been chosen members of the student governing body, called Palaopitus, Mr. Clarke was a member of the Sphinx, both were members of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, which has honorable traditions dating back more than one hundred years, and George, as has been written, was a member of the Knights of the Casque and Gauntlet society. Now both were to have a chance to prove themselves in real life.

Men, women, and even children had suffered at the hands of this innkeeper, had been refused admittance to the shelter of the inn in terrific storms. As these two knights stood waiting that morning at this inhospitable door, their presence was to mean a speedy end to this barbarous reception of mountain climbers.

The annals of the adventure are short. The two knocked repeatedly and, after some time, weary and exhausted, were at last admitted to the room. The innkeeper himself met them and he was in his ugliest mood, as they soon discovered. He proceeded to strike George with an iron sledgehammer or pipe that he kept behind his desk. The blow stunned George, and he fell bleeding to the floor, whence he might never have risen if John Clarke had not been just behind him to prevent further blows. He engaged the madman as best he could until George recovered from his faint, and then the two together gave such a lesson to the brutal innkeeper as King Arthur of ye olden time would have delighted in and caused to be written up in the records of his Round Table with the greatest pride and satisfaction. This deserved blow made the man unconscious however and until his recovery from his deep faint the boys were in very great trouble. To twentieth century authorities their knightly deed might require explaining. However, as soon as their plight became known to the public, especially the mountain-climbing public, a strange and enlightening thing happened: their mothers began to receive messages and letters from all parts of the country. People who had suffered like indignities at the hands of this madman, as they called him, were anxious that the mothers should know the true character of the Pike's Peak innkeeper. And Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Shipley were soon made aware of the fact that their sons had

been true knights of King Arthur's Round Table when they interrupted the services of this innkeeper, services that had been an increasing menace to all lovers of this mountain climb. The innkeeper was deposed from his lofty post on Pike's Peak and now, living under normal conditions, may, it is hoped, have been restored to the hospitable inclinations so necessary to his profession.

George brought with him from Colorado a box, which he gave to the writer, containing the shirt he had worn when attacked by the innkeeper on Pike's Peak. It was covered with bloodstains but, alas! though she valued this shirt because of the mute testimony it gave to George's sufferings that morning upon the mountain peak, yet she was guilty of carelessness in regard to it. In the *Memories of Lord Redesdale*, the following incident is given. We quote from page 26, vol. 1:

"Among the treasures which are at Ashburnham is one of the two shirts worn by King Charles the First at his execution. Everybody remembers how the king insisted on wearing two shirts lest on that cold January morning he should shiver and men should think that it was from fear. The shirt was kept as a sacred relic by our ancestor John Ashburnham who attended his majesty on the scaffold; it was deeply stained with the blood of the Martyr. When my grandmother came back from Florence she asked the housekeeper where the shirt was.

" 'Quite safe, my lady, but it was so stained that I have had it washed.'

"The pity of it! The second shirt is at Windsor."

The more's the pity, said Lord Redesdale, and we sadly echo those words as we remember the loss of the shirt which George had worn that day on Pike's Peak and which he had so carefully brought home to show us, knowing we would value it because of its bloodstains.

When the World War broke out in 1914, George and his mother had taken a suite at the pleasant boarding establishment of Miss Bliss on Lake Street, in Oak Park. Very soon after this, in September, the Chicago papers began publishing the need of men, and especially requesting college men to take up intensive military training. George became a member of those gatherings of young men who met at the armories to plan the study of military tactics together. Later he was enrolled with Battery E, First Illinois Field Artillery and reported two or three times a week for this training. In the autumn, his mother having gone to make her home with a sister, he took up his residence in the city to be near the armory, and from that time on all his interest was quite swallowed up in the World War. He was associated with the Butler Brothers mail order house and maintained his position there until he must needs go to Fort Sheridan in 1917 for war work in real earnest.

The summer of 1916 was spent with Battery E, First Illinois Field Artillery, at the front in Texas, and the letters written home in those days from the south are here given — in fact, few of the letters

HILL 4

George wrote during the war years of his life have been omitted. They set forth anew, in fresh and appealing form, it seems to us, the life of any young American soldier in any war. They are given just as he wrote them.

(A postal)

Enroute

Dear M:

I sure did celebrate the 4th, by breaking camp yesterday. Left Camp Lincoln last night and we are started for the border. Left under sealed orders and our destination is a mystery. Probably San Antonio or El Paso. Everything fine.

George

July 12, 1916
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Mother:

I have what they call "Town Leave" and this evening have come into San Antonio to enjoy the novel and interesting sights of the city. We are getting more or less acclimated to this part of the country and are quite comfortable through the heat. We are drilling now regularly twice a day and you would agree with me if you saw me that this life is doing me lots of good. We get up at five and usually sleep in the middle of the day when it is hottest. I wish I could tell you in an interesting way the interesting things we see here and will try to do so

before we leave here. Presume we will be here for a month, because the drill is very necessary. The townspeople are very good to us and hospitable. Must journey now back to camp and join my comrades in arms. It seems almost too good to be true that you are really enjoying your stay at St. Luke's Hospital. Get well now before I get home. Good luck to you and heaps of love.

George

July 14, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear Mother:

Am sitting in my tent writing on a piece of board and reflecting on the novelty of this camp life. We are gradually getting into shape but it is slow progress. Our horses are all new and we are having considerable difficulty in getting them to behave! Hardly a day passes but some one is seated upon the ground with abrupt suddenness. The Guard is mounting now for the night; and this occasion calls for a great deal of ceremony on the part of its buglers. I can hear a regular concert going on, in fact this whole camp works by the bugle. We eat, sleep and work by the bugle—all by the bugle. Fort Houston is a United States Army Headquarters and besides the regular army soldiers who live here, in barracks, there is the State Militia and the whole camp is an enormous collection of tents—and the bugle reigns supreme. I received a letter from your

nurse. Thank her for me. You must be well now when I get home.

George

July 20, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear Mother:

I received your letter of the 17th. Sorry to hear that the heat is troublesome. We don't seem to mind it here near as much, but it does get awfully hot in the middle of the day. The evenings are generally quite cool. We have about six stable boys here who break the horses in, that is, get them used to the saddle and bit, then they are turned over to the battery to break to the different manoeuvres and harnessed to the cannon and caissons. I will get all my clothes given to me but I don't believe the government will give us the horses! We are very busy right now drilling for examinations. You must understand that firing cannon is dangerous business to those who do not understand it, so that we are given examinations which we have to pass before we become first class gunners. If a man becomes a gunner by passing a required standard then he is allowed to shoot real ammunition. I think we will have target practice after the exams. Now I guess you can see why we have to keep drilling so much. How long we will be here it is hard to tell, no one seems to know, and the papers are in the same fix. I am thinking that they might send us to the border

to relieve those who are there now, but I am sure that I will be home in the fall again. We have plenty of food, sometimes the variety is meagre. For supper last night we had macaroni, corn on the cob, beets, lemonade and graham biscuits. The shower baths are working in good order, and it certainly seems fine, after a hot day, to stand under the cooling water. There is one thing the army is doing here, and that is to equip us with clothes. We are getting two pair of shoes, socks, underwear, slickers, khaki trousers, blouses and so forth. I don't know what we are going to do with it all. I wish I could get into some quiet corner and write a long letter, but it is very difficult to write in this tent on a board. Will be very busy.

George

July 27, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear Mother:

Everything is going along in good shape — there is very little sickness in the camp. I am sitting outside my tent now writing letters on a mess table. Looking up and down thru the street I can see one of the most gorgeous of sunsets. The sunrise and sunsets are very beautiful and the evenings are as cool and pleasant as one could wish. It gets very hot here during the day, but 105 is not as bad as you would think — I take the heat very easily. We

are having a spread tonight because there are officers from other camps visiting us today, a Colonel and a Lt. Colonel among them. This morning we took a long ride around the country with our horses and cannon and there was no accident of any kind, showing that the horses are getting good training now. Four horses are hitched to a cannon and caisson — we left at seven and were back at ten-thirty.

George

July 30, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear Mother:

Am in the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters writing, and find it a very convenient place. There has been much rain of late and everything is very damp. The days are warm but the nights cool. The people just live on their roofs at night, and it is delightful to take dinner at a roof garden. It has rained so much that the place is covered with mud and it is hard to get about, but the tents are fine and dry, being absolutely waterproof. We have no kick coming for, considering all the difficulty in getting all the state organization mobilized, things are going extremely well. Every morning we go around the country with our horses and cannon, trying new formations, and are doing very well, it all being so new to all of us.

George

July 30, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear M:

This outdoor life is certainly putting me in fine physical shape. It has been a long time since I felt so well. It looks as though we would be here all fall and part of the winter too. Do you think mother will be all right if she knows that? We go tomorrow for a three days' hike, and after that we leave for Leon Springs for two weeks, for target practice, about twenty-five miles from here. The weather is about the same, some rain but cool evenings, and tonight there is a full moon and the evening is great.

George

P.S. I have two horses assigned to me, one is a very good single mount and rides very easily.

August 14, 1916

Dear Mother:

It is Sunday evening, a full moon on my left and a lantern on my right so there is plenty of light. Am sitting in the mess hall at the table. This is a new addition to the camp with tables and we are quite proud of it, having eaten our meals off the ground or in our tents, on our cots, for six or eight weeks. It has a wooden roof but the sides are screened, making a very cool place to be in. The place is clean, in fact the whole camp is scrupulously clean. We came back from our hike yesterday in

fine shape. Am getting used to the saddle and am sleeping like a top. The camp is a beautiful place tonight with a full moon, looking down upon all these tents. There is no suggestion of war here. The Government has furnished us with three blankets, leather leggings, a pair of spurs, a 45 Colt revolver, cotton khaki clothes and other things, so you see we are getting prepared for war — or to go home, I don't know which. Lately I have been pulling my cot out into the open, sleeping with the sky above me — it is a wonderful way to sleep. Our battery is making a fine record for efficiency, and Col. Ryan has complimented our Captain on several different occasions. The last time he said — we put it all over Battery C.

George

Camp Wilson

Dear M:

Have been very busy since five this morning, getting horses and cannon ready for Leon Springs — we leave Thursday, the 17th, and the whole Battery goes along, the principal reason being to get some real target practice. It will be the first time we have shot real ammunition with the cannon. Riding the horses is quite exciting, much more than you think, for the horses are new, some absolutely new, untrained to harness, let alone to make manoeuvres. However, we are getting along pretty well, with only a few accidents. There have been so many pictures

taken of us here, by the Chicago newspaper men, am wondering if you have seen any of them yet. We had 30 new horses come today and they are making things quite lively for a few of us. One thing makes me sore — everything our Battery does that is unusually good, is published in the Chicago papers as having been done by Battery C.

George

Aug. 16, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear M:

At the last minute had to remain in camp and give up the trip to Leon Springs, because of a sprained wrist. One of these rascal horses of ours threw me just two hours before our Battery was to leave. Wasn't that the worst luck? I sure was disappointed to be obliged to stay here in camp, but there was nothing else to do. I hadn't half a chance to stay on that horse, with only a halter — I was bareback and leading another horse, so was badly handicapped — was bringing the two horses from the army shoeing post and had ridden back to the camp over a mile, was giving them a drink of water, when on trying to mount again was thrown and landed on my right wrist — and here I am for ten days. It is quite sore but will soon mend, am sure. I have thought of your sprain and am mighty glad it was not my ankle, for as it is, can walk about and do not have to be confined to bed. The camp is very

lonesome tonight, but there are sixteen men left on guard.

George

Aug. 19, 1916
Hospital, San Antonio

Dear Mother:

Now it is my turn to be in the hospital. I am here for perhaps three weeks with a broken wrist, but am getting along fine. This is the coolest place I have struck yet, with everything open, wide porches, and fine view all around. They say I can move my bed out on the porch tomorrow. I have expert medical attention — so am not so bad after all. This is the regular hospital, the place is very clean, the doctors are officers. The one I have is an awfully nice one but I won't have occasion to see him much longer now, it is just a case of waiting until the bone knits and by that time, am ready to leave. Don't have to be waited on much, just have my meat cut at meals. Am very sorry for the fellows that have to lie in bed all the time. Write me when you can.

George

Aug. 23, 1916
Army Hospital

Dear Mother:

My wrist is progressing fine — and will be soon about duties again. Hope I did not alarm you. Am

sleeping a hundred percent and weighing the same — the food is surprisingly good, I feel like a man who had a job that gave him no work between meals. Weather here is great, sleep outside every night on the porch.

George

Aug. 29, 1916
Camp Wilson

Dear Mother:

Will try and answer your long and welcome letter that came Sunday. As far as my wrist is concerned, have nothing to report, it is slowly knitting and in about ten days will be recovered as far as the hospital is concerned. Did I write you how the wind-storm blew our tents at Camp Wilson — it also blew the roof all off the headquarters mess hall. The tents are being slowly raised again, there being few here to do it. I guess it was a lucky place to be here in the Hospital the night of the storm. There is a very interesting place right here, rich in historical interest, called the Alamo. Read about it, if you can find a history of it. Have been all through it today and enjoyed very much the privilege of being able to do this. The Southerner considers this shrine a very sacred place, and the old fort is right in the center of the Alamo, and being in the center of the business district presents a very picturesque relief from the stores and places of business.

George

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Sept. 5, 1916
Base Hospital

Dear M:

I am sure getting sick of this rendezvous for the disabled men. Am counting the days with pleasure when I can turn my back upon it. It is getting on my nerves, this confinement. We will get away by Friday. Our regiment leaves Leon Springs next Sunday, I think, and I will join them here. We go on the longest hike of all, to Austin, about eighty miles from here, a week on the way, a week there and another returning, then home. We should reach Illinois by the 15th, surely. I can't ride a horse so will sit on a cannon, and turn the brakes. Am glad for a chance to harden up, after this confinement. It has put me in need of exercise. Camp Wilson is no more, the name has been changed to Camp Lyon, and all our tents have been taken up and stored in a Government warehouse — and from now on we will be enjoying life in pup tents. We are greatly disappointed in our regiment, for our Captain Reilly of E Battery has been transferred to General Headquarters with the regular army. He was a splendid captain, and I suppose we will lose him. He has made the best record for a single battery in the target service, so far, at the Springs. His being placed on detached service means that, perhaps, he will go into Mexico, I think, on secret service. The whole bunch are in the dumps, because he is nearly worshipped by the whole Battery.

George

Sept. 11, 1916
Base Hospital

Dear Mother:

Expect to be here in the hospital until next Saturday. It is just impossible to get out of here sooner. Had my hand out of the splint today, while it was being dressed, and could wiggle it about and thought sure the doctor would take off the splint, but no, "Just a few more days" he said. Am getting used to that "just a few more days" stuff. Yesterday we took a ride in our battery Ford, out to Leon Springs, twenty miles, where our Battery are engaged in target practice. It was a wonderful ride, on a paved way almost all the way, through a very beautiful country, a wild hill region, full of stunted trees and cactus. The boys out there are all looking well, hard as rocks, and don't hear a kick coming from any one of them, and they surely have been up against it, right and left, with all sorts of things. Came back in the evening and reached the hospital in good shape.

George

After George's return from Texas, in October, 1916, he took his former position with Butler Brothers and also lived at his old address, 159 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago. Here, with his friend, Glen Tisdale, of Battery E, he passed a very pleasant winter.

The following letter, written in March, 1917, shows the trend of their thoughts in those days, and

as our country entered the war the next month, April, 1917, succeeding letters give his military experience up until his last letters from France.

March 14, 1917
159 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago

Dear Mother:

Am dropping you a line just to assure you that everything is going along nicely here in Chicago. We are having real March weather, rain all day, then a day of snow, then sunshine and warmth. I have not been asked to take down my uniform yet, altho by that time, hope we will be having better weather. These are certainly stirring times, aren't they? It takes a great deal to get people excited nowadays. I have been enjoying the movies lately, because they have so many pictures of military life — and to me they are more enjoyable than anything else, very exciting scenes in the war district. My room-mate, Glen, has been quite busy these days, as he has been made a sergeant of our Battery, which takes a great deal of his time. He is hard at it, all the time. There are so many things to do. We drill once a week, as usual, and most of us are taking a course of lectures, given by a regular army officer, with the purpose in view of training us to become officers, eventually. I have been reading books on military matters and perhaps I can get, bye and bye, enough knowledge laid by, to pass an examination.

George

March 22, 1917
159 East Chicago Ave.

Dear Mother:

At present am very busy, studying to prepare for examination for the Officers' Training Camp, and will probably take the examination the first of next week. Have been doing quite a bit of horseback-riding lately, going to Jackson Park and Washington Park, and as the weather has been very pleasant it has been very enjoyable — great exercise these days, with the mind upon the trouble that is imminent. The papers tonight seem to think we are on the brink of war and I suppose, by the first of next month, we will be getting ready to defend ourselves, in case of need. Am very glad now, that I went out before, for this previous experience will come in handy. Am inclined to take all these things calmly, since I know from past experience practically what we will have to do.

George

April 10, 1917
Chicago

Dear Mother:

Don't allow your mind to get excited or worried about anything, mother, just keep as calm as you can, all the time, until I get back from the war, and then, when I am back, I will come and get you and we will live together, in some nice, quiet place, anywhere you want to live.

George

Don't let yourself get worried about me — over anything, mother. G

April 20, 1917
Chicago

Dear Mother:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still here and the probability is that I shall be up at Ft. Sheridan most of the summer, at the officers training camp. Things are in a very unsettled state here but as far as I know, we will start to Ft. Sheridan May the 8th, to live there for three months and then be assigned to some organization, with a permanent job, if I manage to qualify at Ft. Sheridan, which I think I can do.

George

May 23, 1917
Ft. Sheridan

Dear Mother:

The weather this week is certainly abominable, and enough to make anyone disgusted. There is a breeze coming off the lake today that is nothing short of a gale — it is none too warm either, so we are hugging our huts and not going far from our stoves. We live in long wooden structures, holding each about 70 men, then, there is to each company one long mess hall which feeds about 170 men at a time. The food we eat is fine, the cooking good, all done by darkies. Among other things they make a good, old-fashioned bread pudding with dip and

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raisins. We have shower baths in another building, everything first class. Templeton has got the cot across from mine. I have six blankets, so don't worry about me.

George

June 26, 1917
Ft. Sheridan

Dear Mother:

We have had a hot day today but I have no kick coming, after the cold weather we have had up here. We are studying hard, and the training is intensive, believe me, in every sense of the word. I enjoyed Helen Woodcock's wedding last Saturday night and a visit to the Oak Park Country Club. It is a very nice club for Oak Park. Will be over to see you but must wait until I get special leave to come, as I could not get back in the usual time allotted to us for week-end leave.

George

Ft. Sheridan

Dear Mother:

It is raining hard today and this morning dismal outside, but makes a good time to write letters. Today the last quota arrived and by the end of the week there will be nearly 40,000 soldiers here, an entire division. It is called the 86th National Army Division. I hear of National Guard men going over to France now, and if I had remained in my old Battery

E that I went to Texas with, I would be leaving for France within a week. Sometimes I wish I had stayed with it, because I don't believe we will be going over for a long time. It gets monotonous here. Did you know that Kingman Douglass is in France now, with the Aviation Corps? Glen's father sent him an auto to use — pretty nice?

George

July 5, 1917
Ft. Sheridan

Dear Mother:

We are getting so awfully busy here, having written examinations and lectures and map-drawing sessions of the fort here. I tell you, it is a strange game and the time just flies. Yesterday was the 4th and I took Glen out to the Oak Park Country Club, we had dinner there and it was very enjoyable — I think Glen, especially, enjoyed today. G—— and M—— joined us at dinner. They had been motoring all day out to Wheaton. We had to leave early, at a quarter of eight, and it took us just a half hour to reach the N. W. depot.

George

July 23, 1917
Ft. Sheridan

Dear Mother:

We have only three weeks left here and then, if I get a commission, will go out to Rockford, I think.

You need not worry yet about the marching orders to France; not until next January or later. A great big army, green, has to be trained before they can go to Europe. It will take a long time. They must be furnished with clothes and arms and then trained in their use.

George

Aug. 2, 1917
Chicago

Dear Mother:

How have you been standing this hot weather? We are taking it very easy tonight — but it is much cooler tonight. Am feeling fine, and especially as it is nearing the time when the commissions are handed out to us. They have been sending many of the boys home, because they did not show signs of making good officers. I hope to get one, but am not sure. Next Saturday we all march down in the loop parade which will take all day, but we ride down town so it won't be so bad. Last night we took a march with the guns and camped out all night in our pup tents and cooked our own meals, and had quite a time. Wish you could have tasted the fried potatoes I made.

George

Aug. 9, 1917
Ft. Sheridan

Dear Mother:

We had instructions to remain in camp this week end and so cannot come to see you, but will come the

next Saturday. We are very much excited here as the lists are being made out, naming those who get commissions. Don't expect to hear from mine until next week. Our camp is nearly over and we are quite busy packing up and getting ready for the next move. The study periods are over and we haven't done much of that this week. Am expecting to be commissioned in the quartermaster corps, and these do not come with the other announcements but come later, so if you do not see my name in the paper at first, don't be surprised. We are having fine weather and it is real summer here.

George

Aug. 16, 1917
Chicago

Dear Mother:

Our camp is over now and in the moving out and getting commissions and all, have been very busy, and this is my first opportunity to write. I am going to Saugatuck, will attend Adelaide Caldwell's wedding, and will spend a few days there resting up. On my way back will stop with you so you can expect me there now, in about a week. Will write or 'phone you. Suppose you know from the papers that I received my commission and will be an officer in the quartermaster corps. Will go out to Rockford on the 29th, for our next experience. In the meantime, am getting a little vacation which seems mighty good. The streets down town are full of the newly made offi-

cers, and it certainly keeps me busy trying to buy all the things we are supposed to get, before leaving for the Rockford Camp.

George

Aug. 28, 1917
Chicago

Dear Mother:

Went out to Oak Park yesterday — went to G——s and enjoyed their new home which is very nice. Visited with Marjorie. Am just leaving for Rockford and when I get settled there, will write you a full description of Camp Grant. Hope to get over to see you some week end soon.

George

Sept. 22, 1917
Camp Grant

Dear Mother:

It is chilly here, this morning, but we are in need of the rain we are having, on account of the dust. We have plenty of warm bedding so do not worry about my sleeping cold. Theodore Roosevelt was here in camp yesterday, and the camp had a big turnout to meet this enthusiastic old gentleman. He is looking well and vigorous for a man who has been through these strenuous times he has made for himself. It is very pretty country around here, on the Rock River, and the farms all seem very prosperous.

Would not mind owning one of these excellent farms in this neighborhood.

George

Oct. 23, 1917
Camp Grant

Dear Mother:

It is snowing here this morning but we are very comfortable, nevertheless. I suppose the snow will turn later to rain and make the camp a very muddy affair. Hope to get over for Thanksgiving Day with you. Will let you know soon.

George

Nov. 21, 1917
Camp Grant

Dear Mother:

Your good letter came today and I think you do very well, writing such a long one, after your illness. It is just impossible for me to get to you for Thanksgiving week-end, but if I am ordered to another camp we will get a few days off, before leaving, and will come to say good-bye, surely. We are to have a little banquet of our own here, just the officers of our company, for Thanksgiving Day, and I surely will be on hand for that. I haven't any orders yet and may not get any, but it would not surprise me if we were all ordered to Jacksonville, Fla. before Christmas.

George

George spent Thanksgiving Day at the home of Captain Lounsberry, and, among the letters that we received after his death was one from Mrs. Lounsberry, from which the following is an extract:

I shall always cherish the memory of that day; I can know something of what it must be to give up such a splendid brother. My husband, Capt. Lounsberry, greatly admired him, and if he were here, would join me in sympathy to you and his mother.

Elizabeth Lounsberry

On December 2nd, George came from Camp Grant to Chicago to say good-bye to his family, since he was soon to leave for an eastern camp. He spent the day in shopping, securing the many articles required of an officer before leaving. The evening hours were spent with his mother and sisters, he and his mother sitting hand in hand before the grate fire. He was heard to say: "Whatever may happen to me, I shall never cease to thank God for this evening." As he left us and we were waving our farewell, at the foot of the stairs he turned about, calling out to his womenfolk: "Good-bye, this is a man's job." His last note from Camp Grant follows:

Dec. 3, 1917
Camp Grant

Dear Mother:

Thought I would drop you a line this morning to let you know I am back in camp safely. There was a

wreck on the midnight train to Rockford last night, but I was not on it — and I think no one was badly hurt.

George

Dec. 18, 1917

Hotel Mason, Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Mother:

Here I am at last located now and can find a few minutes to drop you a line. My train was 14 hours late and all were late more or less, but the trip was not so bad. We did not leave the snow until after we had left Atlanta, Ga. They tell us here that the weather is unusually cold for this part of the country. This is a beautiful town and the ride out to camp is wonderful. The camp itself is laid out in a very pretty spot with plenty of nice foliage. Part of the way we ride through a sort of forest with Spanish moss drooping down from the trees and it makes me think of pictures I have seen of South America. We are located on the St. John River which is of course salt water and you get all kinds of sea food in the restaurants, lobsters, shrimps, crabs with melted butter.

George

Dec. 20, 1917

Camp Johnston

Dear M:

We are having our first good day today. I mean exceptionally good and it is just like a spring day in

the month of May and the Florida sunshine just streams down on us all day long and we have been going around with no coats on and it is the 20th of December. Have a couple of classmates here, friends I used to pal around with in college. We have just been down on the docks where the boats come in from Jacksonville. The river here is very wide more like a bay two or three miles across and today is as smooth as glass. The dock was filled with soldiers fishing for crabs, large ones, and the southern darkies are lounging around, stevedores they call them, jibing each other in the sunshine with their jokes and chatter. I can see several of them now unloading bricks from the boat, one especially, black as the ace of spades, with a red bandanna tied around his neck, another in low shoes with no socks on. I don't suppose there is a one of them who has a nickel in his pocket yet they are all as happy and carefree as you can imagine. From the end of the pier looking toward the shore there is a bathing house built before the camp was. The shore has a thick growth of trees that droop heavily with thick Spanish moss and makes me think I am down in the jungles of Africa. It has a weird effect. Beyond the trees are the barracks. The windows are all open today and soldiers sitting around in them and outside on the steps. The river is salt water and has a tide of about 4 feet and quite a few alligators although I have not seen any yet. The drinking water is awful. That is it is sulphur, but good for the

HILL 4

nerves they say. Most of the boys buy spring water 10 cents a bottle and very good tasting. About the only kick we have is the mess. It was let out to some party down here and he is trying to get rich on it, not nearly as good as Camp Grant and it costs us twice as much. You see we have not time here to run our own mess. We have from Saturday until Wednesday for the Christmas holidays and I think I will take the trip down to St. Augustine.

George

Dec. 24, 1917
Camp Johnston

Dear Mother:

Here it is Christmas eve and I am way down here in this Florida town. Am waiting for one of the boys and then we are going out to see the fire works. It may seem funny to you but that is what they do on Christmas eve, shoot off fire works instead of the 4th of July. This afternoon I took a long walk along the river. It seemed like a warm day in May. The weather the last few days has been just wonderful, warm and nice, and we never think of wearing overcoats. The weather here depends upon the sun, if that is shining it is all O.K. and they say it is shining most of the time. This afternoon saw quite a few soldiers fishing for lobsters, others in row boats and sailboats making quite a summerlike scene. Some of the trees are covered with Spanish moss drooping down and giving the trees a very tropical

effect something I have never seen before except in pictures. There are orange groves across the river and down toward St. Augustine and alligators basking in the sun and we hear some of the boys talk about picking tangerines off the trees. It seems strange after leaving Chicago in a blizzard. The drinking water here is full of sulphur and they say it is good for you and I am drinking it right along. Well, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Perhaps after the war, we can come down here together. Love to all.

George

Jan. 8, 1918
Jacksonville

Dear Mother:

There has been a lot of officers sent away from here lately, and orders are continually coming in, so am figuring that I may be leaving here before long, in a month or so.

George

Jan. 16, 1918
Savannah

Dear Mother:

Well, am on the move again, as you see. Am taking the trip from Jacksonville to Baltimore, by boat, and have six hours here to wait while they take on more cargo. I sat out on deck all morning yesterday and was quite comfortable. The steamer is

large and very nice, with fine meals. The Atlantic this morning was calmer than Lake Michigan, but they tell us that it is often rough near Cape Hatteras. Sunday we sail up Chesapeake Bay, and as they say it is full of ice, am preparing for colder weather. This is the last town where I can view the palm trees and am surely sorry for that. Am on my way to Camp Meade, which is near Baltimore, where I shall be for another two months or so, probably.

George

(Post Card)

Jan.—— 1918
St. Augustine

Dear I:

Am taking the trip to Baltimore — will write you from there. Nice and warm here. Have you dug out of the snow yet, in Chicago?

George



HILL 5 — ARLINGTON
Viewing the city of Washington

HILL 5

ARLINGTON

Viewing the Capital City

*For all we are and have,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the War,
The Hun is at the gate.*

From Kipling's "Trumpet Call to Arms," in 1914

Born of a lively and intelligent patriotism, George wrote his mother: "I would be ashamed not to go to France when so many have gone before me." On one occasion, however, he had a chill foreboding of the day to come. Who could foresee the future? — surely not George with his blithesome nature and buoyant outlook upon life, but on this occasion, and this only, he seemed to glimpse what the event would be for him. Too much weight must not be attached, of course, to words uttered conversationally as he sat in the barber's chair. But they have a place in this record. He and the barber were discussing American casualties when he exclaimed: "I don't believe I'll ever get back."

This, the one time when a presentiment seemed to possess him was but a sudden qualm, quickly over, for in the main his letters were extremely cheerful

and he seemed not again to have the slightest apprehensive solicitude for the future. After going East, especially, sheer exuberant, careless joy seemed to reign in his heart. At Camp Meade new ambitions began to creep in upon his fancy. "You will smile," he wrote home, "when I tell you that I have a staff consisting of a sergeant and two privates, and I now, too, have a private office with my own desk; and I also have a horse for my own personal use." He fully expected to be made a captain since he was rendering a captain's service here at Camp Meade.

While he was nursing these few ambitious dreams and getting immersed in the stern, strenuous duties of his new situation at Camp Meade, his active mind began to take on a larger sweep in its march. This was his first visit East since his graduation at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1908, and the week-ends of leisure suggested great possibilities to him. He could go and see his old college friend, John Clarke, in his home at Greenwich, Connecticut; visit an uncle in New York, his mother's only brother; re-visit Philadelphia and the scene of one of his greatest athletic triumphs; have his family come east and with them see Washington and its surroundings.

Had he been an older man he might have chosen to spend some of that time looking up places which were of traditional interest to his family because of the colonial, revolutionary and civil war records that had been made by his ancestors and connections in the Fitz Randolph and Shipley families. From Bos-

ton, where his great-grandfather, Henry Shipley, had enlisted in 1776 in the Continental Army with the Maryland company under Captain Thomas, he might have gone down through New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Pennsylvania, where other ancestors had helped make the history of our country in heroic and self-sacrificing service. On Long Island his great-grandfather had fought in the battle of Long Island and escaped from the British by swimming across East River, being one of seventeen safely to cross the waters, the rest perishing on account of the ice that hampered their progress. He might have seen Valley Forge where the same ancestor served that terrible winter with Washington. How he would have loved a visit to Monmouth, New Jersey, where an ancestor, Robert Carr, had lived during revolutionary days, and upon whose estates there at Monmouth, now called Freehold, Washington enjoyed his first victory in the American Revolution. And would he not have been deeply interested in a visit to Barnstable, Massachusetts, which was founded by his ancestor, Edward Fitz Randolph? To look upon the ancient records and read the name of its first citizen, his ancestor, the Pilgrim who landed on our shores in 1628, and whose future wife, Betty Blossom, had come over in the last trip of the Mayflower in 1620, would have had vital meaning for him.

How he would have revelled in a visit to Princeton University, for its original campus was given to

the college by a member of his family, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, who had not only presented a tract of 20 acres as his gift to the college but had raised a large sum for the building of old Nassau Hall, which stands upon this campus, now one of the most famous old buildings extant in our country. Nassau Hall was once the seat of government of the United States, and upon its steps Washington received the praise and plaudits of his army, as he bade them farewell. The bronze gates to the campus open only on great occasions, such as commencement time or when some distinguished visitor enters the famous old hall. The name, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, is emblazoned upon these gates, to commemorate his gift, more than a century and a half ago, to the University of Princeton, or Princetown as it was then called.

Although Lieutenant Shipley did not make these interesting journeys, he did ascend the famous hill of Arlington, that great cemetery of Virginia, which lies along the bank of the Potomac River. This height he scaled in a very different manner from that of his previous climbing adventures: twelve miles in an open automobile on a lovely June day, the bright sunshine revealing the distant city of Washington in all its splendor, while the summer clouds floated feathery overhead, and one was everywhere conscious of the fragrance of a bountiful and kindly earth. This was destined to be his last hill climb in his own country, and it was made in the

company of two or three of his women folk who had come east, in response to his earnest plea to be with him for a few weeks before he left for his sailing port. With light hearts we ascended this hill, so rich in colonial, revolutionary and civil war associations, as well as in political history, anticipating the view from the brow of the hill over to the Capitol, watching the crisp sparkle of the Potomac as we passed, trying too to remember some of the history of the spot we were to visit — for example, that the estate where Arlington is located — was once the possession of Martha Washington and continued in her family until it came down to the great great granddaughter who had married Robert E. Lee.

The thought of what this visit to the cemetery might mean to our brother did not at first occur to us. We walked through the cemetery, where thousands of soldiers lie buried. As far as the eye could reach, the lines of soldier graves stretched through the woods of this hill, while from the brow of it the great monuments to commanders in our wars looked down upon the city spread along the banks of the lovely river below. The green trees seemed to stand upon one another's shoulders and the white buildings off in the distance were half hidden by their foliage these summer months. We talked of this and that grave, we admired this and that monument, we spoke of this famous soldier and that one. Then we walked with George across the brow of the hill, and stood in front of the beautiful old home which

Robert E. Lee built and one day left so suddenly when called upon to take charge of the southern army in the Civil War. With him we enjoyed at our leisure the view of the river beyond and the city upon its banks, all of which George describes in a letter.

As we stood there, rapt in contemplation of this moving and lovely scene, the face of our brother seemed to change, the expression upon it became grave, and that changed appearance upon his countenance has remained with the writer, never, I suppose, to leave her memory of him. Every thought of him recalls that expression, as though it were her last sight of her young brother.

This may appear to be mere sentimentality — but is there not something to be said for sentimentality at times? In the Life of Myron T. Herrick, our ambassador to France during the years of the war, he, it is written, sometimes laughed at being called a “sentimentalist” and once said: “Thank God, I have got my share of sentiment. I have all my life been struggling with the practical things, and if being sentimental carried me through, if sentiment helped bring me through, maybe sentimentalism has its practical value, too.” So, if the thought of that grave expression on our brother’s face has been helpful, then we, too, owe something to sentimentality.

As he studied there, that hour, the graves of those who had been killed in action — very, very many of them — before us lay the beautiful city of Washing-

ton beside the sparkling waters of the Potomac, and in front, too, the white marble pillars of the Lincoln memorial.* Washington in all its splendor in front, and behind — Arlington! In front, the velvet glove, back of us the iron hand that fits into that velvet glove. He might have been filled with a sense of foreboding, a sense of the approach of the doom which might be his — in front, Lincoln speaking to him, back of him, the fate implied in the sight of the thousands of soldier dead. It is certain that he felt the solemnity of this occasion here in Arlington. Rapt in inward contemplation, he seemed, for the time being, utterly detached from life.

But if it was a gloomy foreboding to him, he from that time seemed to be the embodiment of a dauntless resolution and his manner and his letters took on greater dignity. The sight of the city, of the Lincoln monument, the sight of the thousands of soldiers' graves, had wrought in him some change. "This is a man's job," he had said; "I would be ashamed not to go," he had written; now he takes on a new spirit, and his eyes are shining with the fire of a great purpose. He writes to President Hopkins, of Dartmouth, "send me over at once." He writes to his mother, "All I'm afraid of now is that the German government will cave in before our division gets into action."

* The Lincoln monument was in process of construction in 1918 but the pillars were up, giving from a distance the appearance of the finished memorial.

The vision of this city beautiful, golden in the sunshine of that June day, seen from Hill 5, Arlington, wings its way perpetually into our memory. As though descended out of Heaven, it stretches into the golden distance along the broad, winding stream of the shining Potomac, and while we gaze upon it we turn our backs on the dark, malignant sight of the cemetery. Soldiers had marched to war, soldiers had fallen — thousands of them were buried here at Arlington who had been killed in action — but when we turned away from the cemetery, this beautiful city with its bright river, even amid the dire calamities of these times, brought us an inspiration which was to be of indescribable help to us in future days.

To our brother, standing there looking down upon this vision beautiful from the brow of the hill, it spoke with words of inspiration too, we believe. The sunshine was the gold, which, shining over all, brought the buildings into shades of jasper and emerald, topaz and sapphire, while the luxuriant growth of the many great trees of the city's avenues half hid them with their lacy foliage. The sparkling river winding below disclosed in the foreground a city gate, one of pearl, the Lincoln memorial with its marble pillars of dazzling white, like sentinels guarding the city. The memorial had its word for him, too. It seemed to say: "You are now in the company of Washington and Lincoln." Our brother was later to see President Wilson, and in France,

still later, he was to salute General Pershing at Brest; but to this vision of the city of Washington, we believe he owed his new great purpose — and it remained with him to the end.

But we are going ahead of our story, for this visit to Arlington did not take place until just before he left Washington. We will let his letters tell of those days there in Washington from his arrival at Camp Meade, January 20, 1918, to his reaching his port of sailing at Hoboken in July.

Camp Meade, Jan. 1918
304th Sanitary Train

Dear Mother:

Several letters were forwarded to me here from Jacksonville, all of which I received today, among them yours and B's. Was glad to know you were surviving those winter blasts there in Chicago. Nice and warm here. Forgot to explain that I was picked from the Quarter Master School down there to fill the vacancy here: Am attached to this Division here now, the 79th, and when they go over I will go with them. I can see no chance of getting over to France much before April, as they are sending over all the National Guard units first, and they are not all over yet, by any means.

Am absolutely satisfied with all the personal arrangements here, my room, location, mess etc., and can find no kick anywhere, except that I am not a Captain. Perhaps that will be adjusted in a month

or two, at least, I hope so. Am doing a captain's work now, altogether. Once in a while I get a longing for Florida again, it's a great place and when I get old, that is the place for me to spend my winters. St. Augustine is the most interesting place down there, the Ponce de Leon is the most magnificent hotel I ever saw, covering five acres. With this permanent assignment for me, I guess it is good-bye to Butler Bros. now, for good, and am afraid to Chicago, too. If the war should stop tomorrow, there would be enough work in the Q. M. C. for years to come, checking up property, so with the exception of a furlough now and then, I don't imagine that I can see much of the old life again.

George

Jan. 22, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear M:

Just a word to let you know my address and to say that I am very much pleased with this new assignment here. It is another very nice location about 45 minutes on the electric to Baltimore, an hour from Washington, three hours from Philadelphia. The camp is one of the best in the country and kept right up to snuff because of visitors from Washington. Had a fine trip up on the boat and enjoyed every minute of it, especially when I remembered how poor the train service is, everywhere. Am living in regular officers' quarters, nothing but majors

HILL 5

and captains, with a Lt. Col. thrown in. Guess I am about the only 2nd Lt. around, as far as I can see. You will smile when I tell you I have a staff now, composed of one sergeant and two privates, a private office, private desk, etc., also a saddle horse for my own personal use, to go around camp on. So many things of interest coming up on the boat, including a patrol submarine chaser, and saw where the submarine nets were located when we entered Chesapeake Bay. The bay was full of ice, but the battle ships had cleared a path for us, and we came in right on time.

George

Jan. 29, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear M:

Have been reading about the severe weather you have in Chicago and am sorry; it is not bad here, and I have a steam-heated sleeping room, besides an orderly to sweep it out and care for it. Am the supply officer for this division and hope to get a captaincy soon; much responsibility, and it keeps me jumping, believe me. Looked the town of Baltimore over during my last week end, all by myself. Next week end am going down to Washington to attend church at the Presbyterian Church, where President Wilson goes, and hope to get a glimpse of him. Hope to see Annapolis soon, too, only a half hour's ride from our camp. There is some location

HILL 7

to this camp, so near Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Annapolis and Atlantic City. The same officer is in command here who was in command at Fort Sheridan when I was there.

George

Feb. 3, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

This is a first-class place, the military discipline is better, no doubt, because we are so close to Washington. Expect to go to Washington this week-end, will write you from there. I have the exclusive use of a saddle horse here and will soon be getting fine rides, over the hill trails near here, as soon as the weather permits. Must get some new riding boots. I have no complaint to make here, everything fine.

George

Feb. 16, 1918
Carvel Hall, Annapolis

Dear Mother:

Am visiting around here in this very interesting and historical town, the place is full of naval officers and naval students and it certainly differs from any town I was ever in before. Remember I had a cousin named Struble who was here in this naval school, but can't find any trace of him now.

George

Feb. 24, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Must not let my Sunday letter pass, so will start one this morning. The weeks go by so fast, a month has passed already — it hardly seems possible I have been here in this camp that long. We have balmy weather here and am riding horseback nearly every day. Was in Washington yesterday and saw Professor McDaniel, principal of the Oak Park High. He was in the Willard where I was waiting for an appointment. He is here for some educational conference, I suppose. Am getting quite familiar with Washington now, know where to find things, buildings, etc., and pass the White House frequently. Have an old Chicago friend in the State, War and Navy Building, which is near the White House. I saw Mrs. Wilson come out of there one day and pass into her machine. Have not seen the President yet. Took a trip to a small town, called Alexandria, about 8 miles from Washington, with one of the boys here, on the trolley. Crossed over the Potomac River, and was in Virginia for the first time. Haven't been to Mt. Vernon yet but plan to go soon. I did visit the Capitol and saw the senate and house in session and also went over to the Congressional Library.

George

HILL 7

304th San. Train, March 3, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

We have been having some wonderful weather here, and have been horseback riding every day. Was in the saddle both morning and afternoon today. Wish you could see my horse, he is a fine and dandy one, full of pep and had had no exercise until I came up here. He gets it every day now! Was in Washington last week and took a trip up Washington's monument, five hundred feet high, which gives a splendid view of the city. Was greatly interested in the view from there. Went to the War Department and called on Dr. Hopkins, President of Dartmouth, who is here doing work for the Quarter Master General. I once thought that the White House was in the residential part of Washington, but not so — it is right down in the business section, crowds passing it all the time.

George

March 17, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Must let you know that all is well with me, though very tired tonight. Had a letter from M. today in which it says they may be coming to Washington soon. We may be on our way to France by that time, tho there is absolutely no reason for my thinking so, for up to date, there hasn't been even a

rumor, so nobody seems to think much about it around here. Have been too busy this week to take a trip anywhere about, but will try to make Atlantic City next week end if possible. Jack Clarke's wife (Hazel) knit me a dandy pair of woolen socks and must write her today. Did I tell you — the last time I was in Washington, I saw President Wilson coming out of the theatre, could almost have touched him.

George

March 26, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

If you could see all the work I have here, how busy I am, you would not wonder why I did not write more often. So far, I have been able to get away once a week, but from now on don't think I will be able to do this. The responsibilities of this job are increasing, with new duties being added, until now it scarcely seems as tho I could get a few minutes to myself. However, things are getting along pretty well, and I have no kick to make. Enjoyed a splendid trip to Philadelphia and Atlantic City from here and was there in four hours, was there before I knew it. The latter is a great place, full of every known amusement. The other supply officer, in the camp, has been ordered to France. His desk is next to mine and I am arranging to take over his work. He leaves tomorrow. An air machine has been flying over the camp all day, doing all sorts of

stunts, much to the wonderment and astonishment of the camp. He comes up from Washington and sure can control his machine.

George

Easter Letter, 1918

Dear Mother:

This has been the most perfect Easter Day and I hope you are enjoying the fine weather there, too. The camp here today has been full of visitors all day and the steady stream has been going by since morning. Am very busy these days, with the preparations for the march that the division is to make to Baltimore next Thursday, to celebrate the anniversary of our entrance into the war. Have to supply them all in this train, with clothes, food — also saddles, etc. and it is one big job and am very tired at night when I get home to my bunk. They have certainly been doing some fighting in France and it looks as tho Germany was licked if she does not break thru the line.

George

(Night Letter)

April 7th, 1918

Dear Mother:

Many happy returns of your birthday, sorry can't be with you, but hope to be on your next one. Am in Baltimore tonight, have just finished our parade with the President to review us. It was an interest-

ing experience and my horse behaved splendidly. Again best wishes on your birthday.

Geo.

April 7, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Sent you a night letter yesterday from Baltimore, and hope you received it safely. We arrived here in camp, left Baltimore at seven and reached here at 3 P.M. Rode my horse during the whole trip and my place in the parade was by the side of the Major, so felt very cocky in the parade, with a white collar on and a prancing horse. As we came in front of President Wilson had a fine chance to see him, as we saluted him. Hope you saw something in the papers about this. "The Parade Reviewed By President Wilson Yesterday" so you will know what I mean when I mention parade. We had a great time and find I am very sleepy tonight.

George

April 14, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Have been busier than ever this week, am trying to get our outfit fitted with some things that are hard to supply — and it has kept me on the merry run for some time. There are several units moving out of camp, and then for France, but don't suppose *we*

will be one of them for some time. If the Allies start an offensive, am thinking if they drive the Germans back the enemy will realize defeat has come to them at last: and it would not surprise me in the least if in the next month it would happen. If such is the case I don't think I will ever get over to France. Am glad to hear A—— is over there, think the experience will do him good. B—— must be very proud of him. Did I tell you I passed thru a town named Shipley, near here? Am looking for M—— here before long, in Baltimore — and will be glad to see her again. If I join her, there will be plenty of places to visit and I am sure they will enjoy every minute of the time. Of course, on account of the war, things have slowed down for tourists. There is not as much of the old time gayety, except at Annapolis, where society is quite as active as ever.

Geo.

April 20, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

This is Saturday afternoon and rather quiet, so will drop you a line, as tomorrow am going in to Baltimore to spend the day and get a little rest. We have been very busy, but recently a new supply of officers was assigned here, and so the work has been taken off my shoulders a little, and will gradually get back to normal again. Am thinking of going up to Philadelphia next week end, to attend the Penn-

Relay games. Do you remember ten years ago this spring when I participated in these same games, in Philadelphia, and came out with a gold watch for my trouble? A letter from M—— says she will be down here but not for a month yet, so will be in better shape for her visit by that time. The war looks good today, and it seems to me that it will improve from now on. I believe the Germans are licked right now, and in the course of a few weeks the papers will be proclaiming victory at last!

Geo.

April 27, 1918
304th San. Train

Dear Mother:

Last Tuesday went into Baltimore in my car * in half an hour, good roads all the way — and we just flew along, arriving there before I realized it. When we went thru that small town called Shipley I stopped to get gasoline and asked a bystander who the original settler was, and he said a man by the name of Luther Shipley. The war news today seems to be in favor of the German horde altho they are losing an awful lot of men and it may, in the end, be their doom. Here it is the first of May nearly, and I am still in the U. S. Had expected to be in

* The car he referred to was a military motorcycle used by the officers. When we met him in Baltimore, he took the pains to exhibit to us his bright, new, shining car and we could see the pride and great delight he took in it. There was a side car which he occupied, the orderly driving. This car or military motorcycle went with him to France, for in his last letter to the writer, he tells of it quite at length.

France by this time. There are units leaving this camp, every now and then, but we are still around. There are plenty of trains leaving for France from other camps, and I have seen them go by on the Penn. R. R. which passes near here. Was in Washington last Sunday and saw the lilacs in bloom on the White House lawn. Washington looks beautiful in the spring.

George

May 1, 1918
Baltimore, Md.

Dear B:

Your fine letter received today, and will drop you a few lines while killing a few minutes here in town, this evening. It is hot here today but Baltimore seems fine. Am expecting a visit from M—— soon. Hope she will appear before next month, as I suppose we will be moving out by that time, and it sure will be fine when we do, as we are all getting anxious to move. Somehow or other I don't expect to get over to France and if I feel blue it is because of that reason. The thought of being left behind here, is not very comforting, when everybody else is over there — all my friends are beating me to it. Will write again soon. Love to mother.

George

P.S. That postal to R—— was a picture of a famous place — the home of Robert E. Lee the southern general, and the outlook from the front porch over

the city of Washington, with the Potomac River lying between, is about as beautiful a view as one can imagine. The place is a National cemetery — it is a beautiful place and contains the remains of General Sherman and a host of civil war veterans.

George

May 5, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Another week gone by and spring weather is an established fact here, now, and I presume it is with you. Today has been a wonderful one to be out in the country. Went into Washington for the first time in an auto. One of the boys here took us in, along the Washington-Baltimore pike. It was a great ride thru the beautiful country, with the old Capitol dome looming up in the distance as we approached the city. We have a chaplain assigned to our train now and he is quite a fine fellow, comes from Pennsylvania and seems to like the life here very much. Met a boy in Washington who comes from River Forest who worked in Butler Bros. near me. He is a private out at Camp Meigs, near Washington. His father is president of that German college near Augusta Street. Today I saw Dr. Philip Doane in the Willard Hotel. He is a major and looks good in his officers' uniform. Washington is a great place nowadays to meet people. The War news was pretty good last week end, if it keeps up as well the next

HILL 7

two or three weeks I think the crisis will have been reached. Am expecting M—— soon now and hope she will not put it off too long. Am well and have plenty of work so have no kick coming.

George

May 25, 1918
Washington

Dear Mother:

Have not written you for some time, thinking that M—— would do so and let you know how I am. We have been having a fine visit here and think both she and Aunt L—— are having an interesting time. They seem to get about a good deal and yesterday they spent in Annapolis. I have just come into Washington to spend Saturday and Sunday with them and we are going to try and attend church with the President tomorrow, that is, go to his church. Will go down to Old Point Comfort after I—— next week-end, and then the next will go to New York to make some preparations for our leaving camp in July.

George

June 16, 1918
Shoreham Hotel, Washington

Dear Mother:

Am sitting here in the lobby of this hotel waiting for M—— and I—— and have been thinking my letters to you have been too infrequent of late. But

it is because I have been so very busy getting ready to leave for France. Of course, no one knows just when we leave but my guess is about the 4th of July. I am glad we are going because, you know, I would be ashamed to live thru this war and not go over there to France, when so many have gone already. I came into Washington on my motorcycle and made it in three-quarters of an hour. Last night, I—— and I went to the theatre. The President had been there the night before so we did not see him, but we enjoyed the show immensely. This is a very attractive hotel here, full of English and French officers with striking uniforms and there are senators and congressmen galore, and distinguished visitors from all over. It is only two blocks from the White House; have seen a good deal of the United States now and shall enjoy seeing something of Europe. Am looking forward to it very much.

George

After George had arrived in Washington he discovered that Dr. Ernest Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College, was there in war service, acting as assistant to the Secretary of War, and having the Industrial Foreign Relations Department under his supervision. When George learned this he went as soon as possible to see his friend in the War Building, the object of his visit being to know if his friend could not get him across to France at once. We learned of this after his death from a letter written

to the family by Dr. Hopkins. President Hopkins was not able to arrange this for him and so he was obliged to be patient and wait until his regiment was called — as it happened, later in July. Of this request which George made, Dr. Hopkins wrote: “I did what I could for him in this matter, because of our longtime friendship dating from his undergraduate days.” As our soldier talked that day with President Hopkins, did he not seem to exemplify those lines written of Dartmouth men? —

Not a man but faced the foeman,
Bringing glory to old Dartmouth on the hill.
Men of Dartmouth can we fail now,
Can we falter, can we quail now,
Can we strive for less than victory and the Crown?

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

June 18, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Just a few words of mid-week greeting. We are all very busy now and will be until we sail. M—— left Washington on Tuesday and is safely at home in Chicago I hope, by this time. I certainly did enjoy seeing them and having the opportunity of spending a few week-ends with them. I think they enjoyed their visit, they certainly hit Washington when there was enough going on here, most varied attractions. They must have enjoyed Old Point Comfort. I was there a day you know and it was a thrilling place believe me, with Fortress Monroe taken up with the

preparations for war, with the great transports loading with their thousands of soldiers for France, all right in front of the hotel in Newport News waters, while the airplanes from the fields near by sailed continuously over the whole place. It is about the liveliest place from the military point of view, that I have seen anywhere in the East here. Our camp has been shaking today from the artillery practice going on.

George

Your check from now on will come from Washington.

June 18, 1918
Camp Meade

Dear M:

Suppose you are back home now and after the gay weeks here, you must welcome the change to quieter surroundings of home. I took the Pennsylvania into Washington Tuesday — got the train at the little station near the Navy Academy. Do you remember Odenton? Also, by the way, I got my motor-cycle and reached camp in three quarters of an hour without mishap. Next thing I tackle round here will be motor ambulances. I shipped my trunk to you today by Wells-Fargo express. Let me know when it comes, please. Have had a busy day today and will be busy every day from now on — have a million things to do and the days are not long enough.

George

June 24, 1918
304th Sanitary Train, Camp Meade

Dear Mother:

Have just been watching an airplane that's been flying over camp here this evening. Nearly every day about noon I see the air ship that takes mail from Washington and Philadelphia to New York. It flies right over camp, but it is away up in the air, very high, believe me. We have very cool nights here, have just drawn 1000 blankets for my men to take with them overseas. So you know, I carry enough things for myself to keep warm with. We are very busy getting ready, getting fully equipped to leave, but do not know just what day yet we go. Probably the middle of next month. Am beginning to think the war will be over before we get there. It is certain that Germany is having a hard pull of it now. Italy is troubling the Austrians, I see by the night's paper, and I guess they are all getting pretty hungry, which usually makes trouble somewhere. I wish I could send one of my dandy horses for your use this summer. Get all the fresh air you can. It will add years to your life.

George

Tell B—— I have all her letters and thank her for them.

July 5, 1918
Hoboken, N. J.

Dear Mother:

Next time I write, it will be from France. As you see, I am on my way at last. I know when we leave here and the boat and so forth, but am not allowed to communicate it. Had a beautiful ride up the Hudson yesterday on the Jersey side across the river. New York and the scenery were beautiful. This is a busy port with vessels, war transports, and soldiers. Am going over to New York City tomorrow if I get time and have a visit with uncle G——. I have his address and think there will be time to see him. Gazed at the Statue of Liberty today and noticed what a wide view down the Harbor of New York it commands.

Am very glad I did not stay at Camp Grant, as they have not gone over yet so I am going to beat that Division over anyhow. All I am afraid now is that the Government of Germany will cave in before our Division gets into action. Will send you a postal from the other side as soon as we land.

George

July 7, 1918
Mount Kisco

Dear R:

Am sorry you cannot be with me the few days in and around New York. It would prove an interesting place for you. It is the most fascinating place in the world. Yesterday I had to go over to Camp Merritt to get some equipment. It is located about

twenty miles north of Hoboken along the Hudson River. We went thru Hoboken to Jersey City where I got my baggage and trunk, then we drove the truck on the ferry and took the trip to New York City, over the Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn, and finally got to our destination. You certainly would have enjoyed that trip and it took us only two hours and a half. The buildings in New York are 30 and 40 stories high and 4 and 5 stories under the ground. Subways run all over here. Went in a subway yesterday which went under the Hudson River and was in Hoboken in ten minutes. Subways go under the East River to Brooklyn in the same time. People live under the ground here it seems, there are entrances into stores and buildings from the subways into the hotels. When I was in New York before, I came into the 42nd Street Depot from Greenwich, Conn. The train came into the depot from the lower level, then I walked right into the subway station, went over to the Penn depot, got into the train that went thru the Hudson tube, under the river, came out over on the Jersey side, and it was all done in a few minutes. Good bye until you hear from me in France. I forgot to tell you about the boat I go on, it's a high liner and before the war, it ran to Salonika, Greece. I had supper on it last night and met some French marines. My cabin is a beauty, all finished up in birds eye maple, beautiful tapestry and chairs, private bath and brass beds. It certainly made a hit with me.

George

(Telegram)

July 10, 1918

To Mrs. F. W. L. Douglas, Mich.

Au revoir.

George

The Steamer Lutetia with the 79th Division on board sailed from Hoboken July 9, 1918. As they make their slow progress across the Atlantic, it will be interesting to recall an event which occurred shortly before they sailed and which was to some of that Division very curious.

In April, while Lieutenant Shipley was journeying from Florida to Camp Meade, he had written describing his trip north in these words: "Many things of interest coming up on the boat, including a submarine chaser — and I saw where the submarine nets were located, when we entered Chesapeake Bay." Thus early had there come to him a vivid illustration of our country's arrangements for protecting our eastern coast from a possible German submarine approach. Such an approach actually happened shortly before the 79th left Camp Meade — the presence of a German submarine was discovered off the coast of New Jersey. As this disturbing news, published in the papers of that day, came to the men of the 79th Division, Lieutenant Shipley must have felt an intense interest in it, because he had seen those submarine nets off the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and knew how the country had provided for such an event.

Some of the 79th Division may have thought they were going over to bring an end to all wars, some, mayhap, thought they were to help protect England, France or Paris in the immediate danger, others that they would make the world safe for democracy. But to *some* of the 79th came a very smashing bit of news: the Germans were off the coast of America, and to protect America itself may well have been the purpose of many of those brave soldiers as they neared the war front. During the days following that event, it was the subject of conversation everywhere. The imagination of the people ran riot. We remember the question that seemed uppermost in the minds of everyone: "How shall the city of New York be protected?"

If any of our readers visited Mt. Vernon during those days, they will remember the booming of the guns across the river from Mt. Vernon, on Indian Island, where the American guns were being tried out before being sent to France as America's contribution to the artillery of the Allies. As the reverberations sounded down the shores and over the hills, around the old home of Washington, these readers were not only reminded of Washington leaving his matchless abode there on the lovely Potomac to lead the revolutionary forces, but, too, they must have visualized the war in France as they heard the awful sound of those guns.

France! Thither our brave boys were hurrying,

and the news of the German submarine discovered near the Atlantic coast brought the war closer and made it more real to them, we believe. They were aware of the horrible sense of insecurity that haunted the minds of the American people in discussing this submarine event. They could understand what anxiety their people would suffer if this obscure thrill of alarm should be followed by numerous appearances of the enemy. The uneasiness lasted but a few days, our country's commonsense soon quieting it, yet in the meantime the 79th were off. To some of these men, at least, there was a most compelling motive for getting to France: America might be in danger. To most of them there came no painful doubts to flood their minds. Their country needed their presence in France; a motive, indeed!

Many of the transports had been attacked by submarines, but if the men on the *Lutetia* had any fear of this they were happily disappointed, for Lieutenant Shipley wrote of this trip: "An uneventful journey." The last contingent of the 79th arrived in Brest on August first, and George sent the following message from there:

August 2, 1918
Brest, France

To Mr. G. T. L.:

Arrived safely in France. Please write Mother and B.

Ship

This message was written on a postcard bearing the picture of the steamer, marked "Lutetia." George was detained in Brest for several days, "looking up lost baggage" for his division. He seems to have lived during those few days at the Continental Hotel in Brest for it was from this hotel that his first letter home after reaching France was written.

Aug. 3, 1918

Continental Hotel, Brest, France

Dear M:

Am taking the liberty to leave on the letterhead but don't believe it will pass the censor, however, hope he will tear off the location evidence heading and send it. I have been staying in this place for several days to collect lost baggage, and the organization has gone on. Tomorrow I leave for Paris but of course I cannot state where I go from there to join my outfit. Have been having a very interesting time in this ancient city — historical, picturesque and to me, novel. There is an old chateau, a city wall, a dungeon, a fortress, a torture chamber, etc., to enliven the dullest imagination, and the local color is full of thrills in spite of the pall of war, which is manifest in numerous ways. The Petite Femme are an added attraction and can always be relied upon to help in learning the language. I have now acquired a vocabulary of thirty or forty words which carry me through most situations.* This morning I had the

* George had studied Latin, German, and Spanish in high school and college, but his French had been neglected.

good fortune to pass by and salute General Pershing, who is here on inspection. He is certainly a soldierly looking man and I was certainly very proud to know he was my commander-in-chief. The country around here is very beautiful and from a superficial observation looks the picture of peace and plenty. The streets in this town are very narrow, the dwellings, mostly of stone, are very old and the pavements are all cobblestones, with no differentiation as to where the sidewalks start and the street proper begins. Many of the poorer class wear the wooden shoes and when a group of natives come down the rue with this clumsy shoe on, the clatter is very distinctly noticeable. The daily beverage here is not water but wine which is in abundance and consumed in apparent moderation by the French people, at least, in other words, they carry it well, tho it is used in immense quantities. War is here on every side and in spite of the cheerful and animated character of the French people, has made its presence felt, as most every one wears black and crepe, it seems, among the women. Hope you get this all right, be sure to forward to Mother. Will send you a permanent address soon. The trip over was without incident.

P.S. I might add that last evening I had dinner on shipboard of one of the U. S. submarine destroyers with some naval officers who are doing convoy duty. Their little boats keep the submarines scared to

death and I spent a most interesting and profitable evening. The meal was the best one I have had since I left the States. Was filled with great pride at the character and keen-eyed personnel of these young American officers who are performing a difficult duty not without many dangers and thrills. They are certainly a splendid lot of young fellows, of the best type of the U. S., perfect gentlemen and fine specimens of our American manhood. I wish I—— could have been with me last night — I heard some very interesting incidents that happened in the English channel, the sort you do not often read about in the papers.

George

HILL 6

LANGRES

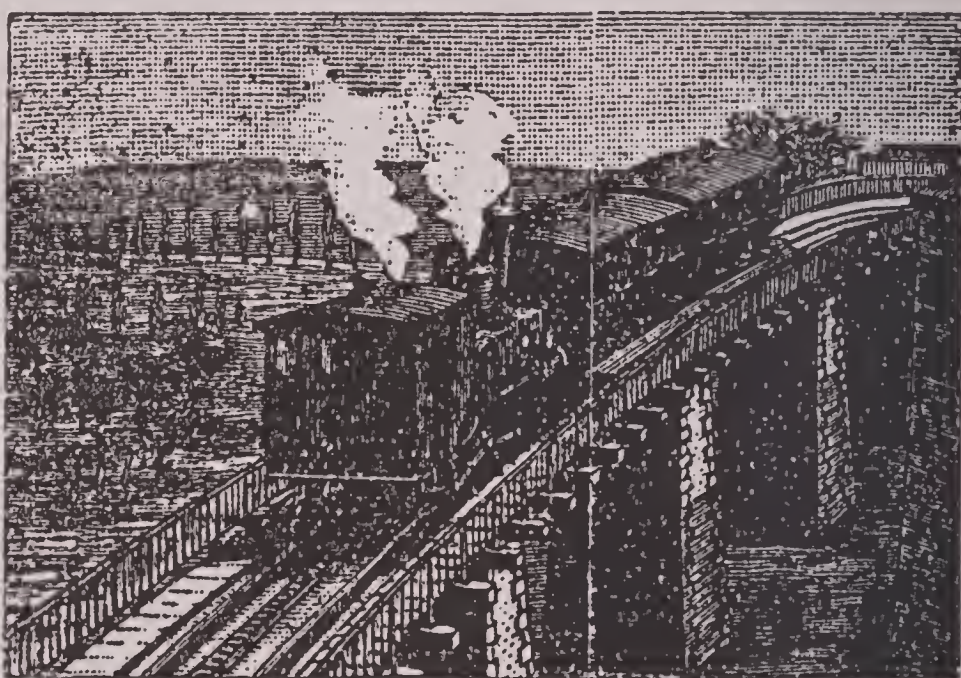
Where Julius Caesar Viewed "All Gaul"

*With towering hearts and lightsome feet,
They went to their high places
The fiery valor at white heat
Was flashing in their faces.*

MUSSEY

Langres, an ancient city of eastern France, was, as Lieutenant Shipley wrote, about 50 miles from the fighting area. Here was situated the largest camp of the A. E. F. The city itself, of about 6,000 population, was set on a very high hill, about 1500 feet above sea level, and was an intensely interesting place to the traveler, for it had in ancient times been an important fortress of the Romans. We know that Julius Caesar and Marc Antony as well as Marcus Aurelius visited this spot, which was so natural a fort. The camp itself, accommodating thousands of American soldiers, was laid out at the foot of a hill and the soldiers reached the fascinating old town only by a cog railway or by motoring up, as Lieutenant Shipley did on his military cycle, a distance, he stated, of about 12 miles. From this town of Langres, where our brother evidently was located for about a month, he wrote two letters home.

While we think of the 79th Division as being at Langres, preparing for their advance into the fighting area, it seems to the writer a very good opportunity to read up on some of the war history — from the beginning in August four years before this, up to the present date, August, 1918. To expedite our observations let us take the date **AUGUST THIRD**



THE RACK RAILWAY LEADING UP TO LANGRES

for a peg, as it were, on which to hang our study of this four year record. Who does not remember that first **AUGUST THIRD**? America, peaceful and happy, much of its population off on the yearly holiday, war the last thought in the minds of the majority of American citizens — **AUGUST THIRD, 1914.**

But before we begin our survey of those dates in Europe, let us stop for one August third in our own American history which deserves consideration here

because of Lafayette, that brave Frenchman who so valiantly came to America for service in our War of Independence. The Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson in July — it is said to have taken him five hours to write it — and on the Fourth of July this great document was read to the public and the bell in Independence Hall was rung. But it was not actually made official until the eve of August third, 1776, for it was then that Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and all the rest placed their signatures to this great piece of parchment. The eve of August Third, 1776.

And now to resume our consideration of AUGUST THIRD, 1914. During the few weeks leading up to that date Austria had chosen to allow its crown prince to run the gauntlet of a drive thru the hostile streets of Serajevo, Bosnia, Serbia. The crown prince and his wife being killed, Germany chose, for sentimental reasons it seems, to avenge this assassination. It is very likely that no one wanted the war, surely not the old emperor of Austria, Franz-Josef. The Germans did not want so huge a war; they may have wanted a small one. Perhaps the Premier of Austria, Berchtold, was responsible for most of what happened, but in Prince Lichnowski's book, "Heading for the Abyss," we are given to understand that the Kaiser might have prevented the war. The author of this interesting and authoritative book on the interval when war hung in the balance, had been the German Ambassador at the English Court since 1912 and was in London at the time.

He possessed all the information and correspondence about German affairs and about the moves that England made. AUGUST THIRD, 1914 — on that day Prince Lichnowski sent the following message to Germany's foreign office: "I have just been informed that a telegraphic message has been received by the Foreign office in London to the effect that German troops in the neighborhood of Nancy have crossed the frontier at numerous points in large numbers, without any previous declaration of war in Paris." England endeavored to prevent the catastrophe, Prince Lichnowski himself labored to keep the peace with England, but all to no avail, and the World War was on! AUGUST THIRD, 1914.

To read a few days farther in history, it is interesting to hear about the American ambassador to France during those days. He had refused to leave Paris when the French Government left for Bordeaux. He remained at his post even when the American ambassador to Germany, Mr. James W. Gerard, sent him word that the German government advised all Americans in Paris to leave via Rouen or Havre at once. Mr. Gerard had been informed by the German general staff that the German army would soon be in Paris. Our ambassador to France, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, not only remained at his post in Paris but prepared to protect the great museums, historical buildings and art galleries of Paris, with their irreplaceable treasures that were precious to the whole world as well as to France.

Germany had threatened to destroy the city in sections, and the ambassador's plan was to place posters on these special buildings bearing a message from the United States embassy that the edifices so marked should be spared — the request of a powerful neutral country.

But now, the battle of the Marne! And it is interesting to note the main reason for this French victory as given by the German general, Von Kluck: "It was the capacity of the French private to 'come back.'"

To proceed with our brief study of these eventful dates:

AUGUST THIRD, 1914

Prince Lichnowski, German ambassador at the court of St. James, in London, having endeavored desperately to keep the peace between England and Germany, sends the following telegram to the Foreign Office at Berlin: "I have just been informed that a telegraphic message has been received by the Foreign Office in London to the effect that German troops in the neighborhood of Nancy have crossed the frontier at numerous points in large numbers, without any previous declaration of war in Paris."

AUGUST THIRD, 1915

Prince Lichnowski had long ago left for Berlin, had begun writing his book, "Heading for the Abyss," and was already suffering persecution by his countrymen. The World War has now been going on for a year, and the general barbarity grows more furious as the weeks pass. If we look at the situation at Ypres, for instance, we see both England and France in a desperate plight. Germany was now beginning its use of liquid fire and poisonous gas. From Conan Doyle's *History of the War* we learn — August, 1915 — "in the trenches near Ypres the Germans had exploded a mine under the English parapet and high jets of flame, sprayed from their diabolical machines, rose in a sheet of fire into the British lines and the effect was appalling, only one man escaping.

And later: "As the British soldiers came out of the wood crying 'Remember the Lusitania,' the German machine gun fire literally swept them away, line after line. The men struggled forward only to fall in heaps along the edge of the wood. — The Germans renewed their attack with their diabolical liquid fire which blazed over the trenches and scorched the branches overhead. Sixty officers and 2,000 men were lost," etc., etc. August third, 1915, in France, makes very unpleasant reading.

Lieutenant Shipley on August third, 1915, was already preparing for the war in earnest, though not to cross to Europe for three years.

AUGUST THIRD, 1916

Now to August third, 1916! — Two years of fighting. What is happening in the battle of the Somme? It has been going on ever since the first of June and now in August, it is still indecisive and the ground gained each day is measured by yards! One bit of an historian's page: "In the night, gallantly leading his men and showing them how to proceed by the light of astronomy, fell young Captain Garvin, student, poet, essayist and soldier — one of those glorious youths who united all that was beautiful in the mind with all that is virile in the body, giving it in its country's cause. Lives that are reminders of Sidney, Spencer and the finer of the Elizabethans, more like them than anything we could have hoped to evolve in these later days. Raymond Asquith, Rupert Brooke, Charles Lister, Gerard Garvin, Julian Grenfell, Neil Primrose, some of the finest flower of British culture and valour, men who sacrificed to the need of the present their inheritance as leaders of the future."

And with these British youths, now come on the scene for the first time the Australians! An observer of them as they marched through London writes: "Their physique was extraordinarily fine, and even the stay-at-home Londoners who had seen the lithe figures, the eager, cleancut, aquiline faces, under the broadbrimmed hats, bringing a touch of romance into the drab streets of the city, needed no

assurance that the men were splendid." But with all these brave English youths and strong Australians, what was being accomplished that first week in August, 1916? "They gained," says the chronicler, of the first of August, "some 2000 yards of frontage and a depth of 400 yards."

Lieutenant Shipley is at Camp Wilson, Texas, with Battery E, 1st Illinois Field Artillery. He writes: "August 3, 1916. Am sitting outside my tent. Looking up and down thru the street I can see a gorgeous sunset."

AUGUST THIRD, 1917

The third of August, 1917! A transformation! America has declared war on Germany. General Pershing has arrived in Paris. The American army is training for the front line.

An incident which occurred on this date: Ambassador Walter Hines Page, in London, was welcoming Herbert Hoover in his office. Mr. Hoover was on his way home, his only ambition being to get aboard some ship bound for America. As they talked, an American from Belgium accompanied by three Belgians came in, saying that Belgium was on the point of starvation; there was food for thirty-six hours only. Unless something was done, a nation starving would result. After much discussion Mr. Page said to Mr. Hoover: "Hoover, you're It." A whole nation was to be fed. Mr. Hoover arose and without a word left the room. Upon his return sometime later Mr. Page said: "We have been waiting for you." Mr. Hoover explained: "I saw there was an hour left before the American Exchange would close, so cabled to buy a million bushels of wheat — for the Belgians, of course."

Lieutenant Shipley, on August third, 1917, was writing his mother from Fort Sheridan: "I am expecting a commission in the Quartermaster corps."

The survey is now continued through the last year of the World War, and the date is August third, 1918. Lieutenant Shipley had arrived in Brest and was soon to pass through Paris to Langres.

AUGUST THIRD, 1918

On August third, 1918, there was a meeting of all the premiers. They concluded that the war could never be won on the Western front. We can understand why the French would want no soldiers taken from their country for other fronts in the war, but why did the English permit their millions of youths to march up to that slaughter house called the Western front during those four long years of the war? We cannot understand. However, on August third, Haig, Field Marshal of the English forces, could not let the anniversary of the beginning of the war pass without some gesture of commemoration. He was holding a service of thanksgiving at Montreuil, while the premiers discussed the failure of their forces to win the war on the Western front.

Something had happened in April of that year — the Americans had arrived! To be more explicit, on April 25, 1918, American forces had gone into the fighting line. The 1st Division took its place in the line north of Montdidier and a month later participated in a successful battle at Cantigny. Four weeks later the 2nd Division of Americans went into action at Belleau Wood, a brilliant feat of arms in connection with the French army, and in July the ships crossing the Atlantic had brought over 200,000 men who had gone at once into the battle line near Château-Thierry. A steady stream of ships from America was still bringing troops over until now there were actually 700,000 men who were ready

for the front, with thirteen more divisions waiting to join them, General Pershing had reported. Something had happened! The generals were ready now to take risks, the Americans were their reinforcement. The ships were bringing these soldiers to their aid.

We have been studying up to this time the record of the Allies in the War. Now let us turn to the history of the war as written by General Ludendorff, Chief of the German Staff. Suppose we look in his book for our peg, August third, 1918. He writes: "By the beginning of August, we had suspended our attack and reverted to the defensive on the whole front, and tho I considered the enemy might continue his attacks, I assumed that the operations would only take the form of local isolated attacks," and these Ludendorff thought he could defeat. This was August third, 1918, our last date of survey of the World War. We cannot leave it all here, however, for in five days more, only five, all had changed. Though Foch and Ludendorff did not think the end of hostilities would come that year, there was another mind at work, that of Field Marshal Haig. He judged very differently from Foch and Ludendorff. To quote from his biography by Chartreusse: "On August 8, at four-thirty, the first great British blow was struck and that was the beginning of the end." So August third, our last date, was not only the fourth anniversary of the beginning, it was also the date upon which Ludendorff looked out upon de-

feat. "August the 8th," says he, "was the black day of the German army. By the early hours of the afternoon I had gained a complete impression of the situation and it was a gloomy one. The 8th of August put the decline of the German army, its fighting power, beyond all doubt. The war **MUST BE ENDED.**"

And so, to look again at our date, August third, which had seen so many important events, we find that the Germans were beginning to evacuate their positions: we learn from *Ludendorff's Own Story* that the German army were retreating from their positions on the bridge-heads at Ancre and Avre on August third, 1918.

But the Germans did not sue then for an armistice. The question of their position in the Peace Conference that would follow kept them still ready to continue the war, and it was not until September 28, after the battle of the Argonne, that the picture of a decision being made between the two German generals, Ludendorff and Von Hindenburg, presented itself. According to Ludendorff's narrative: "At six o'clock on the afternoon of September 28, I went down to the room of the Field Marshal (Von Hindenburg) which was one floor below mine. I explained to him my views as to a peace offer and a request for armistice. — The Field Marshal listened to me with emotion. He answered that he had intended to say the same thing to me that evening. — We were also at one in the view that the armistice

conditions would have to provide for controlled and orderly evacuation of the occupied territory," and from the military point of view, the last was a tremendous admission.

Having reviewed to some extent the history of the World War by means of that very memorable date, August third, thru the four years, let us now resume our story and follow the subject of our sketch through the remaining pages of his life. We place here his two letters from Langres.

“Over Here,” Aug. 18, 1918

Dear Mother:

No doubt you are wondering how things are faring with me over here in France and, stating it briefly, everything is fine so far. Plenty to eat, good beds to sleep in and a beautiful country to be in. We are billeted here in a small French village and three of us are living but not eating in a French house with French people. We have three rooms. The place is called a “chateau” and altho it doesn’t get the attention it would if the young men were not at war, yet the place is very beautiful, the grounds are wonderful, for the French people do get the most out of nature. There are roses and gardens and the most beautiful arbors of trees you can imagine. Our windows look right out on as beautiful a space of lawn, trees and flowers as it is possible for me to describe. The farmers here do not live in a house by themselves, but are grouped in little

villages which are very numerous and only a mile or so apart, connecting with wonderful roads always kept up and always bordered on both sides by a row of matured trees, sometimes in double rows. I have never seen such a wonderful and well preserved system of roads. The people are not as progressive as we are in America and old fashioned methods are in use. The houses are all stone and you never see a frame building. The surrounding country is very beautiful. We had a very quiet trip across the Atlantic and landed in France on the Western coast in ten days. I stayed in the Port town about eight days or more to look after the company baggage but the rest of the company went on inland. I finally got my freight straightened out and started on a trip by myself right through the heart of France nearly across the country and joined the company here where we are located now in a training area about fifty miles from the trenches. We will be leaving here soon for the front line and we are all eager to go forward especially since the Americans and the Allies are having good success now. I know what sector we are headed for — it's a quiet one — but am not permitted to tell you except that I expect to be this fall in some of the most beautiful mountain scenery in Europe, with the exception of Switzerland. On my trip across France I stopped off in Paris for three days and Dijon for one day. While in Paris I went out to Versailles and gazed at the marvelous gardens and that famous establishment

the 14th Century Palace that Louis the 14th spent so much time and money on. I am not able to describe the beauty and grandeur and the immensity of the place. At Dijon I was particularly struck with the famous old Gothic architecture and remembered several old places that I studied about when in college. This I found to be a brilliant little city, lots of gayety in spite of the war. The streets and houses are very picturesque, grotesque and every other kind of "esque." The museum at Dijon is full of original paintings, Rembrandts, Van Dycks, Dürers, etc. A great deal of the arts were carried here by Napoleon from other countries. The trip thru France was a continual source of pleasure to me and the beauty of the country, the little winding canals and the little bridges spanning them, the beautiful roads, the quaint people, surpassed my expectations time and again. The next day after I left Paris the German long range gun shelled the place for the first time in several weeks. Well, I am now out of subject matter and must close up and start to do some work. For excitement in the evenings I usually get on my bicycle and ride over to the next village with my French grammar and visit a very pretty little mademoiselle who can talk about as much English as I can French, so between the two we can hold a slow conversation which is subject to revisions, additions and subtractions and corrections before the meaning is finally conveyed. The French people are exceedingly polite

but very few of them can talk English. This morning I succeeded in telling the Madame in the house here that I wanted her to heat me some water for a bath and without the use of a dictionary, but it was quite a struggle of French words and twisted meanings. Give my best regards to the family. Tell B—— that the letter which was mailed to me at Camp Meade was forwarded and I received it yesterday. B—— wrote the letter July 3rd. Please send this letter to M—— so that she will know my address which is simply — 304th Sanitary Train, A. E. F. Hope you are all in good health, as I am.

George

P.S. There is a rumor here that the ship we came over on the "Lutetia" was sunk on her trip back to the states. Perhaps it is only a rumor.*

"Over Here" Sept. 1, 1918

Dear M:

It is the Sabbath morning, a beautiful day with just a faint, misty suggestion of autumn in the air, that happy, lazy aroma that seems to make a kind of mystery of Indian summer. But why mention Indians? This is France, the grand garden of Europe and looking down in the little valley below, peaceful, prosperous and painstaking, it seems an infinite distance to scenes of war's ravage, probably two hundred kilometers away. I am near the edge of a little plateau, sitting long side of a road that winds its

* See Part II.

way around and finally meets the level below. On the slope in front of me about a hundred metres off, bending with her toil, a peasant woman is working in her garden, carefully cultivating every inch in her slow, laborious manner. Behind me, just across the road, there looms up abruptly an immense mass of masonry. It is the old city wall that encircles completely around the city within. The wall is well preserved, strong, and bristles with old fortifications for it protects, securely nestled inside, this old seasoned city, four times sacked in feudalistic wars and each time emerging with some of its treasures unscathed. There still stands here a section of an ancient wall built by Marcus Aurelius who must have been quick to realize the strategic position here for a fortification. I gaze up at this grand old wall, I demand of it to talk, to tell me its experiences, to release to me its tales of wars gone by. It gives me freely an answer, a great silent answer, and I turn away with only an increased stimulation of my imagination. Up the road is the old city gate with its moat and draw bridge. How history must have surged under this arch, coursed its way thru the narrow streets. What gatherings of infamy, what assemblages of oppressed peoples, what meetings of picturesque dignitaries, in the open square near the cathedral. How innocent blood and red wine must have flowed at different stages. How the periods of peace must have been enjoyed and how romance promenaded in the moonlight when the warrior

rested on his arms! As I sit here musing and dreaming of such scenes I hear the church chimes. The people are going to the cathedral; mass is seldom missed it seems; the bells blend out a tone of ancient religious devotion — but, what is the startling noise that jars the church bell, that interrupts these reveries so harshly? It is the last agonizing squeaks of a chicken. Evidently a transaction has previously taken place in which a thrifty peasant woman receives a handsome sum of francs and some American soldier boys indulge in a good old chicken dinner. Well, why not? It's time to go. I turn to my cycle, a military model. It stands there, grim and dusty, leaning against the tree. I feel grateful towards it. Twelve long miles did it bring me to see this old city. It was worth it. The steady climb up hill was a hard drill but the reward was a rare one to me. Soon I will be coasting down grade for five miles without turning, hardly. A long, gradual slope, with a beautiful panoramic view ahead and the very best of roads to travel on. Everything is fine here so far, M——, nothing exciting to write about, yet I am enjoying the experience very much. I received I——'s letter with great surprise and pleasure. It was a great treat, as I did not expect it. It took just a month to get here. I also received a letter from B—— mailed August 5th and received by me on September 1st. They generally take about a month. Am in splendid health and hope you are, too.

George

The above letter was written from Langres, and before we actually leave this ancient city at the foot of whose hill the greatest American camp was located, let us take a look into its history. In order to do this, I quote from the pages of a small booklet entitled "Guide to Langres." There can be no doubt that the few references which our George made in his letter from Langres were taken from this Guide and that fact makes it a doubly interesting publication to us. It was written by a citizen of Langres, a "Man of Letters" who had little knowledge of the English language, and though ambitious to learn it, had little time to do so before the American soldiers arrived in his native city. To the great joy of the American Army there, he proceeded to do the translating himself with the aid of a dictionary. The result most certainly brought a vivifying touch of humor to those regiments encamped at Langres. The officers could hear their men shouting with delight over its English, gales of laughter filling the air as the men perused its pages; this instead of the forced composure of an army in deep depression before a battle,—for the exit from Langres was toward the trenches always.

The quotations from the "Guide to Langres" are given, not only because we think it was in the hands of our brother that day when he was writing his second letter from Langres, but because so much is to be learned from it concerning the history, ancient, mediaeval, and modern, the climate and civil and re-

ligious aspects of the country where so many of our brave, disinterested American boys suffered and lost their lives. The following letter, from an officer of the 1st Division, who sent us our copy, will show how the booklet was regarded by him:

“In going over my papers, I found this guide book to Langres. It is interesting in that it was practically written for the consumption of the American Army. Langres was the School centre and was always full of officers. Being a quaint old town, the demand for a guide book was great, so this French ‘Man of Letters,’ wrote the guide book. This he did in French, and then, to our great joy, he translated it himself with the aid of a dictionary. This made it one of the funniest books I have ever chanced upon, and read aloud, it is immense. The facts are all there, but the exposition is at fault. To enjoy it, one should begin with the preface. The book contains a map of the city if such it might be called. It was a fortress, situated on the top of a sugar-loaf mountain, the crest surrounded by a steep wall. It is a beautiful spot, and from the ramparts you can see the snow topped mountains of a spur of the Alps. I believe everyone who visited the town has walked around the ramparts, past the watch towers, the sally-portes and the pigeon cote, and on as far as the gate the Romans built, when they fortified the site.”

There are many of us who are not familiar with eastern France, where so many of our American sol-

LANGRES'S GUIDE

SPECIAL EDITION



COVER OF "THE GUIDE TO LANGRES"
The ancient doors of Moulines

diers were fighting in 1918, and they themselves coming home from this region, anxious to forget it all, have raised a barrier of reticence concerning their experiences. This "Guide to Langres" gives information that could not be gathered elsewhere, though it is a strange instrument of expression, stammering its way through in great confusion.

Did any city ever live through so much ancient, mediaeval and modern history, founded as it was centuries before Christ, battling through many, many wars, and coming down to observe "strange from America" camping at the foot of its mountain, preparing to help fight once more. Langres, first a city of old Gaul, became a Roman province and then, as explained in the Guide, "Julius Caesar lived there long time." Our imagination runs riot with these words. We can visualize Julius Caesar sitting there upon the brow of the hill at Langres, where our own letter was written, gazing out upon the "wast horizon" of all Gaul, writing for his own commentaries those words so familiar to all Latin students: "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres;" — All Gaul is divided into three parts!

We hope our readers will be beguiled into reading all of the quotations from the Guide and our only regret is that the entire booklet may not be placed before them with its many pages of history of eastern France, its amusing translation, and the idea it gives of some of the views that George was enjoying that morning.

THE GUIDE TO LANGRES (PREFACE)

Before 1887, strange * that ascended to Langres to visit the town and its monuments, was obliged to indulge one's self with indications furnished by general guides, such as Joanne, Baedeker, and else of the same kind. At the date, we have published the first Langres' guide that appeared, and we have so applied a much to be regretted gap, for honour of our city.

In few pages squeezed and compact, that guide comprised complete history of the city Langroise, with description detailed of all its monuments. Some competent man in the matters we have willing to say that little book had some merits. Behold doubtless what explain success of our publication; the first edition was quick out of print.

In 1891 appeared a new edition revised, illustrated and considerably enlarged, afterwards in a short time a third edition corrected and enriched with a great numbers of sketches showing principal curiosities of Langres.

The third edition was out of print, in the year 1914 we prepared a new, when the war began. Since we had not believed ought to try that work, but encouraged by numerous demands, we have decided ourselve to do a special edition for our American guests.

In fact, history of our town is no without glory; it present even, particular archaeological and artistic, an interest wich not have certain towns more important.

We shall be very happy if the Langres's Guide might please at our dearest allies.

PRACTICAL INFORMATIONS

Into the line from Langres from the center of the town by a new road: Foot passengers must take the way wich tenderd to the Navarre's tower and entered in town by door

* Refers to strangers.

of Moulins or Porte-Neuve. The way between both stations is very interesting; rail road line distort the nipple of Fourches, and offer to the travellers a picturesque and variegated views upon the city and surrounding contries.

SITUATION AND CLIMAT OF LANGRES

Langres's soil is formed with calcareous or some fossil fragments joined between themselves by a ferruginous clay-cement; in its culminating point it attaint near 500 metres over the nivel of the sea; it distributed its water between the Manche by the Marne and its tributaries, the north sea by the Meuse and the Mediteranee. The city is situed between the Bonnelle and the Marne on a promontory which expound toward the north and is terminated of its three sides by abrupt declivities; only in south a long and narrow plain, forming a sort of isthmus between lateral declivities; connect it at the upland and permit easily access on this point. In up of its ramparts, wich form an immense elliptical gallery, observer embrasse one of wast horizon that they could meet.

With its towers, its steeples and its domes, Langres present from all sides a beautiful aspect; same an eagle neast perched into clouds you see it from very far. Hight walls wich surround it serve for support walls to heap of rubbish on what it is sit down, because raising of ground caused by successively ruins heaping up on this point, predominant about 7 or 8 metres primitive surface of the upland. City has a long square shape. Aspect of town is severe and dark; however, it is sufficiently erected; streets are clean but generally narrow. It is crossed from north to south by a large street that share it into two unequal parts: that permit to turn to exist easily. Temperature of Langres present considerable variations in the different seasons of year, and same to the various time in the day. Spring is cold, hoar-frost are then frequent, summer is varm, maxima temperature

is 28 to 30 and exceptionally rise to 35. In winter thermometer go down not unfrequently to 10 or 15, seldom any more. Cold and snow persist a long while, autumn is the most agreeable season, forenoons are coldish but daytime are might well. Storm are frequent. It is not scarce to see a fog into the valley, but air is vivid and sound.

CIVIL HISTORY

Langres is a city very rich in antiquity. Six hundred years B.C. a glorious expedition of the Lingones to do tremble Rome itself. Nevertheless, they fell under roman domination (59 years B.C.) they were prompt to submit to Ceasar, who struck by advantages that might procure him the occupancy of one point so important, either for contain the gallic, either for the germany, lived a long while with the Lingons. These ones were his stedy allied. Under Roman domination, city of Lingons taken a great improvement; ruins wich have discovered prove that habitations extended, at south, about 800 metres from actual precent. It had one capitol, temple, one owens college, one circus, and some triumphal arches; 12 roman ways joined metropolis.

During the war (Franco-Germany in 1870-71), Langres had the chance of don't see the ennemies in his wall, few conflicts unimportant had happened around the place, and the truce wich brought the peace was signed at the very time when the Prussians prepared to assail the city; newertheless the inhabitants had much endured and a great many soldiers, bodies in motion and liberate died in the cold, mall pox, or by the typhus.

SOMETHING OF THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF LANGRES

The ancients Lingrois had for religion the one of all the people of the Gaul; they adopted easily the superstitions

and customs from Roma, so that when the christianity spiread in Langres, it was a city rather roman than Gallic.

Protestant reform penetrated in Langres about midle of the XVI Century; in 1548, minister Largillere and several coreligionists having surprised during who done the Lord's supper, in the private house belonging at Tافنون, they were condemned to die and they were burned on the market place of place of Apport du Pain the house was razed to the ground and on the same piece of ground, the dean of Chapter House erected a chapel called "The Lord's Supper or Chapelotte" — that chapel has substitured until the Revolution, and now we see again some rests.

Several councils were held at Langres; in 830 Agobard from Lyon presided over Langres a provincial council, in presence of King Louis. In 859 the first meeting terminated in Savonnières and after was held in Langres, where the bishops treated there matters of the grace, predestination and freewill.

And one more reference from the little book "The Langres Guide" as to the Rack Railway. Lieutenant Shipley went up to the city of Langres on his motorcycle, scorning the rack railway that he might get a better view of the country which he wrote was "worth while."

RACK RAILWAY

One of the principal curiosities of the city of Langres, it is certainly the rack-railway established in 1887 and destined to climb the montain on which the town is sit down. Formerly travellers were obliged to go from station to the city, to do on foot the journey about forty minutes along to way on top of wich they arrived tired and quite out of breath. We ought to the travellers arriving by the valley a scaling so hard?

Soon after the posting of his last letter to the writer, September 1, 1918, his Division, the 79th, left Langres to march to the fighting area. In a previous letter he had said: "We will go into a part of France where the scenery is about the most beautiful in the country." This he contradicts in his last letter to his mother. "The dope about the beautiful scenery was all wrong, we go to a place where the Americans are going forward in a new offensive." His Division went straight toward the Argonne Forest and his letters, written September 14 and 16, we think, were sent from Bar-le-Duc, not far south of Souilly, the headquarters of the First Army, where General Pershing was to be, directing the Meuse-Argonne battle which began September 26, 1918. As the 79th were making their way northward, toward Souilly, the battle of St. Mihiel, conducted by the 1st and 3rd and 42nd Divisions, was going on, and the great Paris-Verdun road must have been crowded with supplies of all kinds, ammunitions and war vehicles of every description, advancing toward the scene of those American operations.

Whether our soldier gave much thought to the history of the country through which he was passing for the first time will never be known, but for us it is interesting to study some of the facts, and place them in their geographical location on the map of France, to form a background for the tragedy toward which he was so bravely making his way.

George had written that the trip toward the front

would be by train, and that the terminal was fifty miles from Langres, so they must soon have entered the great Paris-Verdun road called "the Sacred Way." We wonder if any one pointed out to the American boys as they passed over this historical highway the place where our friend — our young friend — the Marquis de LaFayette of 1776, had soldiers of the National Guard intercept King Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette, as they were fleeing for their lives from the revolutionary populace. A French leader said of this event: "We are at what is perhaps the most solemn moment that history has ever consecrated in the annals of any nation."

If that were true, how may we pass this Verdun-Paris road without recalling those events? The king and the queen had fled from Paris, and LaFayette, being the head of the National Guard, had sent to have them overtaken. On Friday (they had left Paris on Tuesday), word came "that the king and the queen had been arrested at Varennes" — but where was Varennes? No one knew. At last it was found to be a village near Verdun in the Argonne. Bouille, the king's body guard, and his men were at Clermont en Argonne, held back only by the National Guard of LaFayette. Civil war was at hand. The king and queen were found at Varennes and from that point were brought back to Paris, La Fayette cantering out as far as Bantin, his cavalry having gone as far as Bondy Wood to meet the royal

party. And if our soldiers knew of this village and Clermont, too, in the Argonne, how interested must they have been as they passed by on the Sacred Way. This little village of Varennes, quite unknown before, was now swept into the history of France by the whirlwind of events, because the king and queen and their family had been taken there in the "mean house of Sauce the chandler."

And from Varennes, the little village that played so important a part in the life of our friend La Fayette, their thoughts must have flown to another little village in this vicinity, Domremy, birthplace of Joan of Arc, where she heard the voice that sent her out to restore King Charles to his throne. The following excerpt from the letters of a Chicago chaplain — written from France after the war was over — will help us to visualize the country of Joan of Arc through which our soldiers were now passing: "From the hilltop overlooking the city of Neuf-chateau, one sees the wide valley of the Meuse — on the other side of the valley situated well up on the hillside, one may see the pretty little village of Domremy, with its red tiled roofs against gleaming walls of white limestone, and for its background, those dark sombre pines which give it a most enchanting setting. The most conspicuous feature of this world-famous place is the 'basilique' consecrated to the memory of that little Maid of Orleans, who in 19 short years, dreamed her dreams of astonishing presumption, led the armies of France to victory,

thus ending the hundred years war of France with England, witnessed the crowning of Charles VII of France at Rheims, and finally paid the price of martyrdom at Rouen, for simple faith which bade her go in the name of God and do her duty. Of Domremy I could write a book of all I felt and dreamed and saw there. I walked through the pastures where Joan pastured her cows, saw the simple wayside cross where she worshipped, and passed through the sombre woods 'with their murmuring pines and hemlocks' where she heard voices and saw spirits. I entered the little house where she was born and the little church where she regularly worshipped, abounding in evidence that the nation she had saved remembered her, though its gratitude came too late to save her from the flames."

If the American soldiers as they were marching toward the battle line from their camp at Langres, were too much occupied with other thoughts to be recalling the past history of those two small villages of Varennes and Domremy, they, or at least some of them, would have been thinking of the great fortified city of Verdun which lay over to the east as they traveled toward the north and which is described in one history in this way: "Verdun, a great fortress in northeastern France, on the Meuse River, a gateway into the heart of France, the fame of which will last as long as history, because of the battle fought there, which for length and intensity has never been equalled and which re-

sulted in the defeat of the army of the German Crown Prince."

Had they glanced toward Verdun, for they were now nearing Souilly, they might have felt exceedingly proud to be helping this country of France. France at Verdun had battled against the German invaders early in the war for five months — not five days, which was about the longest period of time any battle of the world had up to that time lasted, not five weeks, but five MONTHS they fought to keep the Germans from passing into their beloved country. Pétain said at this time: "They shall not pass" — and his soldiers prevented them from passing.

The munitions and food and the French regiments themselves moved from Paris to Verdun those awful months over a road about 123 miles long ever after called "the Sacred Way." Our men were marching toward this "sacred way," to Souilly, whose city hall (as we would name it) was directly upon this now famous road to Verdun.

Our soldiers might have felt proud to be helping France as they looked over at Verdun and thought of the five months' carnage, but they would also have felt some misgivings as to their own possible fate in preparing to prevent the same German army from passing into Souilly, Paris, and this country of France.

Our illustration of Souilly is from those earlier days and General Pétain is standing upon the steps

of this Town Hall and may at the very moment have been uttering those memorable words: "They shall not pass."

As to Verdun's ancient history, this typical fortified city of France was in 800 A.D. a Gallic town, then a Roman fortress, and from time immemorial it has played an important part in resisting invasion on account of its situation at the center of a great circle of hills covered with forts, bristling with defensive works and batteries. Since Attila left it in 450 "like a field ravaged by wild beasts" it has been besieged at least ten times.

And now here in 1915, listen to a French soldier talking of the battle of Verdun in which he took part. The excerpt comes from Dr. Van Dyke's story "The Broken Soldier." "Then we were sent to Verdun. That was the hottest place of all. It was at the top of the big German drive. The whole sea rushed and fell on us — big guns, little guns, poison-gas, hand-grenades, liquid fire, bayonets, knives and trench clubs. Fort after fort went down. The whole pack of hell was loose and raging. I thought of that crazy Crown Prince sitting in his safe little cottage hidden in the woods somewhere — they say he had flowers and vines planted around it — drinking stolen champagne and sicking on his dogs of death. He was in no danger, that blood-lord! The shells rained on Verdun. The houses were riddled; the cathedral was pierced in a dozen places; a hundred fires broke out, but the old citadel held good. —

We went gladly, without fear or holding back. We were resolute that those mad dogs should not get through. 'They shall not pass!' And they did not pass! "

And, children, here is a story of Verdun which no one can forget who has ever heard it, the story of a little white dove, given in just a few words, for we must get on with our own story and its warrior.

It was a little white dove at Fort Vaux — one of the great forts lying near the city of Verdun, where the hills about were bleak with the desolation of war, for ten thousand German youths fell before this fort alone in their attempt to obey the orders of the German Crown Prince to "Take these forts at all cost." On July 3, 1916, one French account says: "There were left only fifty men in the fort, they must remain within the deepest part of the fort, none could be outside with the fearful bombardment going on, and by noon only twenty men were left, and in the evening but a handful." The only communication with the outside world was by pigeons, and in the evening the last white dove was sent out on its mission of reports to the home base. It winged its way up through the smoke, the shrapnel, the guns and the horrible darkness of the fort, and it must have gone safely thru and reached its objective, for one account of this incident says that the message which the little dove carried ended with these words: "We have reached the limit, officers and soldiers have done their duty. Long live

France.” “The wings of a bird—the soul of man!” Was it not the great French writer, Victor Hugo himself, who wrote:

Let us be like a bird a moment lighted
Upon a branch that sways and swings:
He sings on unaffrighted,
Knowing he has his wings!

The fort did hold out for some time longer, however, and it was not finally overpowered until the 8th of July, when it fell after seven days and nights of continuous fighting. A few months later, on November 2, the Germans were driven out of Fort Vaux a good deal faster than they had come in.

But the story of this region goes back of history and ancient history into pre-history and anthropology, for it was in the caves near the city of Langres, south central France, that the skulls of that ancient race, the Cro-Magnons, were found, and Mr. N. G. Moore, in his book *The Theory of Evolution* says that the Cro-Magnon race represents in all aspects the highest point to which the human race ever attained, and in evidence displays a picture of a restored skull on page 200 of his book.

Now, it is time for 1918 again and the battle which was being fought east of Souilly, not far from Verdun, while our boys of the 79th Division were traveling north to their new position about Souilly, headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps under the command of General Summerall. At the time of the Argonne battle, General Pershing himself was

there; to quote from his book: "during the Meuse-Argonne battle, my personal quarters were on my train which lay partially hidden in the woods back of a spur, near Souilly, giving directions regarding operations and deciding other important questions."

But before we begin to read of the Meuse-Argonne battle, the St. Mihiel must take some of our attention, for the divisions fighting there came to help in the Argonne battle after the victory at St. Mihiel which resulted in the unblocking of old Verdun, Vaux, and the other forts. The three Army Corps headquarters to participate in the St. Mihiel attack were the First, Fourth and Fifth. In the center of the Fourth Corps, marching up to this battle, was another Oak Park soldier. From an address which he made in Oak Park some time after, we quote this description, brief, yet realistic, of his part in this attack. It tells what was transpiring east of Souilly as our boys of the 79th were preparing for the Argonne battle which began September 26, 1918:

"On the night of September 9 we were halted a bit earlier than usual and the next morning officers were called together and were informed of the plan of pinching off the St. Mihiel salient. Our division was in the center — Oh, such a night, September 11 and 12, when our division moved up in the front trenches: raining torrents, water waist deep, engineers, machine gunners and other auxiliary units all attempting with us to get into the same place at the same time, 100,000 American boys massed for

the zero hour. At 1 a.m. sharp the entire sky was lit up and it seemed that the stillness of 12:59 made the din of one o'clock more terrific. For four hours and a half such pounding, such demoralization. At 5:15 we were to crawl out and, but for those on either side, you wouldn't have known what was going on along the entire line, but at 5:30 the earth seemed to grow men and the woods moved. Shouting at the top of our voices 'D Company this way' we started—the Very lights, planes, tanks, the cracking of machine guns, the constant lifting of the barrage and nothing much to upset the plans of a well oiled machine. Our battalion captured 500 German prisoners. Outside of the digging in, the consolidation of line established, a few raids, etc., St. Mihiel was easy. We were moved out of the lines on September 29 — 'you will be in readiness to move by dusk of the 30th,' and sure as you live, on the 30th we were again on our way — but it was all right — the sound of the shells was getting fainter and fainter, and how we hiked that night! In the morning we found we had circled Verdun and were but fifteen kilometers back of Montfaucon as reserve to the Fifth Army Corps."

So, on September 29, our Oak Park soldier of the Fourth Army Corps, after the St. Mihiel engagement, was at Souilly, whence the subject of our story, George Shipley, had marched away just a few hours before, as he left for the trenches of the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

But just a word as to St. Mihiel: "The battle of St. Mihiel was the first *wholly* American battle of the World War — but no contest of the war was more definitely complete, more fully successful or more expeditious than this one. One writer has described it as 'the battle without a flaw.' What this first American army did was to take from the Germans the famous St. Mihiel salient covering about 200 square miles of ground. This salient had always been a point of dangerous threat against France, especially Verdun and Paris. The Americans numbered 200,000, and the Germans, about 100,000 strong, made a hurried retreat as the Americans made their attack."

How little the head of the German army, Crown Prince Frederick William, understood the strength and power of the American army, for in a long article given out to the German press, he says this: "The French fight brilliantly and are bleeding to death. They do not hesitate at any sacrifice. With the English the individual is very good and tenacious, but the leadership is deficient. But regarding the American forces in France, I have found that the majority do not know what they are fighting for. We feel the effect of their entry and they have sent over very much material, and now are sending much human material; but of the American prisoners I have questioned, the majority do not know what it is all about."

An American paper thus expresses the impression

made upon our country by this victory at St. Mihiel: "The enemy did not offer the opposition expected of him, but that was partly due to the perfection in the conception and execution of the attack by which he was stopped."

And now we approach the day when the Americans began their hugest battle, the Meuse-Argonne, for, before the St. Mihiel salient was "pinched off" as the foregoing article expressed it, the boys of the 79th Division were already in their new positions about Souilly, waiting for their orders to go into the French trenches about that part of the long front from the Sea to Switzerland which they were to occupy. General Pershing and General Summerall, at their headquarters in Souilly, were finishing the plans for this battle, which was to begin with the most monstrous bombardment that has ever taken place in all history, that of the midnight before September 26, 1918. So, as we see our men, numbering nine divisions, advance toward these scenes of their Gethsemane, the letters of Lieutenant Shipley, written on arriving there, will be given. His last to his mother, or to any one as far as we know, was written on September 16, and one to a niece on September 14. With these we shall start our perusal of the final chapter in our brother's life, which is to be called "Hill 7," his last ascent, and his most perilous one.



HILL 7 — MONTFAUCON

*The building from which the German Crown Prince watched the first shelling of Verdun —
through his periscope*

HILL 7

MONTFAUCON

The Front Line Headquarters of the German
Crown Prince

A French poet sings thus of the hills of his native
France:

*How sweet to cling to the sides of this hill,
A grand staircase up to God.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

American Y.M.C.A., Sept. 14, 1918

Dear I:

Was certainly pleased to get your letter, it was the first one and I did not expect to hear as soon, because I thot you would wait until you received a mailing address from me. Fortunately you did not and I appreciate your initiative. We are moving now, right along, not to the quiet sector in the mountains, but to one more active and more interesting. Can't tell you, of course, where I am, but we are near a place famous in months gone by, and of which you have read many times on the maps. This is a good town but we leave it tonight for a two-night march of about fifteen kilometers each. Night marching is in order from now on, and gas masks in the alert position, which I think is a little over-cautious. However, I

saw last night the glare of the big guns for the first time tho I could not hear anything. You should have seen the air planes that were flying over this place, all day. Our own, of course, and some flew pretty low. This town has not had a visit from the German airships for a year, but the wrecked buildings are still here. What interests me most here, are the little dugouts that are located here and there around the town. Some of them have concrete steps down into them, and you might think them to be subway entrances. If I could only master this French tongue and speak so that I could be understood I think I would like to come back here again. This town has plenty of conveniences that have been lacking from our experiences for a long time, such as hot baths, square meals, good shops, etc. I certainly was glad to get here. Did I tell you that I had a most interesting three days visit to Paris? Had the best time of my life, and believe me, am going back there again, if possible. As far as I have been able to observe, the French people are not suffering much for want of food or clothing. I bought today a pair of English military trousers, that are really riding breeches, warm as toast and reinforced with leather around the knees. They come nearly up to my neck, so I have to wear suspenders with them. They are the best things I've seen yet, for wear. Well, this pen is getting nearly ready to make me swear, it is so rotten. Give my regards to the bunch — my tenderest sentiments to my sister-mother. Am in splendid health

and am well provided for the coming offensive which you will have read about before you receive this scribble.

George

THE LAST LETTER!

Sept. 16, 1918

Dear Mother:

Have been so busy have not had time to write to anyone, but hope you will get this note, to let you know that everything with me is excellent, so far, and I expect it will be all along. It will not be possible for me to let you know where I am, but we have moved twice since I last wrote and are leaving again tonight for a two-nights' march and then we will be at our permanent place, as far as we know, for a month or two anyhow. Last night I saw the flash of the big guns for the first time, the sky was well lit up but I was not near enough to be able to give you any more description. The town I am in now you will all have seen on the map many times, it has not been bombarded for a year. Across the street from where I am now I can see a room, a wrecked building, that gives physical evidence of the last German visit, a year ago. Our airships were flying over this town all day yesterday, and last evening, I saw a formation of airplanes that looked just like a flock of geese, in the shape of a V. They were starting out to the front, to bombard the enemy. This is the most interesting place that I have seen yet. Everything is going along

here fine, we have been traveling in trains, but from now on it will be night marches, with our helmets on and in gas masks and in alert position. I read in this morning's paper that the Americans were taking a certain town, and I suppose the glare in the sky that I saw last night must have been part of that movement. There are quite a few Americans here, nurses and Red Cross helpers, etc. Most of the people — I mean soldiers, etc. — are French, however, and everything is very interesting. I think among the prettiest things in France are the little canals that wind all over the country, with locks, towboats, towpaths, the pretty trees in rows on both sides, the little bridges that span them and the clear water that is always inviting you to take a swim. The last time I wrote, I mentioned the fact of going into some beautiful scenery, but the dope was all wrong. Have been sent to a different place, which according to this morning's paper is getting into a new offensive. I trust you are all well and happy over the progress which the Allies are making. I believe the fighting will stop by Christmas, with a sure victory for *us*.

George

At this time he was billeted with the 304th Sanitary Train, being Supply Officer of the 79th Division, stationed at Geddeon.

Lieutenant Shipley's orders were to report at the Fifth Army Corps headquarters on September 25 and from there he was to present himself at the First Army

headquarters from which General Pershing directed the battle. We have an official cable from General Summerall that he did report at the Fifth Army Corps headquarters on that day. He then returned to his billet at the Hospital Unit at Geddeon — no doubt to gather up his equipment there, before returning to First Army headquarters.

All that we know for certain about his movements from this point on is the fact that he left Geddeon shortly after September 26th and on or about October 2nd arrived at the front line of the Third Division, Company “B,” 4th Infantry. As he proceeded that day north toward Montfaucon, and always under fire, without doubt a great change was passing over him. Up to this time, his life in military service had been a continual joy to him, as it were, the simplicity, the out-of-dooriness, as his letters had shown. Now, all is changed. He had been viewing the flash of the big guns for several nights; now he was not only to see them, but to hear them as well. Browning’s lines, or some thoughts similar, might have been his as he approached this real service in earnest:

Up Cavalier, up, lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup.

He had climbed the hills for the sunset and mountain views, Baldy, Happy Hill at Dartmouth, Pike’s Peak, Arlington, Langres, and now he approaches the last hill, Hill 7, Montfaucon.

As Lieutenant Shipley begins his fearful journey,

the following letter that appeared in "Oak Leaves" some time after the war was over, will tell us something of this Montfaucon, the highest point in the neighborhood, with its city destroyed and in ashes when our soldiers reached it during those days of late September, 1918. Many of them must have seen the quarters of the German Crown Prince, his first line headquarters, where he watched the earlier days of the shelling of Verdun in 1914. These quarters being below and quite protected were easily inspected by those who entered Montfaucon:

"My trip took me thru Dombasle, Montfaucon, Nantillois, Dead Man's Hill No. 304, and returning, we came thru the Argonne Forest, where some of the hardest fighting of the war occurred. Montfaucon is the town or city rather and it was a city of no mean importance before the War, of which the French said in speaking of the possibility of its capture, 'pas possible à prendre' — (impossible to capture). Now it is nothing but a heap of stones, its streets filled with fallen buildings, its cemeteries with their sacred dead, blown hither and yon, their monuments shattered and their rest at least in this world, forever disturbed. Montfaucon is the city where the German Crown Prince had his residence for some time. I was in the house which he occupied as his quarters, it's about the only house left standing in the whole city. Some of the elegant furniture is still there and the bath room which he had had fitted up, electric lights, and every modern convenience, all for

that bit of Hohenzollern whose vanity and presumption so disturbed the peace of the whole world. The house from which he observed the artillery fire on Verdun is completely fallen down, but one may get a fairly good idea of its advantageous point for observing the destructive accuracy of those big German guns." This letter was dated March 16, 1919, and was published in the Oak Park paper a month later.

After the two letters which stand at the head of this chapter, written September 14 and 16 and received in Chicago about a month later, there was no further word from him until November. A day or so before the Armistice, a box of exquisite laces mailed from Paris came for his womenfolk, with a card enclosed saying: "Hope you enjoy these as much as I enjoyed buying them. George." The package was mailed in Paris in AUGUST. One piece of this precious heirloom has already served as a bridal veil in three different wedding ceremonies in our family.

As days passed and no further word came from Lieutenant Shipley, cables were sent to France for information concerning him. But not until January 11, 1919, did any information come, when a cable was received reading: "Reference 2nd Lt. George E. Shipley, left these headquarters September 25, en-route headquarters First Army. He was directed to report to the Chief of Staff, First Army Souilly. No further information. Summerall." It was Major Whiting of Pershing's staff who conducted for us this search for information concerning Lieutenant Ship-

ley. This cable, received by him from Souilly, was forwarded by him from Paris.

But before we continue our story of Lieutenant Shipley, the battle itself should receive some attention, the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. A battle description makes unpleasant reading, but for that reason, shall we forget the heroism of those who took part in it? The 79th Division, General Kuhn in command, arrived in Brest, July 20, 1918, and now, six weeks later, they were marching into the storm of steel as the barrage lifted on the morning of September 26, 1918, at five thirty o'clock. Although the 79th had never been under fire before, having had only training camp experience, much was expected of them. After taking the first line trenches, they were to cover the most ground of any division on the first day, the very center of this fortification front from Switzerland to the Sea. The Fifth Army Corps, of which the 79th was a part, was supposed to take Montfaucon on the night of the 26th. "Montfaucon must be taken," said the order, "by the 27th, early too, or the pencilings on the map would be fatally behind ambitious objectives in the center."

As these brave troops marched into this devastating, horrible carnage, their souls must have been filled with a sudden, wild homesickness — but they steadily proceeded.

A soldier friend of our family, Dr. Earle Fowler, a surgeon in the Presbyterian Hospital Unit, sta-

tioned at Toul, attempted to pass beyond Montfaucon after the Armistice, but because of the terrific upheaval of the ground in every direction, and the impassable condition of the way going north, he found it out of the question to proceed. Another soldier friend, however, later in the year, was able to get a mile or so farther north and the following is his description of that journey, even then so difficult:

“ I think in the last few weeks, the effort for an armistice rather shut off from the public view the wonderful work of our First Army in the Argonne Forest. It is just unbelievable that any humans could go thru the terrain and fortifications that they did in the last month of fighting. It was a woods of dense barbed wire, trenches, holes, snares, underbrush and mud that was a veritable death trap for the machine guns. I do not believe that any one but Americans could have done it. I say this without disrespect for our Allies, for I have nothing but admiration for them and their men. But it was a genuine American trick to do the impossible, and that fighting has been spoken of by both the French and British as the most wonderful and brilliant offensive fighting of the entire war. I can write you thus, because I shall always regret that I was not in the Argonne battle. Of course, Verdun will always stand as a memorial of the most determined and wonderful offensive fighting of the war — and with it, as well as alongside of it, the Argonne battle should be

recorded the most brilliant and determined offensive campaign."

Is it like trying to describe the other side of the moon for me to describe even in little the battle of the Argonne? So it might seem, but possessing two great books on this battle, written immediately after the war, by two young men who were close behind the lines all through not only this battle but others of the A. E. F., I have found it possible to attempt the description. Shipley Thomas, the first official historian of the A. E. F.,* was himself one hundred seventeen days in the front line without being evacuated for any cause whatsoever; and Frederick Palmer, author of *Our Greatest Battle*, was an observer who had the freedom of our lines and of those of our Allies in France and saw all our divisions in action and all the processes of combat and organization. These two authors have given the writer their gracious permission to quote from their books, Mr. Thomas answering thus: "Please feel free to use anything you wish from my book in writing the story of your brother. If I can be of the slightest assistance, please call on me." And on November 5, 1932, Mr. Palmer answers from Garrison, New York: "You are very welcome, indeed, to quote from my book, *Our Greatest Battle*, for so worthy a cause as perpetuating the memory of your brother for your

* The *History of the A. E. F.* as written by Shipley Thomas (a very distant cousin of Lieutenant Shipley), is now used as a text-book in Princeton and other schools.

grandsons.” So, with the kind consent of these two writers, we begin a narrative of the battle in which Lieutenant Shipley served.

The battle of the Argonne began on September 26, 1918, and ended on November 11, 1918. Lieutenant Shipley had come to France with the 79th Division; later, about October 3, he had joined the 3rd Division, Company B of the 4th Infantry and, had he lived, would certainly have been most ambitious to accompany the 1st Division when they marched toward Sedan on November 10. So, in choosing quotations from our histories, only those will be taken which carry plainly on from the first day, September 26, through to the end of this battle on November 11, and this account shall be called: “From Souilly to Sedan,” Sedan being the city fifteen miles north of Nantillois where the war ended.

As we learn later, Lieutenant Shipley’s company, 304th Sanitary Train, had billeted at Geddeon, which was in the neighborhood of Souilly, billeted with the Hospital unit, he being Supply Officer of the 79th Division.

This battle of the Argonne occupied a great territory, but our map depicts only that part of the battle in which Lieutenant Shipley served, except that the route from Nantillois to Sedan is added to show the position of our troops when the war ended, that is, of the 1st Division, which was in Sedan that week of November 8. So the places to note on this map are Langres, where Lieutenant Shipley was encamped af-

ter his arrival in France; Bar-le-Duc, where he wrote his last letters home; Souilly, whence he set forth about September 26; Montfaucon, where he left his motorcycle, as seen by Captain Gillette; Nantillois, the scene of terrific fighting, according to all accounts; and, away in the north, Sedan, where the war ended on November 11, 1918. These several points, being directly north and south on this map, may be plainly located, and the route which Lieutenant Shipley traversed as he made his way from Langres to Nantillois may be easily traced. His last letters from Bar-le-Duc were written on September 14 and 16, and ten days later while he was preparing for his journey from Geddeon the battle of the Meuse-Argonne began, the monstrous barrage bursting forth at midnight and the brave men of the 79th "jumping off" at 5:30 that morning, September 26, from their trenches in front of Montfaucon.

FROM SOUILLY TO SEDAN

When Major General John J. Pershing arrived in England on the steamer *Baltic* on June 9, 1917, he received a royal welcome. During an audience with the King, later, his Majesty said: "It has been the dream of my life that the two English-speaking nations might be more closely united. Now my dream is realized." Upon reaching the shores of France, the American General was welcomed with even greater acclaim. Entering the French Chamber of Deputies,

he received a tremendous ovation. When he went with General Joffre to the tomb of Napoleon, down in the crypt, the case containing the sword of Napoleon was opened for the first time in a century, and when Joffre gave him the sword to examine, Pershing had received a still greater honor, for it was the first time such privilege had ever been offered any mortal!

America had declared war upon Germany on April 6, 1917, and on June 5, nearly ten million men of military age had registered for military service under the Selective Service Act. On June 26, the 1st Division arrived in France and on October 21, the 1st Division entered the fighting area with the French, the first division to do so, at the Somerville sector. With their first casualty occurring November 3, the 1st Division was the first to make good the promises of America.

And now for nearly a year the American boys had been making their word good with their lives in all the different battles in which they had been placed in France and elsewhere. The Meuse-Argonne was about to begin: the most monstrous battle, in numbers, materials used, territory crossed, resistance met, and the long preparation of the ground by the Germans, in which America ever fought.

“If you want peace, prepare for war,” was a very familiar saying in 1914, an extract from the Devil’s Book of Proverbs. An English paper of 1933 makes this suggestion: “If you want peace, READ about

the latest war.” So in the interest of preparing for peace, this narrative of the battle of the Meuse-Argonne is written.

The 79th Division reached Souilly on September 22 — as Lieutenant Shipley had written in his letter of the 16th: “ by two night marches ” — but his own company, the 304th Sanitary Train, billeted with the Hospital unit near Souilly, went no further when reaching that point, Souilly.

Souilly has about eighteen thousand inhabitants and is about fifteen miles north of Bar-le-duc, its main street being the famous “ Sacred Way ” between Verdun and Paris. From the Town Hall situated upon this “ Sacred Way ” the battle of the Argonne was to be planned and directed. There were two front rooms connected by a “ small stuffy ante-room.” General Pershing sat in one, General Summerall in the other, the one being the quarters of the Commander in Chief of the Army, the other, Summerall’s, being the quarters of the Fifth Army Corps.

Although we are studying only the work of the 79th Division particularly, we must now, since we have reached the date September 22, take just one view of the whole picture of the Allies attacking the enemies on the entire front, beginning September 21 in Macedonia, and the battle proceeding west from there to Flanders — “ by precision and power, in a period of eight days, the successive blows of armies extending from Asia Minor to the English Channel, delivered like hammer strokes upon the vital fronts



THE TOWN HALL OF SOUILLY

Showing Marshals Joffre and Petain in 1916. Lieutenant Shipley ascended these steps when he reported to General Summerall in 1918

of the Central Powers.” — From Asia Minor to the English Channel!

History says: “ From the beginning, all these attacks met with success, more or less rapid, according to the difficulties encountered. All were sustained with unrelaxing vigor and all drove forward with increasing momentum as time went on and the enemy became more and more exhausted, until complete victory was achieved.” So this September 22 is an important date to remember, for it saw the beginning of the effort of the Allies which ended the war, and our American boys were a great part of it all.

When the 79th Division arrived in Souilly, they were not to remain there, they were to march on farther north, and were to take over the trenches of the French soldiers, whom, as they marched out, they must have met returning to the rear of the fighting at Souilly. The French officers reported at the Town Hall as they arrived at Souilly on their return from the trenches, and it is written that as they left the Town Hall, where Pershing and Summerall were seated, they said: “ The Americans have taken over the French trenches now — a pleasant morning to you, gentlemen.”

And soon the thunder of the bombardment of the A. E. F. was crashing forth over the Argonne.

As the 79th Division arrives on this 22nd day of September, 1918, and awaits the word from the Commander in Chief to proceed to the French trenches, it is appropriate to call attention to the reason why

all plans were changed by the generals in charge — a change which caused such a wave of indignation in America. Why were the boys not kept through a winter's campaign and so prepared for a spring offensive? The 79th Division had never been under fire, some had never heard the sound of the enemies' guns. And the reasons the plans were changed were these: though a winter's camp might help our men in preparing for a spring offensive, it would also give the Germans a chance to find out about the strength of the American forces and to be ready in the spring to conquer them all, because of the time given them to prepare for it. A great many American soldiers would be killed in this offensive, there was no doubt of that, but, for fifty thousand men killed now, in the spring, with the Germans strong in their resistance, there would be mayhap a million of our boys slaughtered; and, secondly, the people at home would have their period of anxiety and hardship brought to a close much sooner by a quicker victory for the Allies.

George had written to his mother, "The dope was all wrong, we are going into a new offensive, of which you will have heard long before this letter reaches you." And so as he comes to Souilly with the 79th Division that 22nd day of September, 1918, General Pershing and General Summerall are sitting in their offices in the Town Hall of Souilly on the Sacred Way, planning to give the word to our boys to begin the Meuse-Argonne battle on the 25th, while Foch and Haig are likewise in their appointed places di-

recting their forces in this battle extending from Asia Minor to the English Channel.

As our brother writes of night marching, we look with interest at the description of such marching as one historian gives it:

“ With each passing day, as the concentration increased, daylight became a more protected foe. ‘ No lights, no lights,’ was the watchword which the military police spoke with no uncertain terms to any chauffeur who thought that one flash of his lamp would do no harm. Camouflage became the obsession of everyone who had any responsibility. Discomfort, loss of temper and of time were the handicaps in this blindman’s buff of trying to keep the landscape looking as natural by day as it had in the previous months of tranquil trench warfare. Every hour that we kept the enemy ignorant of the strength of our concentration was an hour gained. The one thing he must not know was the number of divisions we were marshaling for our effort. The most delicate task of all was the taking over of the front line from the French. Not until the stage was all set with the accessories of heavy artilleries, the new depots and ammunition dumps, did the road near the front, cleared for their progress, throb under the blanket of night, with the scraping rhythm of the doughboys’ marching steps, infusing into the preparations the life of a myriad human pulse-beats in unison. Their faces so many white points in the darkness, each figure under its heavy equipment, seemed alike in

its shadowy silhouette. In the mystery of night, their disciplined power, suggestive of the tiger creeping stealthily forward for the spring on its prey, was even more significant than by day. . . . I wonder if it were possible that the Germans could not have been apprised that a concentration was in progress. Not only did pocket lamps flash like fireflies from the hands of those who used them thoughtlessly, but despite precautions, careless drivers turned on motor lights and some rolling kitchen was bound to let out a flare of sparks, while the locomotives, running in and out at rail heads, showed streams of flames from their stacks, and here and there, fires were unwittingly started. An aviator riding the night, as he surveyed the shadowy landscape, could not miss these manifestations of activity. If he shut off his engine, he might hear above the low thunder of transport, the roar of the tanks advancing into position, or the heavy caterpillar tractors drawing big guns. When the air was clear and the wind favorable, the increasing volume of sound directed toward the front must have been borne to sharp ears on the other side of No Man's Land. All this I may mention again without reference to the observation of spies within our own lines."

So much for night marching.

The experience of passing through the barbed wire entanglements is thus described:

"Where the guns had not done the work for them, the men must do it themselves. . . . If they had

torpedoes at the end of long sticks, they might thrust these into and explode the meshes. If the artillery made some break, they might keep up. What young soldiers can accomplish in this respect is past all comprehension. At first, we wondered how they ever went through it at all, or how they had any flesh left on their leg bones after they had gone through — they relied mainly upon the hand wire-cutters, which have not been improved since Cuba and Africa. All the while the soldier was snipping the strands and bending them back, as he fell forward, he was too near the trench to have any protection from the barrage, while from the trench, he was a full-sized target at short range. War offers no more diabolical suspense than to the prostrate soldier in his patient groveling efforts, when machine gun fire is turned in his direction. He is in the position of a man lashed to a bull's-eye, bullets sing as they cut strands of wire around him. He may be hit again and again before the inevitable final bullet brings the last ghastly seconds of his existence. The bones of men who were killed in this way, hung up in the wire, are all along the old trench line from Switzerland to Flanders. It seemed that work was good for the German soldiers and they were kept digging and building for four years, in perfecting the security of these intricate human obstacles. And our soldiers after successfully making their way through these miles of RUSTED wire, if they passed the Hindenburg trench line, they found that this was only one system and that

there were three similar terrible systems beyond it to pass."

History also says: "No such defense system has ever been recorded in any war history. Pershing's army may have been at this time a training establishment — but as a fighting aggregation, it was beyond praise. It was a young army, but with the enthusiasm, the courage, the strength of youth; and its spirit availed to surmount all handicaps and to supply Foch with just the additional power which made victory in 1918 first conceivable, then possible. As for the soldiers of General Pershing, there is only one description, 'they have been prodigious in courage and daring.' " (*Babin.*)

What a strange and terrific thought — the 79th Division with its thousands of young men just from the training camps (George had not yet heard the sound of a German gun, so he wrote) marching into the battleground before Montfaucon, the most terribly fortified area in all history, the very nature of the ground itself, with its hills and valleys, ravines and swamps, its bushes and undergrowth, its woods and all, as though *planted* for a battleground. And the Germans, hearing of the presence of the 79th from one soldier who had been taken prisoner, did not seem to dream of the presence of any other division. This fresh division, just over, was probably there, they thought, for practice experience. On the morning of the 26th, when the 79th Division rushed forward toward the heights of Montfaucon, then, not

till then, did the Germans know the truth, and even then they did not know the greater truth that two million more were soon to be in France, brave and splendid as these.

As to the nature of the ground to be crossed: "We shall see in the Meuse-Argonne a country far more savage, presenting infinitely greater obstacles to military operations, and not outside Flanders was there along the whole front, a more depressing stretch of shell-worked, devastated, flood-invaded territory than that which our American divisions passed through and over in September, a country destitute of all life, of all evidence of human residence, torn by four years of cannonading, presenting to the traveler long months after the war has passed by and ended in other fields, something of the horror of rotting fragments of human bodies protruding from the shallow graves, as seen along the front of every considerable struggle during the war."

Now, to examine that gigantic defense called the Hindenburg Line where the 79th Division with the others must now advance as they "jump off" on the morning of September 26 from the French trenches, General Pershing in the old Town Hall of Souilly directing all the movements along this seventy-two mile front. Actually, the Hindenburg line was neither a line nor a system of fortifications: it was a defense zone, varying in width from an average of seven miles, making use of every hill, ravine, river, natural obstacle, but in the main deriving its

strength from the successive fields of wire entanglements backed by trenches, block houses and concrete emplacements. Each point of cover was a machine-gun nest and every art of modern engineering or ancient and modern military method was employed to increase the obstacle. The theory of the Hindenburg line was not that the enemy attack would be broken before it, but that the force of such an attack would be lost in the encounter with one or another of the series of obstacles which would be encountered and that the enemy, checked in the tangle, would be slaughtered by the concentrated fire from all sides before material progress had been made, or thrown back by a well-timed counter-attack. This seventy-two mile front over which the American forces were to march on the first day of the Argonne battle, was thus occupied for approximately the first seven miles by the Hindenburg zone of fortifications and it lay between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest, half of the forest being within the German lines and the other half in the French line.

Into this seven mile zone of fortifications, representing four years of preparation by the Germans, the Fifth Army Corps of the American forces, containing the 91st, the 37th and the 79th Divisions, was now to enter, after settling in the French trenches, and we remember the words of the French officers as they passed them: "A pleasant morning to you, gentlemen." But we might ask here, How far are our soldiers of these divisions to go? Where is their

objective within this German zone, the Hindenburg Line? Later, we shall see.

We have come now to the eve of the battle of the Argonne, called the "greatest battle" of our forces in France and once we put ourselves into the atmosphere of this conflict, feeling the tenseness of the situation as our men wait there for the zero hour, we find it almost overpowering to attempt to imagine the state of mind they must have been suffering from just then. For a moment, let us go back to the war's beginnings — What is it all about? Where will it end? What have we to do with it all? — questions like these rushed upon them surely and they knew that at that moment "there was no discharge in the war," as they counted their heartbeats down in those French trenches that morning, waiting for five-thirty, when they were to advance under a storm of steel toward their objectives in the German lines. Or were to be flying over the conflict in their planes where, under disadvantage, they might soon be crumpling up and falling like leaves, while the balloon men waiting to ascend were trembling with anxiety for fear their balloons might burst into flame high aloft. To consider only a few of the first line activities of the A. E. F.

Some pages above, we were discussing the causes of the war, the events that actually led to the first firing. As apposite to that subject, we now quote the words of a great English statesman: "The only test by which human beings can judge war responsibility

is aggression: and the supreme proof of aggression is invasion. Capacity to invade a neighbor implies superior capacity to defend the native soil. The past has many instances of invasions for the purpose of forestalling a counter-invasion. Disputes as to the responsibility for bringing about conditions that led to various wars are endless. But mankind in the future will be wise to take as the paramount criterion of war guilt, the sending of the main armies of any state across the frontier line, and to declare that whoever does this, puts himself in the wrong. The violation of Luxembourg and Belgium by the German armies marching upon France will stare through the centuries from the pages of History.” (*Winston Churchill.*)

While we are stopping over the question of cause and guilt in the World War, there is still another picture that might be drawn. Germany declared war upon France August 3. On June 28, five weeks previously, the Archduke of Austria and his wife went into Bosnia for a friendly and official visit and while driving through the streets of Sarajevo, a student named Prinzip shot and killed them both. And that young student was the immediate cause of the explosion that led to the death of millions of men, the majority of whom were also students. We know that from America, the 1st Division was the first body of troops to go under fire in this war, but a band of students sailing to France in the spring of 1917, on May 24, six weeks after war was declared,

was the first American unit to go into the firing line. They were from Cornell University and the following dispatch from France corroborates this record authoritatively:

Dated May 24, 1917,
General Headquarters of the French Army

The first American combatant corps went to the front today under Captain E. I. Tinkham of Cornell University.

It was a proud moment when the first detachment of the American Field Service, consisting mainly of Cornell undergraduates, departed for the Aisne battle-field. They were armed with carbines, attired in khaki uniforms, and drove American five-ton motor cars. As they left, the Stars and Stripes, floating over the cantonment in a historic French forest, spread out in the breeze, and other contingents cheered them on their way.

The war begun by a student in Bosnia was resisted by students of America, first by a unit from Cornell University. And, before the war ended, ten million had dropped their earthly studies forever.

On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war upon Germany, and ten days later the United States Senate passed its seven billion dollar war loan bill!

So, by an act that reduced the earth to poverty, and took millions of our youth, that student of Bosnia, named Prinzip, did in one fleeting moment stamp the world with unutterable and solemn woe. Therefore, as the tale of the battle is told, let the picture of these young students of Cornell linger in our

memory; they were the sort of men who set out to conquer the Germans. A goodly percentage of the A. E. F. were college students or college graduates and it was over them that the German guns were to burst forth in their fury in the Argonne battle. The carnage to follow, the physical, mental and nerve sufferings to be thought of now, are for such as these. And now as to their objectives:

Though the 79th had never been under fire before, though it had only training-camp experience, it was expected *after taking the first line* fortifications, to cover more ground than any other division on that first day, to proceed along the valley of the Montfaucon road, passing over formidable ridges which were under the observation of woods on either flank capable of concealing any amount of enemy artillery.

The objective of the 79th Division, the point they were to reach and march north of, was Montfaucon. The dominating height of the whole region is this mountain, rising one hundred feet higher than any other eminence between the Meuse and the Argonne on either the German or the French side of the old battle line. To safeguard this unrivaled point of observation, the Germans had covered the five miles which intervened between it and their front line, with a multitude of defenses. But far to the north of it, extended still other defenses. The four great zones though so closely woven together as to seem practically one line, were first, the Hindenburg line,



CORNELL UNIVERSITY STUDENT UNIT

The first unit of the A. E. F. to go under fire in France, having sailed in May, 1917

then the Hagen, the Volker, and last, the Kriemhilde Stellung. The attack was set for the 26th and by the 22nd the 79th Division was among those holding the line. Great caution was used in bringing in these divisions, in order not to make the enemy aware of the attack impending. On the night of September 25, there were nine American divisions in line, waiting for the "jump off" at dawn next morning against the most formidable position on the Western front. For the most part, these troops had had little actual battle experience and to some, it was to be their first experience under fire.

Behind these first line divisions were a few veteran divisions who could be counted on to give a good account of themselves under any circumstances. On the left of the 4th Division was the 79th Division, which was in the line for the first time. Before it was Montfaucon which it was to capture. Behind these divisions were six other divisions. Those directly back of the 79th were the 1st (Regular), the 3rd (Regular), and the 32nd, consisting of Michigan and Wisconsin National Guards, who were veterans of all the battles in which the American troops had played a part. They formed a most dependable reserve. Their staffs were experienced, their discipline was that of veterans, and their spirit and confidence in their officers would carry them through any obstacles.

That only partially trained divisions were used to make the initial attacks was due to the fact that the

veteran divisions could not be brought up in time from St. Mihiel for the opening action.

The Meuse-Argonne offensive began at about 11 P.M., when 3,928 guns of all calibers were fired in unison, an artillery preparation which tore to pieces the concrete and barbed wire of the Hindenburg line and in the succeeding six hours upheaved the earth until it was a shambles. Every German battery was smothered in this intense bombardment which prepared the way for the infantry who "jumped off" at five-thirty in the morning of September 26, 1918, in the most monstrous battle of the American forces in the World War.

The 79th Division passed the first and second German lines by 1 P.M., only to be held up before the Bois de Cuisy. They fought their way through, with the aid of tanks, but not before 4 P.M., and it was 6 P.M. before they were at the foot of Montfaucon.

Someone has asked, how did the men go forward? Did they run? Did they sprint? Did they race? We know it was otherwise. From histories we learn that they walked, and very slowly. They were supposed not to be in groups huddled together, but separated, not forming a target for the enemy, and the march was a comparatively slow procedure.

Their artillery was not yet up when the 313th Infantry Regiment assaulted that impregnable mountain fortress — only to be hurled back by the German defenders. And all too soon after this, in the

early morning hours of September 26, did the train of ambulances waiting on the side lines begin to wend their difficult way back of the fighting area.

The assignment of such an ambitious objective to these three divisions, the 91st, the 37th, and the 79th, which constituted the Fifth Army Corps, required an abounding faith in their manhood, their initiative and training, upon the part of an audacious command.

Their objective, as we have written, was the town of Montfaucon, whose whitish ruins on the distant hilltop pretty well commanded all the terrain of the Corps front. As to the 79th Division, it was expected after taking the first line fortifications to take more ground than any other division on the first day, as has also been written.

While aviators were flying at a height of twelve thousand feet in the battle of the Somme, they were now flying, with splendid audacity, as low as a thousand feet, which enabled them to locate new buildings, piles of material, and camouflaged positions: the minute changes in a photograph taken today in comparison with one of yesterday were sufficient evidence to a staff expert that some movement was in progress.

While the public thinks of aviation in terms of combat, admires the exploits of aces in bringing down enemy planes, which they looked for in the communiqués, the army was thinking of the value of the work of the *observers*, whose heroism in running

the gauntlet of fire from air and earth in order to bring back information, might change the fate of battles.

Although we are considering the work at this time of only the 79th Division, it is well to be reminded that the Meuse-Argonne is a very small part of the whole great offensive which Foch is directing on the entire Western front, and in that connection the work of the aviators is thrilling to read about, for on that morning 508 French and American airplanes took the air, so that not only artillery and infantry were going forward, and tanks, but the aviators were sweeping the sky of every enemy plane. Continuing ahead, they indicated, to the first of the large guns, the targets as they appeared, while some of them flew over and behind the enemy lines on reconnaissance and bombing missions.

Behind the advancing infantry came the seventy-three tanks. The fall rains had turned No Man's Land into a quagmire. Through this the tanks churned and wallowed, with the accompanying batteries of artillery, both falling farther and farther back behind the infantry. During this first day, while the tanks and artillery drove on through that awful battle-scarred terrain, the infantry pressed on to its objectives without their aid.

So, as history relates, the whole line went forward, except the section before Montfaucon.

This hill, as we have said, had once been the Crown Prince's front line headquarters, but the Crown

Prince was now very far away, for both Ludendorff and Hindenburg had, two weeks before, sent him word they could no longer protect him in his comfortable abode there, and he had at once proceeded northward, out of danger.

The dominating point in this region, Montfaucon, must be taken and taken at once, for on both sides of the 79th, the 37th and 4th Divisions were far ahead, and to leave it there unconquered meant ruin to those troops on either side. So, at 7 A.M. on September 27, the 313th Infantry assaulted that impregnable mountain fortress, creeping up the sides of that steep hill, while the enemy artillery was pounding the top. Before noon, they had mopped up the entire hill and the town of Montfaucon and the hill was now an American observation post.

The 313th being too exhausted after the heroic capture of the hill to continue the attack that night to Nantillois and the Bois de Bruge, it was arranged to have the 178th Brigade relieve them during the night and attack in the morning. So by the night of the second day the line had advanced five miles from the original "jump off" and there were but twenty miles to go to reach Sedan!

And here is the first mention of the name Nantillois, which is to us so important a location of the war, since in his journeying from Souilly, on, we believe, the 27th day of September, after passing north from Geddeon, the base of the Hospital Unit to which his company was attached, our brother arrived at Com-

pany B, 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, near this town of Nantillois.

Some staff expert might tell us just when the first broken bodies of the soldiers of the 79th Division or other divisions of that Fifth Army Corps would be appearing down the Montfaucon road, as they were carried on stretchers to the base hospital at Geddeon. They had gone over the top at 5:30 A.M. on September 26 and it is probably true that these sad harbingers of war were very soon after that to be seen slowly making their way back. It is uncertain, but surely near the truth to say that all through that day from early morning, they were being brought from the battle area, and as our George was preparing his equipment for his journey back to First Army Headquarters at Souilly, he talked with these wounded men and knew that his Division, the 79th, was in trouble.

He reported at the Headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps in Souilly where General Summerall was in charge and we give the messages concerning this as we received them long after the Armistice:

Nogent en Bass, Jan. 8, 1919. S. S. Number 111. Reference your C R O 499 E. Second Lieutenant George E. Shipley left these headquarters September twenty-fifth enroute to Headquarters, First Army, Souilly. No further record.

Altemose.

Nogent, Jan. 14, 1919. Number O A. Reference your CRO 887, E. Second Lieutenant George E. Shipley QMC passed through these headquarters First Army under Par One Section four GO one three one GHQ nineteen eighteen. He

was furnished his orders to proceed to First Army, advised those headquarters were at Souilly and left these headquarters. No further knowledge of him.

Summerall.

During the night of September 27, the 79th Division fought on, and by the evening of September 28 they had not advanced farther than the Nantillois-Cunel road. Behind the 79th Division, during these three days of horrible fighting, Lieutenant Shipley was making his way toward the front. Almost as soon as he left Geddeon, he was "under fire."

We have learned many new phrases coined during the World War. There was the "zero hour," there was the "jumping off place," there was "over the top," and then there was that expression "under fire." It alone would require a volume, if one were to tell all that led up to this expression "under fire" or "under the munitions." To try to tell of the work of preparing munitions for a war would be a difficult task indeed. Take, for instance, England, where there were munitions sufficient for a year or perhaps less. How did they get enough to carry on the four long years? Without munitions, the word would have been "surrender."

In that country, it so happened that a master-hand, that of Lloyd George, was appointed to the Ministry of Munitions. Soon after his appointment, realizing that he knew little of the work before him, his first thought was to confer with the French. How much would they need? What kind of weapons would be

most needed? What was a machine gun? And so on. The conference was arranged for Boulogne. The French sent some of the best and most experienced men to this conference and it lasted several days. The meeting was continued night and day, and one morning Lloyd George, hearing through the window of the room where they were having this important conference, the distant sound of hymns being sung in nearby churches, and later seeing the congregation pouring out of these two churches, carrying prayer and hymn books in their hands, realized that it was the Sabbath Day, that these people were meeting to worship God, as he sat at the table trying to find out what were the best weapons to destroy material and what weapons were best to destroy men. What must have been his sensations! Studying the best method of killing men for whom the Prince of Peace had died!

How few of us know what the struggle was in England to prepare and provide the necessary munitions for that awful war. It resulted really in the whole charming island becoming a factory for all kinds of munitions, England as a nation concentrating all its strength and skill on the factory. No one could start a new business or enlarge the old one except for war purposes.

And it was women who were being employed in making munitions and in filling shells with explosives. The actual filling of the shells was a simple process. Such labor difficulties as arose were associ-

ated with the danger of the work, for example, with the scare of T. N. T. poisoning. Despite this danger, there was no labor shortage. In a factory at Hayes, England, girls and women were employed in the very dangerous task of filling gaine. A gaine is a tube filled with explosive attached under the nose cap of a high explosive shell and sticking down into T. N. T. filling.

Here is a picture of what may have occurred often during the war. There was an explosion in one of the huts in this factory. Several women had been killed, and an investigator sent to the site of the explosion met the woman in charge of this particular hut. She was white-faced from the excitement, but said: "I am not going to run away, especially when I think of those poor boys in France who are facing more dangers than we are." She had already calmed the survivors and they were carrying on again. This is what "under fire" means.

It is said that in 1916 there were one and a half million women in England making munitions and we learn that many of them, to keep up their courage, sang as they bravely carried on with their dangerous duties.

But to return to our brother who is now on his way toward the front. Let us next look at an extract from a letter, written many years afterwards by the captain of this company of the 3rd Division, who likewise made his way through this sector of the war and at just about the same time. As his experience was

similar to George's, it will tell us what he too was enduring those days when the 3rd Division took over the line of the 79th, while that division retreated or returned to the base for reorganization. Captain Gillette had been an aide-de-camp to Colonel Gerhardt, but hearing that his old company was now in the thick of the battle, asked to be transferred to them at the front and this extract from his letter describes his journey from Souilly to or through Montfaucon, where his company was entrenched in their dugouts, for there were no trenches at this point: the men dug themselves in. He very evidently joined them when the 3rd Division had gone out to take the place of the 79th.

Captain Gillette writes: "At Vitry-le-François, I got orders to proceed to the 3rd Division at Montfaucon by way of the rail heads at Souilly. From Souilly, I caught rides on trucks and in any kind of a vehicle headed in my direction. The roads in this territory were very congested with trucks moving supplies, artillery moving behind the lines and infantry moving on the sides of the roads. Engineer regiments were working to keep the roads in condition for traffic, as they had been torn up by shells and trucks. I met a schoolmate in a little town just south of Avacourt, and stayed with him the night of October the first, in some old French billets. I remember sleeping in a box with chicken wire nailed across the bottom and filled with hay. On the 2nd, I caught a ride on a White reconnaissance truck and rode to

Avacourt which was as far as the truck could go, the roads were very bad and only artillery and motorcycle messengers went further. From Avacourt to Montfaucon I walked, and I will never forget the first time I heard a big gun close to it. I had walked through a battery of 155 millimeter guns without seeing them, they were so thoroughly camouflaged and just as I was about 200 feet in front of them, four were let loose at once. The concussion nearly knocked me down. Montfaucon stood on a hill which was the highest point in that vicinity and had been the headquarters of the German Crown Prince for some time. When I got there, the entire town was in ruins with hardly any of the side walls of the houses standing. As I got to the cross roads in the center of the mess, a shell struck just a few feet ahead of me. It was at this time that I saw the motorcycle with the side car standing on the corner which I mentioned to you. My regiment headquarters were just a short distance north of Montfaucon, and I remember sleeping in an old cellar on the night of the 2nd, with Jack Sproul, son of the Governor of Pennsylvania. The next day, the line continued its advance and we were not relieved until November. . . ."

In this letter, which, though written in 1932, describes so vividly the events of those days of the 3rd Division in the Argonne, we see very plainly how our brother must have made his way to these same trenches, and no doubt he arrived a day or two be-

fore as we know he was there for the attack on the 4th.

As these two soldiers proceeded toward that company of the 3rd Division with which they were soon to be in the fighting, Lieutenant Shipley seems to have been ahead of Captain Gillette, but not far, since his motorcycle, which Captain Gillette had seen at Montfaucon, would in no time have been but a bundle of broken steel, for the firing here at this time was terrific. This fact shows that they could not have been very far apart, though the Captain writes of sleeping on October 2 with young Mr. Sproul beyond Montfaucon. They were, of course, both here "under fire" and both were wearing the gas masks in alert position.

In the spring of 1934, the following appeared in the *British Weekly*, concerning gas masks:

PROTECTION AGAINST MODERN WARFARE

In Denmark the peaceful citizens have been provided with gas-masks and are being instructed in the use of them, in view of that final departure from all decency which is to mark the next war! Might it not assist us in our war against war, if the Government, for military reasons, were to compel us all to go about for one day each week with those huge goggles over our eyes and that thick piece of piping hanging from our nose and mouth, giving to the wearer such an immediate look of imbecility! We are always talking about "How to bring home to people the sense of the horrors of war." Here surely would be a swiftly-acting measure! Why should there not be an appointed day on which we had all of us to assume and, for a set number of hours, wear gas-masks? Once a day, all Members of Parliament, Cabinet

Ministers, Lords and Commons should be compelled to wear this badge — a badge which would signify all sorts of things to ourselves and to one another; every one of those things signified being of priceless value to the human race. And this is no mere foolishness. If in any quarter there is a reasonable fear that the civil population may be subjected to a chemical attack against which bravery or flight effects nothing, then those who have this misgiving are criminally involved if they do not immediately provide us with apparatus and instruct us in the use of it, such as could give us all at least a dog's chance.

The battle of the Meuse-Argonne was divided into three phases. In Thomas' history, General Pershing describes the division thus: "Covering a period of forty-seven days, on a front of seventy-two miles, this one great American offensive, in which three-quarters of a million Allied troops were engaged, and in which 120,000 Americans became casualties, cannot be treated as a whole, but must be studied in the three natural phases which developed. The first phase covers the first eight days of the battle, September 26 until October 3, between the Meuse River and the Argonne forest. The second phase covers the fighting within the same limits between October 4 and October 31."

Here is Mr. Palmer's description of the 79th as they went "over the top" on September 26, never having been under fire before: "They were given the farthest objective. They were not only to take Montfaucon on the first day, but to pass on down the slope beyond to the very foot of the heights of the

whaleback. One might think these inexperienced soldiers had said — Is that all you expect of us; don't you think we can do it in the forenoon; take the whaleback in the afternoon, so that we can get on to Lille-Metz railway tomorrow?

“ From Montfaucon, the Germans could see the wave of khaki figures. It was a sight to thrill any veteran. They were pantherously lean, trained down to elastic sinews and supple muscles. In every eye there was a direct and keen glance, quick in response to any order. Looking at these thousands of athletes with the clean-cut and intelligent faces, one was not surprised that the army command thought that to such men nothing was impossible. Checked by machine gun fire, forced to take cover in shell craters, the eastern coast men found that whenever they showed themselves, the air cracked and sang with bullets. They had to advance, however, uphill over very treacherous ground. They took Cuisy Wood, but valuable time had been lost. Driving to pass over the crest of Hill 294 in front of Montfaucon, they were blown back by blasts from machine guns. By 11 A.M. on the 27th, they had men in Montfaucon. On the 28th, it was still advancing and stormed the ridge beyond Hill 268, taking Nantillois by noon, but the thinning lines with the machine guns pounding upon them withdrew at last to their first position. The 79th was expended.”

We seem to have followed our brother through the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne, as General

Pershing describes it, from September 27 when he left Geddeon to October 3 after leaving his motorcycle on Montfaucon. As he nears Company B, 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, his own Division, the 79th, has started toward the rear. We must now leave him in our story, though the battle itself will occupy us until we enter Sedan with the 1st Division on November 8.

To return to September 29, the situation on the attacking front of the First American Army was greatly altered. The impetus of the swift advance of the first two days had been lost. The German main line of resistance had been reached. All attempts to advance on the right of the battle line had met with failure. On the extreme left of the line a slight gain had been made, whereas, in the center, three divisions, the 35th (Missouri and Kansas National Guards, under General Traub), the 37th (Ohio National Guard under General Farnsworth), and the 79th "Liberty" (Pennsylvania National Guard, under General Kuhn), had suffered a severe setback. Under the galling fire from the Germans, reinforced in their line of resistance, the forward units of these three divisions had retreated. Some sort of a line of battle was formed, but the morale of these troops was too badly shattered to permit of reorganization in the field. Accordingly orders were issued for the 1st (Regular), 3rd (Regular) and the 32nd (Michigan and Wisconsin National Guards) Divisions — then in reserve — to move up immediately and take

the place of these three divisions in the line. The center of German resistance between the Meuse and the Argonne had now been definitely located, and to these three fresh, veteran divisions was entrusted the mission of breaking through.

The following letter from Captain George E. Abrams of the 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, was received several years after the Armistice, but it describes the few days in which we are interested now, as our soldiers near Company B: "The 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, relieved a regiment of the 79th Division near Nantillois on October 1st, in daylight and under German barrage, the First Battalion consisting of companies A, B, C and D in the front line. A and B companies were the front line of the battalion with C and D following them. After the relief above mentioned, we remained in position until 5 A.M. October 4 when we were ordered forward under heavy German artillery and machine gun fire. The battalion was so depleted that it was unable to advance more than two miles. B, C and D companies lost all of their officers, either killed or wounded during this advance, and the battalion lost two-thirds of its enlisted men. During the night of October 4 the first battalion was relieved in the front line by the second battalion, the first battalion going to the reserve until the night of October 12 when it was ordered into the line to relieve an entire division on our right which was badly shattered."

We see that during the day of September 30 the

three veteran divisions, the 1st, 3rd and 32nd, which had been held back of the original jump-off line, out of shellfire, in case of such emergency, were hurrying at top speed toward the front to relieve the three divisions which had fallen back, including the 79th.

So the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne was passed. The next battle was to occur on October 4. The Americans were now before the Kriemhilde, the last of the formidable defensive works of the Germans. During the first two days they had swept over the German defenses with an ardor characteristic of new troops. The attack came as a surprise to the Germans, and at this time dash and enthusiasm were of more value than skill and experience would have been.

As written above, of all of the Meuse-Argonne fighting, the second phase was the most exacting and the fighting there between October 4 and 14 was the hardest which the American Army encountered in this war. The front line of the First American Army on the night of October 3 ran from the Meuse just south of Brioules, which the Germans held and had heavily fortified, southwest along the Brioules-Nantillois road to Nantillois which lay in the American lines.

The troops of those divisions which were to make the attack suffered heavy casualties during the three days of waiting, between October 1 and 4, from the constant and well-directed batteries. The rear areas were swept with high explosive and gas and every

indication pointed to the fact that the Germans were ready for the attack to be resumed.

Over this front of seventy-two miles of the Meuse-Argonne battle which General Pershing was commanding, the divisions taking part from left to right were in this order: 4th, 80th, 3rd, 32nd, 1st, 28th, 77th. For seven days the attack was pushed with the greatest heroism by those assaulting troops and each day showed a small but considerable gain and the furious German counter-attacks never made the slightest impression on that ever-advancing line of veteran divisions who, with the greatest skill and heroism, took bit after bit of the German defensive system until the Kriemhilde line was pierced.

The 3rd Division, attacking from the Nantillois-Cierges road, immediately met intense resistance. They crossed the open and were held up by that part of the Bois des Ogons which lies west of the Nantillois-Cunel road. Here the 7th and 4th Infantries were stopped by heavy German machine-gun fire from the woods. It is said that up on the hills in the sharp chill of October the men were half frozen. The 3rd Division attacked in conjunction with the 80th and by the end of the day had seized that part of the Bois des Ogons which lay on their front. A sergeant and twenty men of the 4th Infantry penetrated the Bois des Cunel, but as the machine-gun fire was so intense that moving forward more men was impossible, this gallant party had to be withdrawn. By October 5, the lines had gone in advance

five miles and Sedan was less than fifteen miles away.

Madeleine Farm was the objective of the 3rd Division on this day. For two hours that afternoon, a regiment of 6-inch rifles played on this group of small buildings; at 2 P.M. the 80th and the 3rd Divisions attacked, but wave after wave of their troops withered in that galling machine-gun and artillery fire, and the attack was repulsed.

On October 8 all was quiet and we read that the 4th Division on the right remained in place. The 80th and 3rd Divisions contracted their sectors more effectively, to cover with their thinner ranks the wooded area around Madeleine Farm.

On October 9, every division on the front from Ornes to the Argonne attacked. By evening, the line had swung well forward and the Kriemhilde line was pierced at several points.

The 4th Division did not attack in the morning, as it was still over a mile in advance of the line held by the 80th, 3rd and 32nd Divisions, while on the left the 1st Division was also about a mile ahead of these three divisions. Accordingly on the morning of the 9th, the 80th, 3rd and 32nd Divisions attacked resolutely to their front, and in the face of bitter resistance took Madeleine Farm, the Bois de Cunel, and advanced the line to the outskirts of Romagne, Cunel, and the Cunel-Brieulles road. In the afternoon the 4th Division attempted to advance with the 80th Division but found the woods soaked with gas, and the attack was abandoned.

HILL 7

The 3rd Division attempted to continue on the 10th and gained a little ground. On the 11th the 4th Division, on the left bank of the Meuse, pushed down in the face of strong opposition. For a while the 3rd and 4th Divisions had ended their marvelous work in the Meuse-Argonne, though there were still rows upon rows of hills to be taken.

The 1st Division attacked again on this day. Advancing in succession from left to right every half hour, the 1st Division, although weakened to a mere skeleton, smashed through the final line of hills in face of a terrific fire and open country lay before it.

The following report showing how our soldiers were regarded by the enemy is given with great pleasure and is signed by General Summerall of the 1st Division:

G-s

Headquarters 1st Division
American E.F., October 10, 1918.

Today a captured Colonel of the German Army arrived at our Division cage. He was cold, hungry, and broken in spirit. After four years of severe fighting and constant service in his army, he was taken prisoner by the troops of the victorious 1st Division. The following is the substance of his remarks:

“Yesterday I received orders to hold the ground at all costs. The American barrage advanced toward my position and the work of your artillery was marvelous. The barrage was so dense that it was impossible for us to move out of our dugouts. Following this barrage closely were the troops of the 1st Division. I saw them forge ahead and I knew that all was lost. All night I remained in my dugout, hoping

vainly that something would happen that would permit me to rejoin my army. This morning your troops found me and I am here, after four years, a prisoner.

"Yesterday I knew that the 1st Division was opposite us, and I knew that we would have to put up the hardest fight of the war. The 1st Division is wonderful, and the German Army knows it. We did not believe that within five years the Americans could develop a division such as the 1st Division. The work of its infantry and artillery is worthy of the best armies in the world."

The above tribute to the 1st Division comes from one of Germany's seasoned field officers. It is with great pleasure that we learn that even our enemies recognize the courage, valor, and efficiency of our troops. The work done by the 1st Division during those few days will go down in history as one of those memorable events which will live in the hearts of the American people for generations to come.

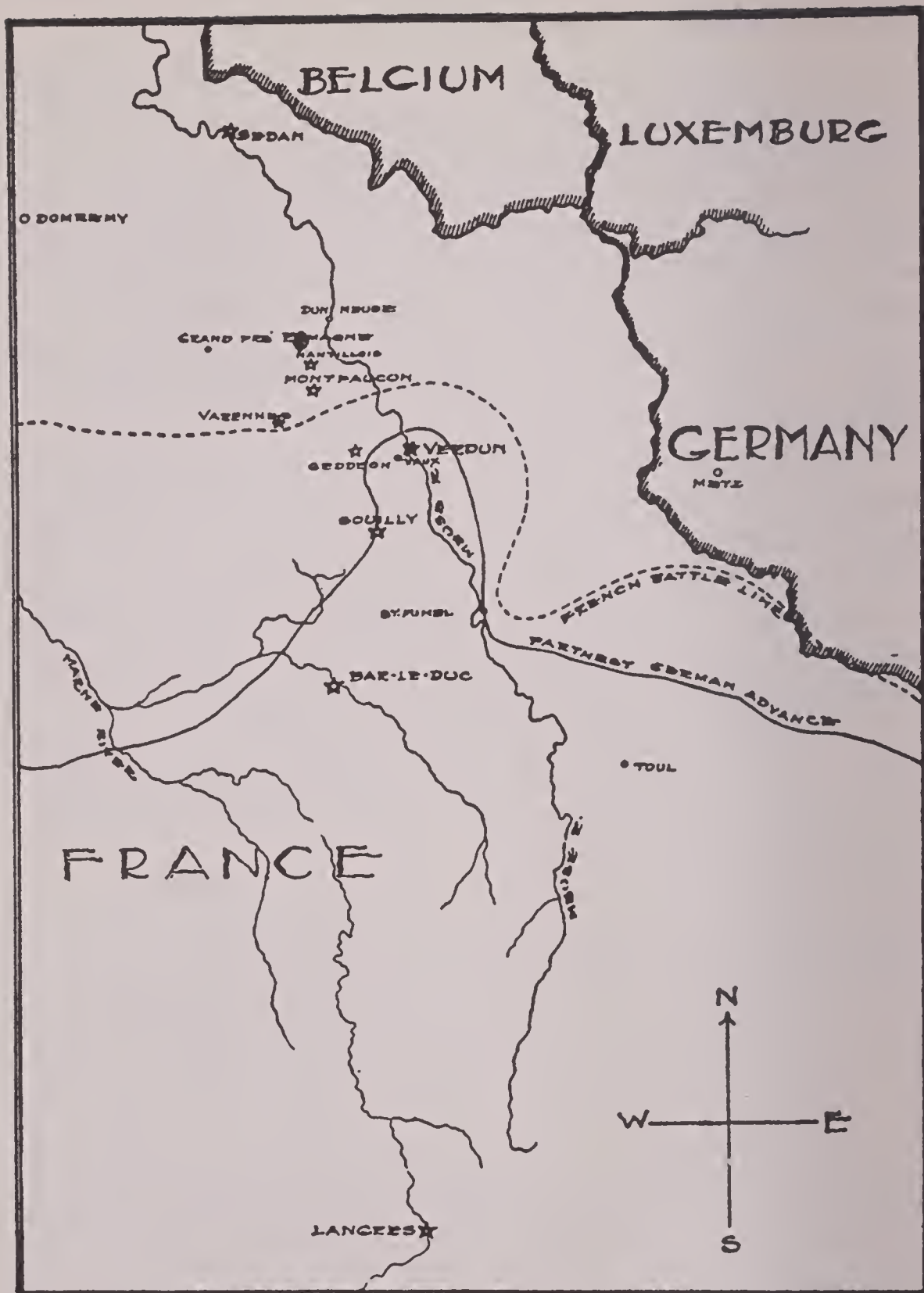
Every member of this command well deserves the enthusiastic congratulations from, and the high respect in which it is held by, our comrades in arms and by the entire American nation.

The above will be published to every member of this command.

By command of Major-General Summerall:

Thos. R. Gowenlock,
Captain, Infantry, U.S.A.,
A. C. of S. G-2.

Again referring to our map, which is a narrow strip extending from Langres to Sedan, our brother, we know, after landing at Brest, had been in Paris, Versailles, and a few other interesting places before he had gone on to Langres. From Langres his division marched to Bar-le-duc, about fifteen miles dis-



FROM LANGRES TO SEDAN

LANGRES, from which Lieutenant Shipley started for the North, the great training station of the A.E.F. in France.

BAR-LE-DUC, about 50 miles north of Langres.

Here Lieutenant Shipley wrote his last letters.

SOUILLY, where General Pershing and General Summerall directed the battle of the Meuse-Argonne.

GEDDEON, where the Hospital unit of the 79th Division was located.

MONTFAUCON, the highest point in the Meuse-Argonne, location of the front line headquarters of the German Crown Prince during the war.

NANTILLOIS, the village near where Lieutenant Shipley was killed.

ROMAGNE, where the great American cemetery is located.

SEDAN, in France, where the Armistice was signed.

VARENNES, where King Louis XIV was hiding when Lafayette's troops discovered him.

DOMREMY, the birthplace of Joan of Arc.

VERDUN, where the five months' battle was fought.

METZ, the great German fortress.

VAUX, one of Verdun's great forts.

ST. MIHIEL, where the Americans drove out the Germans in 1918.

TOUL, a sector taken over by the U. S. troops.

tant. From there they marched on to Souilly, another fifteen miles distant, and from Souilly to Montfaucon is another fifteen miles. From Montfaucon to Nantillois is two miles and from Nantillois to Sedan is about fifteen miles more. This narrow strip of map shows where our brother served in the war and all is very easily traced.

As written before, we are only considering the work of the 79th, 3rd and 1st Divisions. From Thomas' history, we learn that at this point, the 29th Division was relieved by the 79th Division.

The capture of Romagne on October 14 at 4 P.M. was accomplished by the 5th Division. Romagne is the location of the great American cemetery.

On October 14, the 32nd Division completed the capture of Romagne. In this attack the casualties were very heavy and there were many men who got lost or mixed with other units. The 3rd Division advanced its line during the day and by evening of that day was established in Bois de la Pultiere.

On October 19, the 3rd Division extended its sector further to the right and on the 20th, the 3rd and 5th Divisions were ordered to attack again and take the Bois de Clairs Chenes. The 3rd Division was successful, and after bitter fighting in this region practically cleared the wood of the enemy. This attack was ordered to be repeated on the 21st. The 3rd Division continued its advance and captured Hill 299, swept down the slopes and established its line on the Andon Creek. Patrols from the 3rd Di-

vision on October 23 found that the town of Brioules had been evacuated by the enemy and the town was taken without incident.

The following, written by General Pershing, portrays in brief the courage of our troops through that worst part of the Meuse-Argonne battle: "We made steady headway in the almost impenetrable and strongly held Argonne forest. . . . Our aircraft was increasing in skill and number and forcing the issue and our infantry and artillery were improving rapidly with each new experience. The replacements fresh from home were put into exhausted divisions with little time for training, but they had the advantage of serving beside men who knew their business and who had almost become veterans over night. . . . I had every confidence in our aggressive tactics and the courage of our troops."

On October 4, the attack was renewed all along our front. The 3rd Corps, tilting to the left, followed the Brioules-Cunel road; our 5th Corps took Gesnes, while the 1st Corps advanced for over two miles along the irregular valley of the Aire River and into the wooded hills of the Argonne that bordered the river, territory which the Germans had fortified with great skill, and with every conceivable weapon of defense. This sort of fighting continued against an enemy striving to hold every foot of ground and challenging our troops with very strong counter-attacks at every point. On the 7th, the 1st Corps captured Chatel-Chenery and continued along

the river to Corney. On the east of the Meuse sector one of the two divisions co-operating with the French captured Consenvoye and the Haumont Woods. On the 9th, the 5th Corps, in its progress up the Aire, took Fleville, and the 3rd Corps, fighting continuously against terrific odds, was working its way through Brioules and Cunel. On the 10th we had cleared the Argonne forest of the enemy!

We have finished the work of the 79th Division in October, 1918, but it is not possible to proceed to the end of our story without mentioning the brave service of this Division at the end of the conflict northeast of the Meuse in November, when it was given the very great honor of storming Hill 378, the highest of all the eminences taken in the battle. It was wicked, uphill work all the way. They had to struggle up the steep, wooded slopes of the Etraye ridges and then struggle down one side and up the other of the deadly Vaux de Mille Maise and other ravines before they were in sight of their objectives. Hill 378 had been a favorite height of the Germans, since it gave them a far flung view. This hill was a bald and gently rounded ridge, facing the bare, steep slope which the 79th had to ascend, and very favorable for machine gun distance in front. Piles of cartridge cases which had been emptied into our waves are silent witnesses of the fire the soldiers of the 79th endured, their khaki figures exposed on the sky line, pitilessly distinct silhouettes at close range. The men of the 79th kept on until they had worked

their way through the woods and had overrun the crest. There in their triumph, as they looked afar over the hills and across the Meuse, they might see the very heights of the whaleback which had been their goal when they charged down the valley of the Meuse on September 26 at Montfaucon. The 79th had now gone as far as it wanted to go in following the Meuse north and the 5th Division came in to take its place.

In returning to the work of the 3rd Division, we advance to the third phase of the Meuse-Argonne, which took from November 3 to November 11, 1918. On October 26, the 5th Division, which had spent five days out of line, was brought up to relieve the 3rd Division on the general line of the Andon Creek from the Meuse to Aincreville. But how can we close this service of the 3rd Division without referring to some of their extraordinary work in the first months of their experience in France. They landed in May, 1918, and were called the Marne Division, having taken part in the second battle of the Marne. Of their part in this battle General Pershing says:

The 3rd Division was holding the bank of the Marne from the bend east of the mouth of the Surmelin to the west of Mezy, opposite Château-Thierry, where a large force of German infantry sought to force a passage under support of powerful artillery concentrations and under cover of smoke screens. A single regiment of the 3rd wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals on this occasion. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank the Germans, who had gained a

footing, pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points, which succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners.

On November 1 there were 1,971,000 American troops in France and in the Meuse-Argonne the German resistance was everywhere broken. The American troops progressed rapidly in the direction of Sedan.

On November 5, President Wilson notified Germany that Marshal Foch had been authorized by the United States and the Allies to communicate the terms of the armistice.

On November 8, the 26th, 79th and the 32nd Divisions extended the attack of the 5th Division and began pushing the Germans east of the heights of the Meuse; Marshal Foch received the German armistice delegates.

On November 9, Emperor William II and Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany abdicated and fled to Holland; revolution broke out in Germany.

On November 10, another great offensive toward Metz began and on the same date the French troops entered Sedan. The 1st and 42nd Divisions having reached the Meuse opposite Sedan on November 6, when the American patrols entered the city, broke the chief railroad connection between Metz and the German armies in northern France.

General Summerall went forward to the front line

and finding elements of the French Division and the 42nd American Division along the line occupied by the left of the 1st Division ordered the 1st Division to confine its operations to the area between the right of the 42nd Division and the Meuse. Shortly afterwards, orders were received from the Army to withdraw the 1st Division and its line was transferred to the 42nd Division. The advanced elements of the 1st Division were just approaching Sedan when the halt came. Some of the officers of the 1st Division were, however, already in Sedan. The letter of one of these officers which appears later in this chapter, with its detailed description of the entering of the Americans into Sedan, is no doubt one of the most important letters, in a historical sense, extant from the A.E.F. part of the World War.

And so the 3rd Division, with the marvelous 1st and 2nd Divisions, had established an enviable record for the American Army. The stories written by Mr. Thomas about the 3rd Division's service on the Marne with the 4th Infantry, of which George E. Abrams was captain, make some of the most interesting pages of his history. Its service was certainly outstanding in gaining the victory for the line through those days. After this Marne offensive, scarcely an officer was left to take charge of the thinning ranks. On their arrival in France, they had been concentrated at once near Chaumont. In the Château-Thierry battle, the 3rd Division was already fighting, and their service in this battle is, ac-

according to Mr. Thomas, thus described by the French: "The episode of Château-Thierry will remain one of the most remarkable deeds of the war. It is a pleasure for us all to know our valiant allies have shared with us there." It was on the night of June 6 that the 3rd Division captured Hill 204 which secured Château-Thierry to the Allies.

After the Marne offensive had been completed the 3rd Division proceeded to the St. Mihiel salient, where the offensive described above began on September 12, 1918.

Referring again to our map showing the narrow strip from Langres in south-central France, north to Sedan, we see that we are within twenty miles of the city of Sedan.

The 1st Division was the first of the American forces to reach Sedan, and consequently it will be interesting to follow briefly their fortunes as they proceeded to that spot where the armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. We know that in the A.E.F., the first person to die was a Miss Helen Burnet Wood, who was killed on shipboard as she was crossing to France for Red Cross work, and we know that the first to go under fire were the undergraduates from Cornell University.

We cannot think of the service of this great division without exaltation and enthusiasm. We know that when Field Marshal Haig wired to London that his men were fighting with their backs to the wall, our 1st Division was with them, fighting with their

backs to the wall. The 1st Division has the following battles to its credit: Sommerville sector in November, 1917; Toul sector in March, 1918; Cantigny in April, May, June and July, 1918; Montdidier-Noyon defensive in June, 1918; Aisne-Marne offensive in July, 1918; Sazerais sector in August, 1918; St. Mihiel sector in September, 1918; Meuse-Argonne in September and October, 1918; the forced march on Sedan in November, 1918; Army of Occupation.

The 1st Division insignia is a crimson figure " 1 " on a khaki background and is appropriate in that this division was the first in France, the first in a sector, the first to fire a shot at the Germans, the first to attack, the first to capture prisoners, the first to inflict and to suffer casualties, the first to be cited singly in general orders, and first in the number of division corps and army commanders and general staff officers produced from its personnel.

One entertains an earnest feeling of apology toward our army in mentioning so briefly the services of other divisions. My own reading, for instance, of the page in history concerning the 28th Division alone, as its companies marched in with the French, finds it one of the most overwhelming in all war records. Their bravery stirs one's emotions almost beyond control. I have written something of the history of the 79th and the 3rd because Lieutenant Shipley served with them, but find it difficult to pass without mention certain of the other divisions, con-

cerning which I shall now attempt some brief record, making use of descriptive phrases from Mr. Thomas' *History of the A.E.F.* This page or so of summary may help us to visualize the total work of our men in France.

What a story is that of the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood and the 2nd Division at Meaux, that suburb close to Paris where they established a "remarkable record for bravery and courage and reckless gallantry in action"; and the 33rd with the Australians at Hamel on July 4, 1918, lying there under fierce fire, then, with the 80th, rushing forward to a brilliant success, and the 80th later marching fourteen days through rolling open space and losing in twenty-four miles 5400 men; and the 4th Division capturing 15,000 rounds of German ammunition at Brioules, worth, it was said, more than a million dollars; the 90th Division was called one of the best, its officers "skillful, daring and efficient"; the 42nd Division was spoken of by the Germans as a first class attacking division of the Americans, with a record of successful victories; the 78th Division, never having been under fire before, held a five mile front for seventeen days and, with a "record that will never grow dim," suffered a total of over five thousand casualties; the service of the wonderful 89th in the Meuse was fully as important as that of the 2nd Division; and the 28th, having the hardest of all objectives in the Argonne, deserves credit for a brilliant achievement; one reads of the regiments of the 5th

Division crossing the river on bridges made of telegraph poles and duck boards, taking Hill 262, and forcing the Germans back on November 6 as they menaced the advance of the Americans; and of how the 29th took the enemy by surprise and were victorious.

The service of the 32nd Division makes another brilliant chapter of the glorious record for the taking of Romagne; and who can forget the dramatic story of that brave "Lost Battalion"? The 35th were noted for their good humor and marvelous fighting ability; a spectacular part was played by the 27th and the 30th; and how great was the service of the 36th Division marching through machine gun fire, and the 37th and 75th as well; the 26th fought for nine months, acquitted itself with great honor in vigorous combat and on the 11th of November, at 9:30 A.M., just before the signing of the Armistice, took two towns.

The 82nd, on October 2, were fresh troops as they marched up the steep sides of Hill 180; the 77th Division, city dwellers from factories and offices in New York City, had an enviable record, and on November 11 witnessed the laying down of arms by the German army.

To read these records is to become convinced that there are no braver men living than the young men of America, and their services over there in France were altogether for others, and magnificent.

The following tribute which appeared in *Collier's*

Weekly, gives just praise to the 1st Division of the A.E.F.:

I think that possibly when the 1st Division went into the Argonne battle, it was the most efficient American division that ever wore shoe leather; if it were not, then perhaps the 2nd was — as all men of the 2nd will agree. We were all thrilled when the 1st took the place of the 35th and advanced over the ground where the 35th had fought desperately. The dead of the 35th were in groups in the Exermont ravine. When the men of the 1st saw them, they knew how good it was to be veterans under exacting competent direction; for veterans do not bunch under the enemy's fire. This is giving the enemy a target. And Summerall was in command. He had led the 1st in the drive toward Soissons. . . . The 1st, with Summerall in command! We knew it would go through! It always had gone through. This was the part cast for the 1st in the A.E.F.

Considering the consummate courage of the American troops, the ability and wisdom of our commanding officers after their men were on the field and actually under fire, one cannot help wondering what the story would have been had America gone into the war earlier. Would not some plan have been worked out whereby a considerable proportion of the ten millions of men who breathed their last on those battlefields of the Western front need not have perished? Would our American commanders have permitted their soldiers to fight on that Western front so continuously? Would they not have seen that it was an absolutely impregnable position that the Germans held?

We cannot wonder that the French would not depart for any other front in that war. They were protecting their native land. But how perplexed and sadly curious we are that the English should have sent their soldiers into that slaughter-house of the Western front through all those four long years. The war never was won there, but three million youths from England alone lost their lives in this place.

Let me use that small penpoint called “ if ” for a few lines. If the American commanders could have sailed far east during the first year of the war and, in company with their powerful allies — for Russia was still powerful at that time — have swept their own two million reserves up to Germany’s weakest points, would not the end of the war have come with Germany’s almost immediate surrender?

Instead of ten millions killed, as many more crippled, and the ten thousand blind men reported to be living in France today (blind or becoming blind) , would there not have been a more moderate casualty list? Why did England so wage the war that her young men were poured by the million into that Western front? Lloyd George, in his four volumes of *Memoirs*, answers all these questions very clearly, very plainly, and at great length.

If America had led a better way, weighing the merits and demerits of that Western front, we believe that the results would have been clear and decisive, with the fatalities totaling millions less.

If — “ the saddest word of tongue or pen! ”

But, laying down this little penpoint “ if,” let us resume our story and see our American soldiers marching into Sedan, which they reached on November 8, 1918.

Down through the centuries has come the name of Marathon. Now through the coming centuries France and all the world will be thrilled by the name Sedan, the city of the World War Armistice! November 11, 1918, was not the first time that this city of Sedan, on the Meuse River in northern France, had seen the signing of an armistice terminating a war. A city of over sixteen thousand people, it was chosen, no doubt, for the World War Armistice because the Franco-Prussian armistice had been signed there in 1871.

Foch, the great generalissimo of the World War, was but a youth when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, a student in a military school at Metz. Some think he was motivated by revenge throughout the World War, but as we read the story of his life this hardly seems possible. At eighteen he had won the Grande Prix at school, which was presented to him by the students, not by the masters, because of his good behavior. These students, we are told, came from all over the world, though the greater part were from Strasbourg and the cities in the vicinity of Metz, and surely they would have been less likely to choose for the prize a young man with a revengeful nature than someone with a winning per-

sonality. Besides this fact, Foch is shown in histories as being of a devoutly religious nature and ever seeking God's guidance in prayer in the chapels along his route throughout the World War. The Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870 and the students were horrified by what they heard of the Prussian invasion; and when Foch returned from his vacation in the autumn of 1870, eight thousand French soldiers lay dead near Metz, and his best friend, Rivet de Chaussepierre, was among them. The battle of Sedan in the Franco-Prussian War took place in September, 1870, and almost fifty years later the French and the Americans entered Sedan at the close of the World War.

Being in possession of a letter written by an officer of the 1st Division which marched into Sedan in the autumn of 1918, we can visualize the surroundings and see the deep satisfaction that must have been in the heart of the French generalissimo as he approached the city of Sedan to sign the armistice ending the war. Though he may not have been guilty of revenge, there must certainly have been dark and bitter memories haunting him through those years.

Who would not be interested in reading that armistice document, signed by General Foch and the German generals? Well, here is an order given a few hours previous to the signing of the armistice whereby General Pershing sends the Americans into the city of Sedan. This paper plays a part, as it were, in bringing to an end the World War, and attention is

hereby called to the place of extraordinary importance that it occupies among famous war documents.

General Pershing desires that the honor of entering Sedan should fall to the First American Army. He has every confidence that the troops of the 1st Corps, assisted on their right by the troops of the 5th Corps, will enable him to realize his desire. In transmitting the foregoing message, your attention is invited to the favorable opportunity now existing for pressing our advance throughout the night. *Boundaries will not be considered binding.* By Command of Lt. General Liggett. G. C. Marshall, Jr. A.C. of S. G-3.

Although the 1st Division unfortunately arrived in Sedan after the French had taken it and were obliged to retire soon after their entrance, the officers of that Division were quartered in the town long enough to make observations that resulted in the writing of the following letter, which for thrilling interest cannot be surpassed by any letter from the A.E.F. written during the World War. The letter is printed, we believe, for the first time:

Nov. 18, 1918
Army Intelligence School,
Langres, France

Dear Family:

I think I told you about our long march in reserve behind the Second Division, the Eightieth and one other, until finally we went in and relieved the Eightieth and went over abreast of the Second Division; and then, the famous First and Second went over

abreast for eight kilometers in two and one-half hours, and reached the Meuse at Muzon. We dug in there three different times that day, due to the developments of the Hun artillery fire. At four P.M. we received orders to pull out of the sector, leaving it wide open, and march twenty-eight kilometers to Sedan which we were to take at dawn next day.

I shall never forget the reception of that order. Colonel Roosevelt had gone to Brigade Headquarters to get the order. We knew that something big was on foot and thought that, under cover of darkness, we were going to cross the river and establish a bridge-head, but we never suspected anything quite as big as marching on Sedan. Our P. C. was in the stable of a ruined farm on the top of a hill, which for some reason the Hun was neglecting. It was bitterly cold, we were all soaking wet from the march in the rain the night before and the attacks in the rain that morning; and in this barn we found one little room partitioned off, so we had built a fire in it and dried ourselves as best we could. During the afternoon the wagon train came up, and with them Montplaisir (my striker) with the Regimental Mess and my bedding roll and dry clothes. Food and dry clothes meant everything to me then. I had not slept since the previous morning and could not sleep then, as most of the other officers were doing, for the Colonel had left me in command until Major Legge could be found and brought in. It was growing dark and in the gloom beyond my candle, I could make out the

forms of Colonel Ruggles (who was commanding our artillery) with his staff asleep on the floor with all his runners and ours, and in the whole headquarters, only the cooks, Montplaisir, the corporal in charge of the runners, the telephone operator, the wireless operator, and I were awake.

Colonel Roosevelt hobbled in (for he was still so lame from his wound that he had to use a cane, and was not supposed to be serving with line troops) with a shout that woke everyone up: "We are going to take Sedan in the morning!" That woke up everybody, and while we ate what supper there was, he went over the plans with us. Meanwhile, orders were sent to the Battalions to march in to the P. C. immediately, eat supper at their kitchens, drop their blanket rolls from their packs and be ready for a long march. The plan was fairly simple — we had merely to march along a straight road from Beaumont to Stonne to Sedan. No one knew where the Hun was, but the report was that the hole had been broken and we were going into it.

Major Frazier, commanding the 3rd Bn. (which was in reserve), got his men together first, so he fed them, and to him was assigned the job of leading the Battalion.

The Colonel went off in his car with the 3rd Bn. I was sent with Major Youell and the 2nd Bn. which followed next, while Ridgely went with Major Legge.

Major Youell got his Bn. together, less E Company, which had gotten into the town of Villemont-

rey. Since then, the Hun had put so much down around that town that we could not get a runner to Lt. Leck; and the last runner from him, at noon, had said that the town was full of Huns and that Leck was having a battle on his hands, and he thought that Leck had been killed. Major Youell was pretty much cut up over this, for he counted on Leck as his best officer, and he hated to go off and leave him there all alone in the sector. But there was nothing else to do. So he sent one more runner, and left one at the P. C. with a marked map and instructions to gather in what few detachments there were not yet accounted for, and for the senior at dawn to take command and follow us.

Then we started on the longest, hardest march I have ever made. We had no horses, due to a green staff officer having ordered all mounts back to the Supply Company early in the afternoon; so, just at this time when battalion commanders and the Regimental Staff should have been mounted, with orderlies, we had to go on foot. Such are the fortunes of war. The troops had marched across country for six days, had marched 12 kilometers the night before, had attacked that morning, dug in three times that day under heavy shell fire; and then with a hot meal under their belts (the first in two days), they started that 28 kilometer march, with stripped packs, carrying two bandoliers of ammunition, and with the full knowledge of a fight at dawn to carry them on. And if men were tired, think what the officers were, who,

while the men were getting what rest they could during those six days, were practically working all the time with their platoons, companies and battalions. I know for myself that I had not had more than two hours sleep a day during those six days.

That march is partly a deep-burnt memory and partly a blank in my mind, for after we got out of the shell fire in the first six kilometers, I marched in my sleep, and little Doc Stedham held my arm to keep me on the road. They say that Major Youell and I staggered at the head of that column, arm in arm sound asleep, like the two town drunks on Saturday night! I distinctly remember that just in front of me an artillery officer was leading his horse, and that about every ten minutes I would come in violent collision with the stern of the beast. They say we halted for ten minutes every hour, that is Doc Stedham says we did. He was fresher than the rest of us, having slept as soon as he dug in, for his Battalion had had no casualties in the attack; and I think he commanded the Battalion of which he was the surgeon that night.

The most terrible part of the 24 hours which we call day is the hour before the dawn. Morale goes down horribly then, and with it your energy seems to give out. I remember that about this time. For hours we had been passing our artillery double-banked on the road at a dead halt, the drivers sleeping on the road beside the horses, and the cannoniers asleep on the road beside the caissons and pieces.

Just before dawn, how long before I can't say, we found out why the artillery was stuck. The Huns had blown up the bridge over a small brook with steep banks! We waded this, but the artillery had to build a bridge and they were waiting for the completion of this. We waded the stream, climbed the bank, got back on the road again and went on.

Dawn came and with it our spirits rose, and I came out of my stupor. We found ourselves going along a pretty valley, and in the haze as we reached the top of the hill, we could see the 3rd Bn. just 300 yards ahead of us. This made everything seem right and happy once more. As it grew lighter, we made out, not far ahead, a town lying in the bottom of the valley. Coming closer we could see smoke coming from the chimneys and white flags flying from every house, which showed that civilians had been left behind by the Hun, and that he had left the town.

The 3rd Bn. was just entering the town when suddenly the stillness of the dawn was broken by the explosion of four shells just at the entrance of the town, and then the bridge went up in a cloud of smoke with a dull, muffled explosion. The 3rd Bn. opened out like a fan into open order and circled the town, just as prettily as in manoeuvre, while we jumped for the ditch on each side of the road until we could find out what was going on. The shelling continued; apparently the Hun had just one battery left for this purpose, as we could dig up no infantry or machine guns there, thank God. Apparently also

he had no observation, as he continued to shoot up the one spot, despite the fact that outside of the one man killed and the two wounded, who had been dragged out, there was no one there.

The Colonel came back, or rather Major Youell, and I went forward and found with him Lt. Chataigneau, the French Liaison Officer, and Major Frazier. The whole question was where was the Hun, for apparently we had been marching into No-Man's-Land all night, and for all we knew we were a lone brigade marching in a bee-line into German territory. This was a rather unpleasant feeling, and it was not improved when we discovered that the artillery fire came from our right flank. But just then, coming up in the other direction, that is from our left rear, we spied a regiment of French artillery, and as the infantry always precedes artillery, Chataigneau went over and got the dope from them.

Meanwhile, Colonel Roosevelt sent the regiment ahead, and as the shell fire had stopped in the town, we marched through the town. During this time Legge and his battalion came up, so we had the whole regiment and were ready for anything. Chataigneau returned with the peculiar news that the French division was assigned to the same sector as we; and, as we marched through the town, we found it full of the Rainbow Division who were bent on the same objective as we were, except that their axis was slightly N. E., while ours was slightly N. W., and we crossed in that town. Now, the French were parallel to the

Rainbow, and we were evidently out of place cutting across the tails of two divisions. But we had no choice but to go on, for our orders were definite.

We reached the little town of Omicourt. It was receiving a rather disconcerting fire from a lone German battery of Austrian 88's (the famous "Whiz Bangs"), which enfiladed the only street, and you had only to stick your head out to have it blown off. One patrol went in the town and found the French there, so Col. Roosevelt and the runners had moved into a house which seemed to be open with a fire burning in the stove. We eased in rather hastily due to the shell fire, only to find that we had burst in on a French Battalion Commander's P. C. We established friendly relations, and finally divided the sector between us and went out to mop up the snipers, while the French did the finest piece of work that I have ever seen. Fourteen French artillerymen dragged by hand a 75 up the slope of the hill from which the German battery was firing under cover of the woods, and on reaching the summit went into battery; and firing under cover of the woods, directed their fire at a range of 300 yards, and put that German battery out of action in a couple of shots.

The firing in the town ceased, and pretty soon the cellar door in the room in which we were sitting opened, and out came first an old man, then his wife and then their three daughters. They fell on our necks as their liberators; and nothing would satisfy them but they must cook an omelette and make cof-

fee, so we had a breakfast of bread, butter, omelette, coffee and honey, all furnished to them by Hoover's Commission. It certainly tasted as fine as any meal I ever tasted. Those people could not do enough for us. Everything was free, which was in great contrast to the French we had known behind the lines, to whom after four years of war, the American soldier looked like an open cash box, and prices had soared skyward. They told us of their four years of imprisonment during which they could not leave the area of their village; that every drop of wine had been confiscated, and that it had been a penal offense to have an egg found in the house as these were turned over to the Commander. The strangest thing about all that part of the country, the rich fertile valley of the Meuse, was that there was not a single horse, cow or pig left in the whole country.

We were getting these details when the door was flung open, and in walked an immaculate French Major General; and, as he stepped into the room he flashed his map on the table and started a long speech in rapid French, the purport of which was: "What was the American army doing in his sector? Had he not been entrusted with the sacred task of liberating Sedan? He and his division came from Sedan; they had defended it in 1914; and they were going to take it that day! And if any Americans should unfortunately get in his way, he could not stop his artillery from firing on them!" All this and much more to the same effect he poured forth at great length, alter-

nately slapping the map, which was plainly marked, and his chest, which was well covered with decorations. It was a moving scene and he was magnificent. Dressed in his best, ready to parade up the main street with the bands playing and the colours flying as he liberated his native home, and then to find a tramp American division rushing headlong for the spot to grab off his honours was more than he could stand. So he crushed his gold-lace hat in his hand, and ordered us out. This was the first pause we had heard, and Lt. Chataigneau hastened to introduce Col. Roosevelt. The General stopped immediately and shook the Colonel's hand, "the son of so great a friend of France, an honour, I assure you." Col. Roosevelt explained our orders, and the last I saw of the General he was rushing off in much haste to get us pulled out of his sector.

It was evident that we were all in the wrong pew. So we all found us beds in the town, one officer sleeping in the P. C.; and went to sleep confident that as soon as the General found our General, out we would come but meanwhile our forward battalion went on with the French towards Sedan. Our sleep was short as we had expected, and in the early twilight we marched back to the next town. Col. Roosevelt and I were the last to leave. I did not wake him until the last unit had passed going back, the rest of the staff having gone ahead to prepare billets. So, after another omelette, coffee, bread and honey, for which I cannot thank Mr. Hoover too much and still more

the happy townspeople, we walked back up the valley like bad boys caught stealing jam, and talking of architecture and poetry.

There was one peculiar thing that we had all noticed. The oldest daughter of the house in which we had been so hospitably entertained was twenty, which means that she was but sixteen when the Huns came; and when I first saw her I thought I was back in Germany,* so differently was she dressed from the other women. She was truly German in all outward appearances, and when in the course of the conversation her mother said with a sigh of relief: "Thank God the swine are gone!" she said: "They are not swine, Mother, but men like all the rest." We found many tow-headed children in that country, and I think it will take many years to stamp out the mark of the beast in the captured territories.

That night we slept in the town of Chemery, where early in the morning we had drawn the artillery fire; and Montplaisir had the cooks there in time to give us a real breakfast. The Colonel slept in the padre's house and we had our mess there. The old Padre had breakfast with us and his tales would fill another volume, for he had had permission to travel and saw and knew more than any of the others. That breakfast lasted for three hours, and from time to time, the Padre would go down to the cellar and bring up china and silver which he had buried there four years ago.

* Mr. Thomas studied a year in Germany before being graduated from Yale.

We jokingly asked him if he didn't have a bottle of wine buried in the cellar; and he said, alas no! the penalty was too severe. But he reached in the cabinet and brought forth a bottle of wine, which had been issued by the German government or the Hoover Commission once a month for mass.

The next two days we spent moving along the front, sleeping as usual in the woods, and marching most of the time. Meanwhile, the Armistice rumours became more and more strong, until finally we moved our headquarters into a château, where at 9 A.M. on the 11th of November, we heard the great news that we had fought our last battle of the war and that the Armistice was signed.

Capt. Shipley Thomas (1st Division)

The following is General Pershing's tribute to the 1st Division:

G.H.Q., France, Nov. 10, 1918

General Orders

No. 201.

1. The Commander in Chief desires to make of record in the General Orders of the American Expeditionary Forces his extreme satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and soldiers of the 1st Division in its advance west of the Meuse, between October 4 and 11, 1918. During this period the division gained a distance of seven kilometers over a country which presented not only remarkable facilities for enemy defense but also difficulties of terrain for the operation of our troops.

2. The division met with resistance from elements of eight hostile divisions, most of which were first class troops and some of which were completely rested. The enemy chose to defend its position to the death, and the fighting was always of the most desperate kind. Throughout the operations the officers and men of the division displayed the highest type of courage, fortitude and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. In addition to many enemy killed, the division captured one thousand four hundred and seven of the enemy, thirteen 77 MM field guns, ten trench mortars and numerous machine guns and stores.

3. The success of the division in driving a deep advance into the enemy's territory enabled an assault to be made on the left by the neighboring division against the northeastern portion of the forest of Argonne, and enabled the 1st Division to advance to the right and outflank the enemy's position in front of the division on that flank.

4. The Commander in Chief has noted in this division a special pride of service and a high state of morale, never broken by hardship nor battle.

5. This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt. (14790-A-306.)

By Command of General Pershing:

James W. McAndrew,
Chief of Staff.

Shipley Thomas, author of the Sedan letter, and first official historian of the A.E.F., was the grandson of Thomas Shipley, president of the Abolitionist Society of Philadelphia, who lost his life from overwork in the cause of the slaves before the Civil War, and whose friend, the poet Whittier, wrote the following lines to his memory:

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY

* * * * *

Gentlest of spirits! not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given;
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride;
And at the bondman's tale of woe,
And for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweeping;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping,
Oh, for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man!
Oh, for thy spirit, tried and true,
And constant in the hour of trial,
Prepared to suffer, or to do,
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh, for that spirit, meek and mild,
 Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining;
 By man deserted and reviled,
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
 Still prompt and resolute to save
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave;
 Unwavering in the Truth's defense,
 Even where the fires of Hate were burning,
 The unquailing eye of innocence
 Alone upon the oppressor turning!

Oh, for the death the righteous die!
 An end, like autumn's day declining,
 On human hearts, as on the sky,
 With holier, tenderer beauty shining;
 As to the parting soul were given
 The radiance of an opening heaven!
 As if that pure and blessed light,
 From off the Eternal altar flowing,
 Were bathing, in its upward flight,
 The spirit to its worship going!

And so the autumnal skies of that November, 1918, looked down upon the ceasing of the firing — the end of the World War. Why should any attempt to describe the scenes of that joyous Armistice Day in America be made here? Those of us who lived in the cities recall that the joy was quite unconfined everywhere and the chief expression of that joy was continuous noise.

The location of Lieutenant Shipley's service at this time was unknown to his family, but was he not an officer in the Quartermaster's department? Was not

his service behind the fighting area? He would be safely home in the near future: there was no doubt of this in our minds and we anticipated his letters with great interest. But the days passed and no word came. A package of exquisite laces had come the day before Armistice Day, but it had been mailed from Paris in AUGUST. His last letter had been mailed September 16 and now, November 11, we looked in vain for mail from him. An uncomfortable premonition began to descend upon us, and as time passed with no word, this premonition grew until we began to speak to our friends of this oppressive sense of calamity, and one answered us one day: "It is simply outrageous, the failure of the A.E.F. mail delivery." With this thought we tried to be comforted. Of course, it was the slow delivery of the army mail; that was why we were not hearing from him who had ever been faithful throughout his service about writing letters home.

Our Christmas package to him was dispatched in time under all the army rules, but we spent our holidays without a word from him. Thus the days, the weeks, the months passed by, and then suddenly, on January 23, 1919, a cable arrived from Paris with the truth: he had been killed in action in October, 1918, and had been buried on the 12th near Nantillois. The chaplain was then back in America, not far from Chicago, and we were soon in communication with him by telephone. The following day we received from this chaplain, the Rev. J. Austen Lord, a letter

giving us the details of our brother's death and burial and telling of his bravery in that terrible fighting near Nantillois. The letter follows:

March 5, 1919
Ainsworth, Ia.

My dear Mrs. Leach:

Your telephone call just came in from Chicago. I haven't my war record at home for definite information but the only thing I cannot give you definitely is the day I buried Lt. Shipley. At home, my record gives that, but I am most certain October 12th is correct. Lt. Shipley at the time he met his death was directing an attack northwest of Montfaucon. Am very sure from the place and time I found him that he had fallen late the day before. He met an instant death so did not suffer. As I remember his wound, it was caused by a fragment from a high explosive shell. I buried so many that day you will see it is difficult for me to keep definitely in mind so many details. I remember Lt. Shipley though. He was not mutilated at all and his body was in excellent condition when buried. He fell just at the edge of a clump of woods and I buried him close to where he fell.

I wrapped him in his blanket and gave him a Christian burial as much as it was possible to do then. The battle was still raging all about us and he was buried amidst the surroundings he had given his life in. If you desire, when I get home again at Crothersville,

I have my map and all my papers and records there and I could tell you where I made his grave. It would be very easy to find if you so desire. Could I speak personally with you I could tell you much better how the battle raged and what fine courage Lt. Shipley showed in leading his men. You may well be proud of so fine a brother. All the information I could get on Lt. Shipley was that he was Dartmouth '08 and had been at Oak Park, Illinois.*

Please excuse the writing, as I am still suffering from wounds of October 14th.

Chaplain, J. Austen Lord

Chaplain Lord and his wife came to Chicago not very long after this letter was written and gave us many more details concerning our brother.

On the Easter sabbath of that spring of 1919, a memorial service was held for the two soldiers from the First Presbyterian Church of Oak Park who had died in service, Lieutenant Shipley and Douglas Mott, the latter having died of illness in Texas while in service there. This sermon was delivered by Dr. John M. Vander Meulen, pastor of the church. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, himself a great preacher, pronounced this memorial sermon the greatest he had read or heard during the World War.

In the course of the conversation during the weekend stay of Chaplain and Mrs. Lord at our home, we

* In another letter we read that his emergency address was given as 190 East Chestnut Street, the residence of a sister in Chicago.

learned of the great bravery our brother had shown in those battles. From some maps Chaplain Lord had with him, we learned the locality where these battles were fought and the exact spot where George's grave had been made. It was not necessary to dig these graves, for the German shells had made many graves ready at hand. Some held more than one body, but, he remembered, our brother's remains were placed alone in one grave. He told us that our brother's face was calm, as though asleep, and he recognised him from our pictures of him. A key ring was on a wire on his wrist giving his name and residence and college. The firing at the time of his burial was terrific and the chaplain very often emphasized his great bravery. He placed a wooden slab over the grave and wired the key ring upon it.

After the chaplain's visit to us, Lieutenant Shipley's mother endeavored to comfort herself with the facts which he had given to her. Her son had been very brave, his death had been instantaneous, his face had been calm as though in sleep. The strain of all, however, had been very severe and in less than a year after the chaplain's report to her, Lieutenant Shipley's mother had passed on to be with her beloved son over there.

With the cables from the French bankers and Major Laurence Whiting, who had been requested to make the search for our George's whereabouts, and with the chaplain's report, our family had for a very long time to be content as to his history in the

Argonne battle. The Chaplain thought there were a hundred and fifty men in that company and we later learned that but thirteen of these came out from France alive. The chaplain told us these men were separated, not huddled together, as in many cases. We attempted to get into communication with these thirteen men and were able to hear from most of them but obtained little further information from them concerning our brother's death.

But Thomas Moran, of Illinois, a private stationed at Langres during August and September, 1918, before the Argonne battle, upon reaching home saw the notice of Lieutenant Shipley's death in the newspaper. The following letter was received from him:

July 30, 1919
112 W. Cleveland St.,
Spring Valley, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Leach:

Some time ago, while I was coming from Camp Mills enroute to Camp Grant, I saw Lieutenant Shipley's picture in the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Leach, I was with the 301st (three hundred & first) Supply Train and happened to know Lieutenant Shipley and was talking about him tonight, so Mother would have nothing for me to do but write to you tonight. Lieutenant Shipley was with the 304th (three hundred & fourth) Sanitary Train stationed at Chateauneuf, Cher, then St. Amond (Mont.

Rond Cher) in the center of France for a couple of months, then went to the front with the 304th (three hundred & fourth) Sanitary Train and was in the Meuse-Argonne.

I met an enlisted man from Lieutenant Shipley's Company some time later and was told he was killed by high explosives. Mrs. Leach, Lieut. Shipley was well liked by all men under his command and sure enough had to die a good soldier especially an officer in command.

Thomas J. Moran

The letters from Lieutenant Lee and Captain Abrams, two men who were among the fortunate thirteen who survived, follow:

November 22, 1920
Seattle, Washington,

Mr. F. W. Leach,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I am very sorry indeed that I am unable to furnish you any of the details of Lieut. Geo. Shipley's death.

When we entered the Montfaucon area there were three of us officers with " B " Company, 4th Infantry. During the attack of October 4th one was killed and another wounded. On or about the 6th I was wounded and left for the hospital. Lieut. Shipley had been with another company in the regiment and was transferred to " B " Company with some other

officers shortly after I left, and I learned afterward that he was killed.

A Captain by the name of Gillett was transferred to " B " Company about this time and I believe that he can give some details of Lieut. Shipley's death. I am sorry that I cannot furnish you Capt. Gillett's initials or present address, but if you will address him as Capt. Gillett formerly with " B " Company, 4th Infantry, 3d Division, and in care of the adjutant General's office, I am sure he will get the letter.

If I can be of any further service to you or Lieut. Shipley's relatives, I shall be very glad.

Yours sincerely,
Emmett C. Lee

December 24, 1920
United States Army Recruiting Station
416 Main Street, Joplin, Mo.

Mr. Thomas N. McGowen,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the thirteenth inst. has just reached me, having been forwarded from Camp Pike.

I am more than sorry I cannot give you the information you want, regarding the death of Lt. Shipley, but, while I remember him, I do not know just when and where he was killed. On the date you mention, Oct. 11th, 1918, the First Battalion, Fourth Infantry, of which Co. B. was a part, was in regimental reserve, just north of the town of Nantillois, and he must

have been struck by a piece of high-explosive shell, as we were not in range of machine guns, or snipers. We remained in reserve until the night of the 13th, when we relieved the Fifth Division in the Bois de Foret.

If you will write to 1st Lieut. Geo. T. Wyche, American Forces in Germany, you might get more definite information, as Lt. Wyche was with Co. B from about Oct. 8th, to November 11th. You might also, thru the War Dept. at Washington, get in touch with Mr. Charles C. Gillette, formerly Captain, 4th Infantry, who commanded Company B. during the most of the fighting in the Argonne.

Hoping that this information will be of help to you, I am

Very truly yours,
Geo. E. Abrams,
1st Lieut. 4th Inf.,
Asst. Rect'g Officer

June 18, 1923
Headquarters Company, Fourth Infantry,
In camp Winchester, Washington

Mrs. F. W. Leach,

My Dear Mrs. Leach:

In reply to your letter of May 14th which was delayed in reaching me through the fact that we have been in the field for some little time, I will try to give you from memory an account of the activities of Company " B " Fourth Infantry, from October 1st

to 12, 1918. Since I was on duty with Company " A " most of the time and the two companies were together I believe it will be fairly accurate.

The Fourth Infantry relieved a regiment of the 79th Division near Nantillois on October 1st, in daylight and under German barrage, the First Battalion consisting of companies " A," " B," " C," and " D " in the front line. " A " and " B " companies were the front line of the battalion with " C " and " D " following them. After the relief above mentioned we remained in position until 5:00 A.M. October 4th when we were ordered forward under heavy German artillery and machine gun fire. The battalion was so badly depleted that it was unable to advance more than 2 miles. " B," " C " and " D " companies lost all of their officers, either killed or wounded during this advance, and the battalion lost two-thirds of its enlisted men. During the night of October 4th the first battalion was relieved in the front line by the second battalion, the first battalion going to the reserve until the night of October 12th when it was ordered into the line to relieve an entire division on our right which was badly shattered.

I believe that your brother Lieutenant Shipley must have been killed on October 4th during the advance above described as the entire battalion was subjected to the most terrific machine gun and artillery fire imaginable.

While the first battalion was in reserve they were near Montfaucon. We all saw the headquarters of

the former Crown Prince, but the periscope he was said to have used had been removed.

I knew the Lieutenant Lee, of " B " company that you mention very slightly.

Hoping that this information will be of some assistance to you and assuring you that I will be glad to help you in any way possible, I am

Yours sincerely,

George E. Abrams

Captain 4th Infantry

Our brother had one opponent in his foot racing days who at the last taught him the gentle art of being outshone. When George held the record for running the half mile in two minutes, he was called by one Chicago newspaper the best half miler of the state. His friend, James Lightbody, of the University of Chicago, was the man who lowered that record. Mr. Lightbody became later an Olympic champion and ran the half mile in several seconds less than two minutes.

By one of those strange coincidences of life, it was at the grave of our brother at Nantillois that these two friends of those athletic days met again, for Lieutenant Lightbody's tasks in the World War stationed him at Toul as Intelligence Officer and he came often into the location of that first grave of his friend, George Shipley, at Nantillois. He stumbled upon it one day and read on the disc fastened by the chaplain to a wooden slab over the grave the words: George E.

Shipley, Oak Park, Illinois, Dartmouth College. There he saw where his old friend and athletic rival lay — buried alone in a chasm of the Argonne battlefield. Here in this vast burying ground of the world's cathedral, he saw where his old friend had fallen among the mountain tops of the Argonne and in his reflections upon this meeting, so far distant in France, far from home, he knew Lieutenant Shipley had won his life race and for him, too, a crown was gained in this battle contest of the World War. Many friends have visited the grave at Romagne where our brother's remains were removed a year later, but only Lieutenant Lightbody, his old friend and athletic opponent, viewed the grave where he fell on October 11, 1918.

Twelve years after receiving the letters from the officers of Company B, Lieutenant Lee and Captain Abrams, we were able to learn the address of Captain Gillette of whom both these officers had written. Captain Gillette's letter describing his journey from Souilly to Nantillois was given above. He had hurried to his company upon hearing of their going into battle and was travelling at the same time as Lieutenant Shipley toward Nantillois, but the latter seems to have been some days in advance, though on Montfaucon they were evidently very close. Captain and Mrs. Gillette came to see us one day to relate his experiences during those days when our soldier was in the same battle. Among other things he told us was the fact that officers of the A.E.F. often com-

pletely discarded their officer's insignia in battle, as making them too plain a target when they appeared above the trenches. This reminds us once more of the statement in the autobiography of Lord Fisher, the great English Sea Lord, who wrote that during the war the bulletins in London every morning giving the list of names of those dead in France, were headed with these words: "All Second Lieutenants unless otherwise marked." The captain also related that the men of that area were without trench support. They were obliged to dig their own shelters in a hurried attempt to escape the danger of the German shells.

From all this information gathered through the intervening years, it seems to me that a definite conclusion may be drawn. We know where, how and when our brother died. And my answer to the question with which we started, namely, how did the supply officer of the 79th Division die with the infantry of the 3rd Division, is given as though I were narrating a certainty. If any readers should arrive at a different conclusion, they are free to do so. The facts have been given.

George said to his mother: "Whatever may happen to me, I shall never cease to thank God for this evening." He bade her goodbye as though he knew there was a possibility of not returning to her. When he left the office of General Summerall he returned to Geddeon for his complete equipment, expecting further orders from General Pershing later. When

he arrived at Geddeon, the hospital base, the wounded were being brought back to this hospital unit and he heard them tell of the trouble the 79th Division were having under the Germans' renewed firing.

The 79th Division was returning—his own division before Montfaucon was in retreat. If a break should occur in our lines at this point, once the front line headquarters of the German Crown Prince, could not the German forces break through and rush over that Montfaucon road, enter Souilly and the “ Sacred Way ” to Paris and reach the city in a short time? What could have been Lieutenant Shipley's reflections other than these at this hour? He had promised to do a man's job, and our old proverb again comes to mind: “ I must make my speech good for empty is the word of him who does not stand by it with his life! ”

He left at once, told his orderly to drive *north*, slipped into the side car of his motorcycle and was off toward Montfaucon. Because of the congested road as described in Captain Gillette's letter, it was a slow procedure, but the motorcycle could climb Montfaucon and by October 2nd he had conquered HILL 7 of our story.

Can my reader visualize that scene as George surmounts Hill 7, Montfaucon, that October day? Upon its crest, soldiers became at once targets to the enemy. There was nothing to obstruct the view that the German soldiers had of our boys as they reached

the summit. The ground in front, made a shambles through four years of firing, would not allow the passage of a motorcycle and he saw the necessity at once of abandoning his car. With volcanic suddenness he saw the yawning spaces down that hill. Hill 7 was conquered by our brother in a moment. It requires no effort of imagination to hear him say as the bombs were bursting in air in front of him and in the rear — “ Goodbye, old pal, you have brought me to Montfaucon and I am grateful to you, but now our ways must part. I must go on without you, so my beloved cycle, goodbye, farewell — farewell! ”

According to our letter from Captain Gillette the motorcycle was left on the curb in the main street. Montfaucon was then but a great gathering of ash heaps and crumpled iron, and no doubt the motorcycle was soon a small mass of steel, but it had carried our brother safely up Hill 7. George came to Company B, 3rd Division, before October 4, according to the letters from the officers of that infantry Division. He must have been in the fighting during the attack on the 4th (according to these letters), but survived until the next attack which they made on the 10th. All histories record October 10 as the date of the second phase of the Meuse-Argonne.

As the Chaplain reported, he was killed in this battle on October 11, 1918.

He had played the man gloriously, he had seen the need of officers — later reports in histories show that officers were all either killed or wounded in this in-

fantry at this stage of the war — and if going north instead of south as he left Geddeon that day was an act of insubordination, it was what Lord John Fisher, the First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, in his book *Memories and Records* called “ the Genius of insubordination.”

And here my story must end. Our brother had taken the death-call course to be of help in the battle of the Argonne as his division was retreating before Montfaucon: he had stood by his word with his life.

When we began our narrative, the question at issue was, how did he die with the infantry of the 3rd Division, being Supply Officer of the 79th? And now this question has been fully answered.

The Honor Roll of the A.E.F. for the Chicago area contains the name of Shipley but once, Second Lieutenant George E. Shipley. This being the case, the following incident proved a notable distinction for our soldier brother.

After returning from France at the close of the war, General Pershing, the Commander in Chief, was invited to address the annual meeting of the Chicago Sons of the American Revolution. This was held at the LaSalle hotel on February 11, 1922, and was well attended because of the great interest in the speaker of the evening, who was to relate some of his experiences in the war. Among those attending this evening's festivities was the only brother of Lieutenant George Shipley, who went as a member of the organization, quite unconscious of the attention which he

was to receive that evening. An invitation was given for all to meet the General and to shake hands with him as they passed to the banquet room. An announcer stood with him who ascertained the name of each in turn and gave it to the General that he might know to whom he was speaking. As the announcer called the name Shipley, General Pershing stepped forward to shake hands with Mr. Shipley and, stopping the great line of guests, engaged him in conversation, asking "Is this Mr. Shipley?" "Yes," answered the brother of Lieutenant Shipley. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Shipley. Did a relative of yours by the same name lose his life in France?" "Yes, my only brother, George Shipley, was killed in the Argonne." "I am very sorry. I have been listening for this name, and wish to extend my sympathy to you," and as he continued conversing with Mr. Shipley while the long line of guests was kept waiting, it was very plain to be seen he was giving our soldier brother Lieutenant Shipley a great distinction in this evening's meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution in Chicago. And to his family it seemed a very kind and unusual bit of attention.

Those who were with Mr. Shipley could only exclaim "What a wonderful memory the General has!" He had brought the name of George Shipley all the way with him from France to the soldier's home city, Chicago — it was indeed a marvelous feat of memory on the part of the Commander in Chief, and to his

nearest of kin closely approached the importance of a citation.

“Facts are established by investigation and delay,” someone has said. If so, then we may feel that the years since our brother’s death in the Meuse-Argonne battle have brought us the facts exactly as they were. We need wait no longer for any further information to come to us concerning October 11 and 12, 1918.

Besides the three letters from the officers of the 4th infantry, 3rd Division, Lieutenant Lee and Captain Abrams, and the letter from Chaplain J. Austen Lord, we have the evidence of several other participants who in conversation brought to Lieutenant Shipley’s family much information of those days at Nantillois. Chaplain J. Austen Lord, who buried him on the 12th of October, Mr. Harry Cook, ex-Personnel officer of the 3rd Division, Lieutenant James D. Lightbody, who found his grave soon after the burial, Captain Shipley Thomas of the 1st Division, and Captain Charles C. Gillette of the 4th infantry, were all near Nantillois at that time.

The ex-Personnel officer of the 3rd Division, Mr. Harry Cook, no doubt received his report from someone who had seen our brother fall. The chaplain found only the identification disc about his wrist when he buried him the day following. Captain Gillette informed us that many officers of the A.E.F. removed their officers’ insignia before going over the top, to prevent their being too plain a target for the German gunners. George, “facing the German guns

at almost pointblank range," may have removed his officer's insignia. Here is a passage taken from Mr. Cook's report:

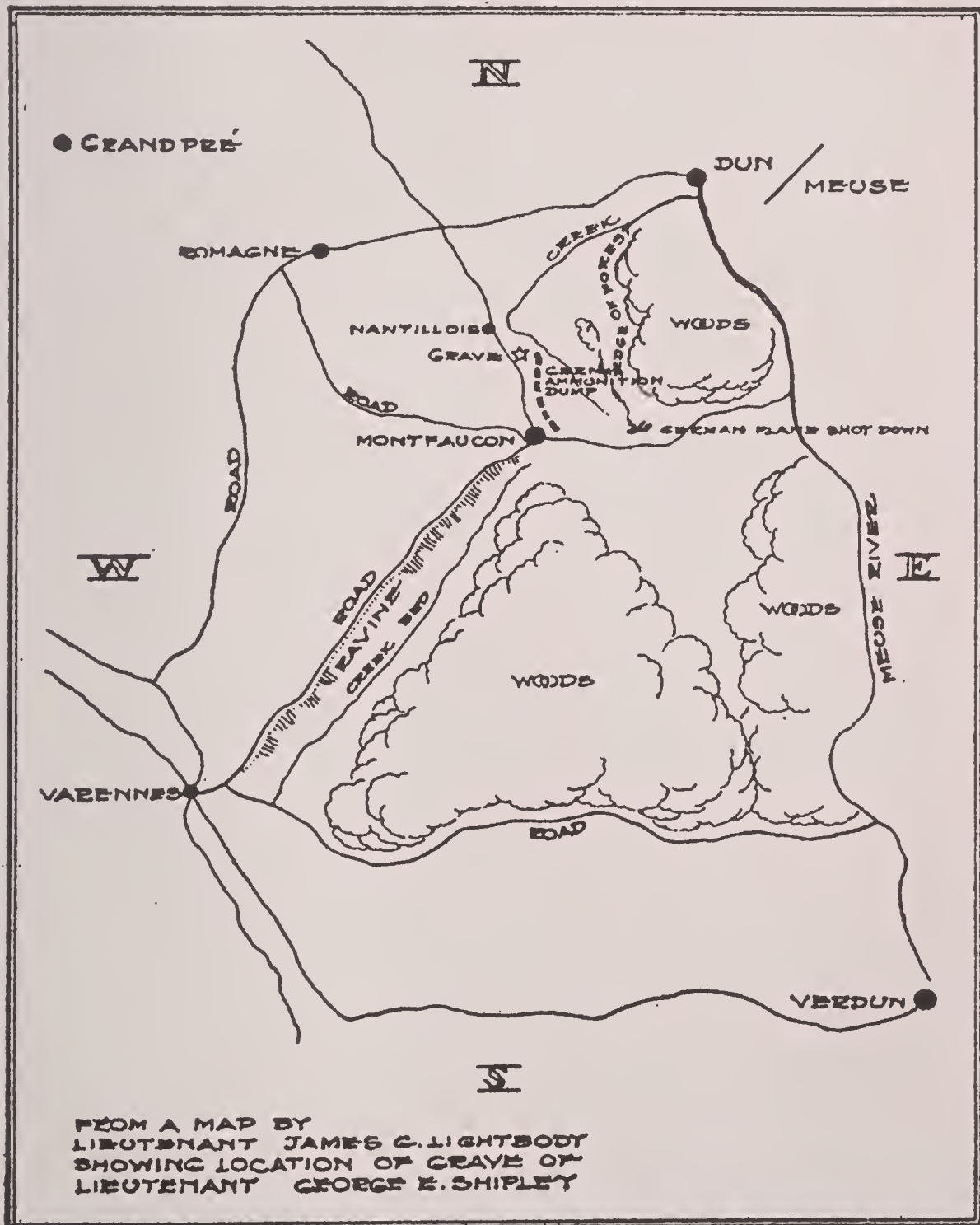
March 18, 1921
Chicago, Ill.

. . . As per our conversation a few days ago, the following is to my best recollection the information obtained by me and in turn forwarded to the adjutant general of the army, some time during the month of May or June, 1920, at which time I was personnel clerk in charge of casualty reports in the Personnel Adjutant office, 3rd Division, Headquarters, Camp Pike, Arkansas.

In the early part of October, 1918, a man named Shipley came to Company B, 4th Infantry; the regiment had at this time seen hard fighting and had been receiving numerous replacements, so that when he came, there were no questions of his identity asked, tho it was noticed and remarked upon by some of the older men that this man wore a much better grade uniform than the average enlisted man, also that he wore the waist part of the Sam Brown belt, but no insignia otherwise denoting that he might have been an officer. It was along about the 11th of October, 1918, that the platoon which Shipley had assigned himself to, were to go over the top in an attack; in this attack they were facing the German guns almost at point blank range and the officers in charge of this platoon were either all killed or were casualties at once due to the fact that they were in advance and leading the men: at this stage, Shipley, practically a new man in the company, took charge of the remaining men and succeeded in gaining the required objective, when he was killed instantly. It was not known up to this time that he had been an officer, but when he was buried the identification discs and papers found on the body identified him as being Second Lieutenant George E. Shipley.

HILL 7

The diagram following was made from a drawing by Lieutenant James D. Lightbody and was called by him "almost absolutely accurate." He was in this locality often in his service as Intelligence Officer stationed at Toul.



PART TWO



LIEUTENANT SHIPLEY'S GRAVE IN ROMAGNE CEMETERY
*Showing the original wooden cross (bottom) , and the per-
 manent monument of Parisian marble (top)*

CHAPTER I

MY OWN REFLECTIONS UPON WAR

With elation and delight, I record the possession of six grandsons and a grandnephew, all now under twenty years of age. My reflections upon war then are written with feeling.

My thoughts run leaping back over the pages that have been written upon this horrible war and as memory counts those of our acquaintances who lost their lives in it I am compelled to confess that my thinking about war becomes further confused. Is it ever absolutely necessary to wage war?

There is one thing we should all agree upon as to war. War is not necessary to train men for courageous lives or courageous acts. It is sometimes asserted that war is not only inevitable but a good thing for the race, that it brings out humanity's noblest qualities, develops heroism, self-sacrifice, etc. This is absolutely false. Men do not need war to make them noble.

“Only one who is cruel and perverted can see anything good in war. Some wars seem unavoidable but there never was anything good in war. War results only in misery, suffering, brutality, disease, cun-

ning, deception, hatred for centuries to come, and eventual racial degeneration."

Recalling those seven youths whom we had known who lost their lives in this last war: my own brother, George Shipley, Patrick Anderson, Thomas Knox, all three of Dartmouth College; Norman Robertson of Montreal, Gordon Campbell of Detroit, Frank Sturtevant and Hazen Vaughn of Oak Park, we are reminded again of Whittier's poem to Thomas Shipley, the second stanza of which opens with, "Gentlest of Spirits!" That well describes these men whom we knew, and it seems that war very often takes men of such natures as its sacrifices.

It is said that in England nowadays, you may hear whispered about among the people: "Never again, never again." Up in Scotland, the Church of Scotland has concluded never again to take part in any war and here in our own country a great number of ministers have just declared themselves pacifists. In addresses published in England, you see such expressions as this: "Statesmen who did not keep us out of war should be impeached."

On this subject of pacifism, I again confess to confused thinking. When the English missionaries in China were rushing to the seacoast to escape Chinese bandits, with what joy did we read of the dawn revealing a great British man-of-war standing by, as the missionaries and their families fell exhausted upon the sands. I am for peace, and love it, as all right-thinking people do, but I do not belong to the paci-

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fists in all honesty; neither am I a militarist. But the view of the individual is of little moment. When a man-of-war is needed for the protection of the weak, my thinking on the whole subject becomes very much confused.

As for deliverance from war, the old statement of Lord Bryce still holds good, does it not?

“No scheme for preventing future wars will have any success, unless the states will join in coercing by their overwhelming united strength any state which may disregard the obligation which it has undertaken.”

But when we have reached the point where a bomb the size of an orange is all that is needed to destroy a city, surely no time should be lost by our wise statesmen in discovering some method of agreement among nations.

But my frail fancies as to the deliverance from war must end here. These affairs are the work of statesmen and of kings. The sad truth about war is that it takes our youths to do the fighting and the suffering, and their training begins early in life as we may witness now among the nations of Europe.

Hear what the small boys of Germany must repeat to Chancellor Hitler whenever they are called before him: “In our youthful blood we feel the warlike fury of our fathers. In the flaming dawn we haughtily arise. Our premonitions are of charges and of thunderbolts. We foresee perils but it is with glad hearts. Hitler, we offer you our sacrifice.”

In the latest book by Kerensky, *The Crucifixion of Liberty*, one reads of the youths' part in the revolution of Russia. While life flows on in its accustomed stream, the youth of the universe are studying, are learning, are deciding, are mayhap rebelling — listen to this from the pages of Kerensky's book:

The misfortune of Russia was not in the existence of those companies of former serf owners, but in the absence of a healthy fullgrown middle class, determined between the government reactionaries and the social revolutionaries. The result was an unnatural political situation throughout the country. Little groups of revolutionary youths with socialistic, sometimes with even anarchistic, tendencies, groups hardly connected or rather quite unconnected with the peasantry or the workmen — these groups of heroic youths shook the whole structure of the Russian state with their propaganda and their bold acts of terrorism, as though to give help from the left wing to the right wing or to the path of a police dictatorship, more and more undisguised, more and more dangerous not only to the country but to the monarchy itself. All harmless and peacefully disposed youthful associations were forced to leave their peaceful educative work to take up revolutionary terrorism.

And now we read that boys of eight years are forced to take up military training in Italy!

A famous old Russian composer said of one of his symphonies: "It is a legitimate outburst of anguish." My reflections on war are likewise "an outburst of anguish."

Frank J. Loesch, president of the Crime Commission of Chicago for so many years, has this to say of

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the Boy Scout movement: "No criminals come from this organization, but it lacks the religious teaching which is necessary for greater citizenship."

The schools, the universities, do not teach enough religion. Good citizenship must have religion for its background, and by religion I mean that of the son of God, the teachings of Jesus the Christ, who taught forgiveness and to overcome evil with good.

The following conversation published in a recent magazine, reads thus:

"Why do women talk so much?"

"Because they teach the world to talk."

"This truth reveals great responsibility," was the reply.

If we, the feminine portion of humanity, are accused of being too loquacious, shall we not use that great responsibility, that teaching power, in giving to the little people of the world truths that shall form a life-foundation as they are growing up.

So, as the years and the shadows deepen and lengthen in my own life, may my reflections upon war have some weight with any younger women who chance to read these pages. Would that I might send this message around the world, to China, Japan and the Balkans: Teach your little children religion, that is, the religion of the Son of God; teach them the words of Him who taught forgiveness, love, and the elimination of the spirit of revenge from the heart; teach them such words as these below, if you will allow this dictating by one so stricken in years as to feel

she knows whereof she speaks — this is not the “testament of youth,” but the testament of old age:

God is love.

It is He that hath made us.

In Him we live and move.

Thou, God, seest me.

Ask and ye shall receive.

Pray without ceasing.

Love one another.

Am I my brother's keeper?

A three- or four-year-old may learn to lisp these truths which will not only make him free but will preserve him from the perils that beset us here upon earth, and at the same time make him a greater citizen.

There are hundreds more of such truths to be found in the older versions of the Word of God, in the American Revised version, in the Moffatt translation, and in the Goodspeed translation, if sought with care and eager interest.

The little people thus fortified through life with such thoughts imbedded in their minds will press forward the peace of the world. If we, the feminine portion of the human race, are charged with taking upon ourselves too great a responsibility in life, that of teaching the world to talk, let us do this which lies ready to our hands, let us influence the youth for peace.

When the American Legion met in Chicago in 1933, it was a great gathering of old soldiers, many of whom had been heroes in France; but to the consternation of certain of our citizens during those

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days, it was seen that though many had been brave to stand before the guns of the Germans, they were not brave to stand before a cup of wine that inebriates and, alas, many fell ingloriously on Chicago's thoroughfares!

To write again of the Legion, now when there is so much criticism on the air and in Washington about the bonus, it is worth while to remember that over there in France are lying a considerable proportion of soldiers who depended upon their salary month by month as their sole source of income. Among those was our brother, Lieutenant Shipley; nor did he take out any insurance, being in this respect, it appears, the one exception to the rule among the officers at Camp Grant.

As our soldiers marched into the battle of the Argonne in September, 1918, with the circle of the hills of France before them and the thought of the homeland within them, the sense of justice was the impelling force that drove them on. The Germans had no right to take the land from the French people nor to destroy it as they were doing. It was someone's duty to prevent this great loss to France. That word Justice should be the foundation word of peace in the world now, as we see peace seeming to fade from our vision. Justice to all would bring peace, and that alone. For instance, the Germans want their colonies returned to them; well then, there should be protection along the Rhine border for the

HILL 7

French nation. Justice is or should be the watchword throughout our world or there will be no peace.

We think of the old proverb once more: "I must make my speech good, for empty is the word of him who will not stand by it with his life." Our soldiers had promised to do their bit in France. Lieutenant Shipley, riding out on his motorcycle from Geddeon and turning north instead of south, was moved not only by a sense of justice, but by his word given long before: "Vain is the word of him that will not stand by it with his life," and we see him struggling up Hill 7, all the way under fire, a fearful fifteen miles for us to contemplate. A sense of justice was impelling him. "This is a man's job," had been his word of the war, and on he went, mounting the last hill of his life with great courage.

The cable telling of this day, sent by the personnel adjutant in January following, recording as will be observed, that he left Geddeon to report at First Army headquarters where General Pershing was directing the Argonne battle in his office at Souilly reads thus:

Whiting

10 Jan. 1919
Headquarters, 79th Division
Bureau Élysée Place, Paris

Reference your wire Jan 9. Lt. George Shipley 304 Sanitary Train last seen leaving this Division for Headquarters of 1st Army Corps latter part of September. No other information as to whereabouts.

Close, Personnel Adjutant

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While in my own confusion of mind it is not possible to number myself among the pacifists, yet it is true that in the great confusion of mind, prevailing upon this serious subject, if one lifts up his eyes to the hills or, as the Psalmist wrote, "If I consider the heavens," one shall see the great Creator has a plan for the people of this earth and that His plan is for peace and goodwill toward man.

The reverent astronomer tells us there is great strength for the soul of man in gazing up into the heavens. Considering the stars at night, viewing Arcturus, which is forty light-years, and other planets a million million light-years distant, in the vastness of the heavens, he sees there a Mind Supreme, sustaining the Universe in law and order. He sees there a Great Compassionate God ruling the Universe in which the sight at night of the star world is indescribable, is incomprehensible, is beyond belief. But considering the heavens there is in the vastness of space, Law and Order and Reason displayed there — for those who will look up.

So, in finishing my story with these confused reflections upon war, there is the great truth to be recorded that in lifting our eyes to the hills, we see a great God ruling our Universe in whose Mind there is no confusion. We have but to be still and know that He is God. Viewing the stars we may understand, as Dr. Edwin Frost says, that "Though we are dust, we are star dust!"

And if from any tragic Hill 7 of life or from any

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Argonne hill or from any thought high and lifted up we consider the stars *in their courses*, we may take courage and be strengthened for every battle that approaches us while dwelling upon this planet, so marvelously maintained by its maker.

CHAPTER II

MEMORIAL SERMON

Preached by the Reverend John M. Vander Meulen, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Oak Park, Illinois, on April 20, 1919.

The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. — ISAIAH 53:5

Does this seem to you a bold text to use of two merely human heroes? Were not these words written only of Christ? Yes, I think they were written of Christ. They find their highest, their only complete fulfillment in Him. They are such a startling prophecy of him in the mouth of the Old Testament prophet that the wonder has been ever since that the Jew can not see it.

But this is the general principle of the Old Testament prophecy, that while it finds its highest and complete fulfillment only in Christ, it finds its first and partial fulfillment in events closer at hand and in beings exalted, to be sure, and still merely human. The Old Testament is a book of foretypes of Him who was still to come. It is so of the prophet's great figure of the Servant of Jehovah. In the first instance, it was to him the spiritual part of the nation

personified until at last rising on the wings of his prophecy he said things of this Servant of Jehovah that could find fulfillment, fulfillment true and complete, only in Him who was more than man.

Yet never did his prophecy or his figure entirely exclude the merely human foretypes. Of them in a measure too it was always true. For:

They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

And so in its finite measure it has likewise been true of all the human after-types of Him. It is so that I use these words tonight. The chastisement of our peace as a people was laid upon these two young men whose heroism we are met to commemorate tonight and by their stripes we are healed. Our memorial tonight is a study in human vicariousness.

Lieutenant George E. Shipley was born in Detroit, Michigan, October 14, 1883 and prepared for college in the Oak Park High School. At Dartmouth he was a very prominent undergraduate, winning his "D" in track as a member of the Varsity Relay Team. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, Casque and Gauntlet Senior society, and Palaeopitus. In his senior year he was elected vice-president of his class. After graduation he was connected with Butler Brothers, a mail order house in Chicago. During the summer of 1916 he served on the Mexican border with Battery E, 1st Illinois Field Artillery. When our country declared war with

MEMORIAL SERMON

Germany, Mr. Shipley enlisted in the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan and received his commission as lieutenant. He went to France last summer. A letter from his college president, Dr. Hopkins of Dartmouth, discloses the fact that he had endeavored to secure his influence to send him to France earlier. He was eager to get into the fighting. He, however, secured his assignment in the early part of last summer, going as a member of the 304th Sanitary Train of the 79th Division.

Varied may be and are the temperaments of which heroes are made. He, though he was born in Michigan, was for the greatest part of his life an Oak Park boy. In his veins flowed the blood of heroic Englishmen of the past. They had come here to settle in this land of the free because of the desire for freedom, and the stirring of great deeds were in their souls. One of them, the great-grandfather of George Shipley, was Henry Shipley, a youthful hero of the Revolutionary war. There is much in the makeup of these two young men and in their careers that seems to run parallel, so that were we believers in the reincarnation of souls we might be tempted to say that in George Shipley the soul of Henry Shipley had come to earth again. For of Henry Shipley the chronicler tells us that "he was a very strong, athletic young man, of excellent constitution, sober and quiet in disposition, and considerably above the average in intelligence." He too, in the crisis of his day, in 1776, had enlisted in the American army.

He participated in the Battle of Long Island. "At one time, while on the bank of the East River, New York," the chronicler tells us, "the men of his company were surrounded by the British. . . . There was but one way to escape, and that was to drop everything and swim across the river to the city. This was a desperate undertaking, but about ninety of the men chose it as a last resort and started for the opposite shore. Only seventeen of them reached the city alive, and (probably because he was an athlete) Henry was one of that fortunate number. . . . Henry also participated in the battles of Germantown, Monmouth and Brandywine. He also passed the dreadful winter with the starving patriots at Valley Forge and, the following spring, tramped the frozen hills with bleeding feet among the old veteran command, derisively called by the British, 'George Washington's Ragamuffins.' "

But the chronicler continues: "It was the very spirit, however, that made these men willing to be called 'ragamuffins' for the salvation of their country and the preservation of their manhood that carried them through the hardships of that terrible campaign and finally enabled them gloriously to triumph over the 'best trained army then organized in the world.' " How the very phrases applied to young Henry Shipley of Revolutionary days fit the career of Lieutenant George in these days! Let me repeat them once more while you apply them to our modern hero, the worthy great-grandson of so gallant an

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ancestor: "It was the very spirit that made these men willing to be called 'ragamuffins' for the salvation of their country and the preservation of their manhood that carried them through all the hardships of that terrible campaign, and finally enabled them gloriously to triumph over the 'best trained army then organized in the world.' "

If Henry Shipley could have looked down from the skies, I think he would have been greatly encouraged over the progress of the race. The same heroism and dauntless courage still flowed in the heart of that one of his descendants who seemed so much like himself. But so friendly, meanwhile, had grown the relationship between the country of his adoption and the land of his ancestors against which he had fought that, so far from being enemies, they and their sons were standing side by side against a common foe battling for the freedom of the world and the ideals of the kingdom of Christ. Henry Shipley stood in his humble battle-array against the men who had come over seas to fight the liberties of young America. George Shipley was to go over seas to stand in battle-array against a foe which would have destroyed the liberties of England and America both.

George Shipley was of a retiring disposition. It is said of Abraham Lincoln that he was much given to solitary meditation, the brooding of a serious mind over great problems. It was true likewise of Jerome Savonarola, of Joan of Arc. In such minds

there may easily arise something of the prophetic. It is said of Abraham Lincoln that even in his younger years he seemed to feel instinctively that he was on the eve of great and dramatic coming events that were casting their shadows before, and felt too that he would have a part in that crisis when it came.

Something of that same prophetic instinct, one is tempted to believe, was felt in the soul of young Shipley. He sometimes spoke of it. And once when talking of his future career he was heard to say, while tears sprang to his eyes: "I wish I could do something for my country."

Such men are apt not quite to find themselves till the great crisis which is foreshadowed in their souls comes to birth, and they are taking their part in it. For it is for this that God has been holding them, as it were, in reserve.

I think it was in some measure so with Lieutenant Shipley. The occasion for which he had been meant had come at last. He was quick to recognize it and hear its call to him. And perhaps never in his life was he so at peace within as when at last his chivalrous soul had embarked on the enterprise of the great world's deliverance.

I say he was a chivalrous soul. As in the case of the great commoner whom I have just mentioned, God had combined in him a mighty, athletic body with a gentle, though strong spirit. It was a fit combination for a knight. Once in his younger years when he saw a young companion bullied by a larger

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boy he had held the bully with his face in the snow until the little fellow should cry that his recent tyrant had had enough. It was somewhat the same proposition that had come to young Shipley now. It was an adventure of chivalry. And he set forth, gentle in spirit but strong in body and brave in soul, with all the high purpose of a knight of old.

And gloriously did he vindicate the best traditions of knighthood. His chaplain has described how gloriously he fell. About a month before in his last letter, a letter to his mother, he felt that he was drawing near the hour when he would strike his great blow for his land and the world. He says:

Dear Mother:

Have been so busy have not had time to write anyone, but hope you will get this note to let you know that everything with me is excellent so far, and I expect it will be all along. It will not be possible for me to let you know where I am, but we have moved twice since I last wrote, and are leaving again tonight for a two-nights' march and then we will be at our permanent place, as far as we know, for a month or two anyhow.

Last night I saw the flash of the big guns for the first time. The sky was well lit up but I was not near enough to be able to give you any more description. The town I am now in you have all seen on the map many times. It has not been bombarded for a year. Across the street from where I am now I can see a

ruin, a wrecked building that gives physical evidence of the last German visit a year ago. Our airships were flying over this town all day yesterday and last evening I saw a formation of aeroplanes that looked just like a flock of geese in the shape of a V. They were starting out to the front to bombard the enemy. This is the most interesting place I have seen yet. Everything is going along here just as though we were a hundred miles from war. Up till the time we came here we have been traveling in trains but from now on it will be night marches with our helmets on and gas masks in alert position. I read in the morning's paper that the Americans were taking a certain town, and I suppose the glare in the sky that I saw last night must have been a part of that movement. . . . The last time I wrote, I mentioned the fact of going into some beautiful mountain scenery but the "dope" was wrong; have been sent to a different place which, according to this morning's paper is just getting into a new offensive. I trust you are well, and happy over the progress which the Allies are making. I believe the fighting will stop by Christmas, with a sure victory for U.S.

Love,
George

The next day or so he was in the terrible fighting in the Argonne Forest. I wonder whether any of us will ever get any adequate conception of the awfulness of that fight? Never, I venture to say, in the

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history of the world has there been anything which in its awfulness and in its demand for sheer courage and superhuman effort has been its equal. Even the ordinary soldier who comes back to us out of that fight, as some of our boys are coming back, will scarce be able to make us see it. For it is peculiarly the soldier's limitation that he cannot describe his own fight. He is so lost in the action of it that he cannot see or tell about it.

The Colonel of the regiment in which Major Rivet of Oak Park was killed was in that same fight about Montfaucon in which Lieutenant Shipley lost his life, and this Colonel writes to Mrs. Rivet in a letter I have read: "The woods were literally covered with lines of machine guns and our advance was hammered incessantly by high explosive shells, and the woods reeked with gas."

A soldier friend of Lieutenant Shipley's family, who himself visited the ground where Lieutenant Shipley fell leading his men, writes of it: "I think in the last few weeks the efforts for an armistice rather shut off from public view the wonderful work of our First Army in the Argonne Forest. It is unbelievable that any humans could go through the terrain and fortifications that they did in the last month of fighting. It was a woods of dense barbed wire, trenches, holes, snares, underbrush and mud that was a terrible death-trap for the machine-guns. I do not believe anyone but Americans could have done it. I say this without disrespect to our Allies,

for I have nothing but admiration for them and their men. But it was a genuine American trick to do the impossible and the fighting has been spoken of by the French and the British as the most wonderful and brilliant offensive fighting of the entire war."

I have said that soldiers are not at their best generally in description. But William Benjamin West, a minister who had volunteered as a sort of chauffeur and unofficial chaplain combined, was in that fight and he has given us a fairly good account of it. He writes in his book:

Four long, dreadful years the Forest had been the impregnable stronghold of the Kaiser's minions. The last word in the perfection of trench warfare had been spoken by them. . . .

Machine gun nests had been planted in every conceivable point of vantage from a camouflaged bush on the hillside to the concealed "lookout" in the tallest treetop. Cannon of every caliber had been placed throughout the woods and under the lee of each protecting hill or cliff. A system of narrow-gauge railroads sent its spurs into every part of the Forest, delivering ammunition to the guns and supplies to the men, even connecting by tunnel with some of the largest dugouts. The Boche had not held this stronghold undisturbed. The traditions of the battlefield, passed from lip to lip, told of the numerous and costly offensives by the French and English, but always the same story of failure to take or hold the Forest.

When the American offensive was ready to be launched, the French were eager to gamble, first, that our doughboys could not take the "untakeable"; and second, that if by any miraculous procedure they succeeded in breaking the German line they could not *hold* what they had taken.

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This did not mean that they doubted the courage or the ability of our men but that they did have knowledge of the impregnable nature of the German stronghold.

On that eventful morning near the end of September, the rainy season having started, and the mud of the Argonne vying with the mud of Flanders, our guns began to cough and roar. For three terrific hours they spoke the language of the bottomless pit and caused the very foundations of the earth itself to quiver. Germans taken prisoners by our men afterwards acknowledged that they had never heard anything so terrifying in their lives. Having sent over their letter of introduction, our boys followed in person with a shout and a dash. Over the top and through the wire entanglements of No Man's Land they fairly leaped their way. Hundreds of tons of barbed wire had been woven and interwoven between posts driven into the ground. These posts were in rows and usually stood about three feet out of the ground. The rows were four feet apart. Then through the trenches of the German front line they swept and out across the open country which lay between them and the Forest. The marks of the four years' conflict were everywhere visible; the blackened and splintered remains of trees, the grass-covered shell-holes, the ruined towns and the wooden crosses, silent markers of the tombs of the dead. Beside these were the fresh holes in the fields and on the hillside where our guns had literally blasted the whole face of the ground.

The shell-holes ranged from the washtub size made by the 75's to the great fissure-torn holes made by the big naval guns, and which would make an ample cellar for an ordinary dwelling house. I have seen horses which had fallen into these great holes shot and covered over because they could not be gotten out without a derrick.

In the Forest proper our boys encountered machine-gun nests, artillery pieces of every caliber, and the Boche with

whom the woods were infested. Besides the opposition of an active enemy were the natural barriers of deep ravines, stony ridges and cliffs, and in many places an almost impassable barrier of dense underbrush and fallen limbs and trees. Through all this, however, our boys pushed that first great day, ignoring danger which they were not compelled to conquer in their rapid advance. When they emerged from the Forest they swept down the hillside, through the gas-filled valley, and stormed the ridges beyond. On the crest of one of these ridges was Montfaucon, a strongly fortified position, said to have been one of the observation towers of the Crown Prince during the four years of the war. Having surrounded and taken this stronghold they swept on through the next valley and having reached their objective ahead of schedule dug themselves in, while the fire of German guns pierced and depleted their ranks.

Whatever military critics may say, our hearts thrill with pride for these heroes who, being given an objective, took it with an impetuosity which caused them to outrun even their own barrage. And having taken it to hold on for days at whatever cost until the heavy artillery could be brought up to support their line and make a new gain possible.

When the first surprise shock was over and the enemy realized that the Americans were really taking their impregnable fortifications, and opening the door for the defeat and bottling up of the whole German army, their resistance stiffened to desperation, and our boys had to literally hew their way to victory.

Dr. Thibodeau, formerly pastor of the Cuyler Avenue Church here in Oak Park, over there on Y. M. C. A. duty, tells us more particularly of the work done by the 79th division, Lieutenant Shipley's division, in this awful fight. He writes:

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“ Tuesday of this week I spent on the battle fronts where the 79th division made history for itself and for our great America. My trip took me through Dombasle, Montfaucon, Nantillois, Dead Man’s Hill No. 304, and returning we came through the Argonne Forest, where some of the hardest fighting of the war occurred. . . .

“ Montfaucon is the city in which the German Crown Prince had his residence for some time. I was in the house which he occupied as his quarters; it is about the only house left standing in the whole city.

“ The old church tower from which he observed the artillery fire of Verdun is completely fallen down, but one may get a fairly good idea of its advantage as a point for observing the destructive accuracy of those big German guns. The country for miles around is visible and it resembles a horribly pock-marked face. No Man’s Land is everywhere thereabouts so far as the eye can see.

“ It took the boys of the 79th division to finally drive the Germans out and then they did it in early October, and, had the armistice only been delayed or better, not been given at all, they would have been in Berlin by this time! Oh, but they left a trail of graves behind them. I walked over miles of battlefield around Montfaucon and stood over graves of a vast multitude of our brave lads who were buried just where they had fallen, in shell holes, by the roadside, in fact anywhere dirt could be easily

and hastily gotten to cover their heroic forms. . . . The evidences of their titantic struggle were all about me. The earth was ripped and scarred; holes where they had 'dug in' to escape the merciless rain of machine gun bullets, dugouts where they had slept when exhausted. Oh, what a fearful price they paid for our peace and security! "

Among those of the 79th division who there paid that supreme sacrifice was Lieutenant Shipley. His chaplain, J. Austen Lord, gives the following account of his death:

" Lieutenant Shipley at the time he met his death was directing an attack northwest of Montfaucon — about seven kilometers. I am sure from the place and time I found him that he had fallen late the day before. He met an instant death and so did not suffer. As I remember his wound, it was caused by a high explosive shell. I buried so many that day you will see it is difficult for me to keep definitely in mind so many details. I remember Lieutenant Shipley, though, very distinctly. He was not mutilated at all and his body was in excellent condition when buried. He fell just at the edge of a clump of woods and I buried him close there where he fell. I wrapped him in his blanket and gave him a Christian burial, as much as it was possible to do then. The battle was still raging all about us and he was buried amidst the surroundings he had given his life in. Could I speak personally with you I could tell you

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much better how the battle raged, and what fine courage Lieutenant Shipley showed in leading his men. You may well be proud of so fine a brother."

The cablegram put it more briefly, but none the less emphatically: "Lieutenant Shipley died gloriously on the battlefield."

What more could he have wished? He had wanted to do something for his country. And God, who had put that desire in his soul, gave him its fulfillment by letting him strike a decisive blow not only for his country but for the whole world and for the kingdom of Christ in what was perhaps the most critical hour, save one, in human history.

For first of all, he fought in one of the outstanding battles of all time. In all the future when men read or meet to talk over the deeds of shining prowess and undaunted heroism performed on the world's battlefields, they will speak with thrilled tones and glistening eyes of the Argonne. It is something, merely to have been a part of such a fight as that.

And then it was a triumphant fight. Lieutenant George Shipley was leading his men to victory. He died in the supreme moment of a glorious success. When Wolfe lay mortally wounded on the heights of Quebec some officer exclaimed: "They fly." "Who fly?" asked the dying leader. "The enemy," answered the officer, "they give way everywhere." "Now God be praised," said Wolfe, "I die content." So George Shipley died, leading his men heroically,

leading them in one of the most glorious victories America had ever won. It was for this, countless millions of his countrymen at home and in France had been praying and sacrificing. It was his call to be at the fulfilled end of their prayer, the point of their shining sword.

And then over and above this, he fell, as I have already suggested, not merely in victorious battle, but in one of the most decisive battles of all history. Like the battle of Marathon or of Waterloo or of Gettysburg it accomplished something. It accomplished more than any of these. Many men have fought and sacrificed in other days and other parts of this world. But to few men has it been given from the realms above so to see of the travail of their soul and be satisfied as it has been given to those American heroes of the Argonne. They stood at the crossroads of the world's life, stood between the road to scientific barbarism and paganism and autocracy on the one hand, and the road to a higher Christian civilization and brotherhood on the other.

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Was hanging breathless on their fate.

And they did not fail humanity, past, present or future. They saved mankind. And the gratitude of mankind is justly theirs forever. It is wonderful to have been given such a part to play among the world's generations.

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And finally, George Shipley died chivalrously, vicariously, as Christ whom he had professed died. You and I will go to our graves quietly it may be, sustained let us hope by our faith. But to few men is it given actually to die gloriously; to none save to those of whom it can be said that they died voluntarily for others. How such men must be able better to understand Christ's cross in eternity! What a bond it must be between them and Him!

To have died victoriously in one of the world's outstanding decisive battles, winning, and dying for one's country and for a perennial blessing to the whole world, to have died vicariously as Christ died, this was the place that God had meant for Lieutenant George Shipley, the gift God had given him. We dare not pity him.

Lieutenant George Shipley, in the name of Christ and of this church of which you were the representative, I thank you and I salute you.

CHAPTER III

HEROES ALL

*The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands
of the Moral world.* — STANLEY

Among our youthful friends in the World War there were several who stood out as heroes by reason of their achievement in places of exceptional danger.

These several young friends included Captain Kingman Douglass, First Lieutenant William H. Vail, Captain Shipley Thomas, Lieutenant Wilbur Eickelberg, First Lieutenant Herbert Ullmann, U.S.N.R., First Lieutenant Lester B. McAllister, First Lieutenant Jacob Reininga, Lieutenant Thomas McGowen, and the Overstreet brothers, Captain Ralph, Albert, Harry, and Edward. The records of the first four of these soldiers are taken from publications after the armistice.

My gratitude to those who responded to my request for records is very great: it was no simple task for them, as the soldiers themselves are so hesitant about talking of their experiences.

CAPTAIN KINGMAN DOUGLASS

As is well known, the greatest air squadron in the American forces in France was the 91st Aëro Squadron of which our young friend, Kingman Douglass, was captain. For his heroic service in this flying work he received a magnificent, breath-taking Distinguished Service Cross and it was presented to him by the three generals then commanding: Foch, Haig and Pershing.

The following from the book *Heroes All* gives but a faint idea of what that heroic service really was:

Kingman Douglass Captain
Air Service, Pilot, 91st Aero Squadron. For extraordinary heroism in action near Longuyon, October 31, 1918. While on a photographic mission Captain Douglass encountered a superior number of enemy pursuit planes. Notwithstanding the odds against him, he turned and dived on the hostile formation, destroying one plane and damaging another. He then continued on his mission and returned with photographs of great military value.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. VAIL

If any aëro squadron equaled the 91st of the A.E.F. it was the 95th of which our young friend, William Vail, was a first lieutenant.

He too received the D.S.C., and the following taken from *Heroes All* gives but little of what his experiences really were during those seasons of faithful service in the air:

William H. Vail First Lieutenant Pilot, Air Service, 95th Aero Squadron. For extraordinary heroism in action at Stenay, France, November 6, 1918. Lieutenant Vail, while on patrol, engaged four hostile pursuit planes which were about to attack an accompanying plane. Almost immediately he was attacked by five more enemy planes, all of which he continued to fight until he was severely wounded and his plane disabled. He glided to the ground, abandoning the fight only when his machine fell to pieces near the ground.

CAPTAIN SHIPLEY THOMAS

Commanding the second platoon of Company I, 26th Infantry, Lieutenant Thomas entered the line on November 15, 1917. After the 1st Division was withdrawn from the line for further training Lieutenant Thomas was appointed Regimental Intelligence Officer of the 26th U.S. Infantry, which position he held until the signing of the armistice. He served continuously with this regiment throughout every engagement in which the 1st Division took part and was never wounded or evacuated from the front for any cause. (Captain Thomas is the only combat officer of this regiment holding this record.) Following the Allied counter-offensive toward Soissons on July 18, 1918, he was promoted to a Captaincy by the Corps Commander. He received the following citation in Division Orders:

Captain Shipley Thomas, 26th Infantry, served with gallantry and devotion to duty in all engagements of the regiment. As regimental Intelligence Officer he repeatedly accomplished missions of vital importance to his regimental commander. Frequently called upon to direct the movement of assaulting units and other important missions in forward areas, he traversed ground swept by machine gun and artillery fire. At Soissons, July 18-22, 1918, he kept his regimental commander informed at all times of the progress of the advance units, exposing himself fearlessly to do so. In the Argonne Forest, Oct. 1-11, and November 6-8, 1918, his efficient and devoted work was invaluable to his commanding officer.

LIEUTENANT HERBERT S. ULLMANN

Lieutenant Herbert Satterlee Ullmann, U.S.N.R., enrolled in The Chicago Yachtsman's Naval auxiliary a few days after war was declared. He attended the U.S. Naval Reserve Training stations at Navy Pier, Chicago, and Pelham, New York, graduating with commission of Ensign. He served as deck officer on several ships on the Atlantic until transferred to the U.S.S. Oosterdyk. After the sinking of the Oosterdyk he was sent to the British Isles. He served then as executive officer of the U.S.S. Democracy, a cargo ship operated by the United States Navy plying between the British Isles and the west coast of France. He served here until after the armistice. He ranked as Lieutenant, senior grade, at the time of his discharge.

Herbert S. Ullmann, Lieutenant Junior Grade, Navigating Officer on former Dutch merchant ship Oosterdyk, 18,000 ton displacement. This ship had been taken over by the U. S. government and was being used for carrying cargo. Loaded with munitions, travelling in a convoy of ships to Europe, the Oosterdyk was rammed by U.S.S. San Jacinto (one of the ships of their own convoy which was off her course at the time) on July 9, 1918 at 12:15 A.M., 1300 miles off the coast of New York. The ships were running in total darkness. A great hole was torn in the side of the Oosterdyk, and the bow was ripped off the San Jacinto by the collision. Captain of the Oosterdyk manoeuvred the ship so as not to be run down by the rest of the convoy which kept passing them in the dark. At orders of captain,

Lieutenant Ullmann went to the radio room to give position of ship to the radio operators for S.O.S. No panic or confusion as men went to their life boat positions. At further order of captain he went to the deck and engine room to determine the amount of damage done. On deck, one life boat completely demolished but men to whom it belonged standing calmly by a life raft. "The great chasm plowed in the superstructure deck was a ghastly sight and the night so dark that practically nothing could be seen over the side except the sea rising and falling in a steady swell. Fortunately the moderate gale we had been having had blown itself out."

The engine room was taking in water fast but all men there were standing at stations. The cargo of the ship was shifted to help remove the list from the ship. Instructed to lay course to nearest port which was Halifax, 761 miles away. There had been no answer to their S.O.S. signals. San Jacinto signalled by blinker to stand by as she was sinking, her bow gone, only frail bulkhead holding water. At daylight, since pumps of Oosterdyk were keeping up with the incoming water and San Jacinto was still afloat, both ships decided to start slowly toward Halifax, all S.O.S. calls still unanswered. At 1:45 P.M. engine room of the Oosterdyk suddenly filled with water, coal bunker and bulkhead having given way, and ship started sinking rapidly. All life boats were lowered safely and pulled away. The ten men whose life boat had been demolished, a quartermaster, Ullmann, and the captain, slid down a rope into a little harbor dinghy which had been lowered. As they pulled toward the San Jacinto, two miles away, they watched the Oosterdyk explode and sink into 10,000 fathoms of water. Cargo and ship valued at \$10,000,000. Crew was taken aboard the San Jacinto. The radio set of the San Jacinto was repaired and by 10 P.M. heard more S.O.S. signals being sent out. Finally answered at 2 A.M. The U.S.S. Culgoa

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and a Norwegian ship answered S.O.S. but could not locate the San Jacinto by directions given to them. Captain of the San Jacinto asked Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Ullmann of Oosterdyk, to navigate San Jacinto. An error was found in the compass due to the shock of the impact at collision — corrected and correct location radioed. At 7 P.M. the Norwegian ship arrived and stood by San Jacinto until the following morning when the U.S.S. Culgoa (which had been the second ship in their own convoy) arrived, permitting the Norwegian to proceed on its way. The U.S.S. Culgoa had finally disregarded orders of the commander of the convoy *not* to turn back at S.O.S. signals, and had turned back against orders to aid the two sinking ships. The Oosterdyk men were taken aboard the Culgoa which kept alongside of the disabled San Jacinto going 2 or 3 knots an hour until they reached Halifax ten days later, July 19th. All safe — except the cat.

FIRST LIEUTENANT L. B. McALLISTER

A page from the diary of First Lieutenant L. B. McAllister, 167th (Alabama) Infantry, 42nd (Rainbow) Division:

The expected orders came on October 5. That night we moved left of Montfaucon to the Valley of Exermont, winding our way single file through the greatest mass of artillery and supplies ever concentrated on any front.

The officers were taken up front in the morning to reconnoiter the ground just captured in the first rush on the Argonne by the First Division. What a scrap those boys must have had! German and American dead everywhere — stench, murder, gas clouds, bloated starvation, filth, nausea — far worse than the common grave left open to the disintegration of the elements. And here we were to carry on — to the front — Hill 263, Côte de Chatillon, Landres and St. Georges and the last of the famous Kriemhilde Stellung line, and well we knew that the enemy would not give their well-entrenched lines without our paying a great price.

On October 10 we kicked off behind a fairly concentrated barrage. The battle was so intense, the resistance so stubborn — concentrated machine gun fire that was simply terrific; the enemy airplanes swooped over our heads raking our lines from a height that at times did not exceed 100 feet. How we prayed for our airplanes to drive off these gnats of

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the air, and our prayers were unanswered for not an Allied plane came near all day.

I just cannot describe those days — how long — it was weeks, it was months, it was years — and yet only days, but I say to you that it was eternity in the drawn faces of youth that had been called the ‘flower of our country.’ Three times were we repulsed, but the hill was taken; and what a task was mine as, in the morning, a line, a mighty short line, trudged off — the balance of my company.

We expected to be immediately released. No, we must consolidate, we must hold, awaiting the start of the next phase. Oh, those four days and nights — the dysentery, the latrine pools, the robbing the dead for more blankets, and corned willie, mud, filth and mess just oozing from every pore.

It was too much for me. I was sent to the hospital on October 22, just six hours before we were taken out of the line. Oh, how I hated to leave those boys, those wonderful fellows, who, after I had proven myself, never, not once, backed up without orders.

LIEUTENANT WILBUR EICKELBERG

Among the outstanding records of this group of young men who served in France was that of Lieutenant Wilbur Eickelberg, and a tribute to him written by Lieutenant Heber Smith appeared in the *Church Bell*, as given below:

I take this opportunity of paying a tribute to one of our boys who went over there and delivered. Many others probably did as much, but of Lieutenant Eickelberg I want to say a few words of commendation.

Wilbur enlisted in the Marines as a private a few days after war was declared, was sent to France with the first Marines and was one of those that stopped the Hun at Château Thierry. He saw active service at Soissons, Belleau Woods, Argonne, in fact, every engagement the Marines were in. He was promoted to a corporal, then sergeant, top sergeant, and finally received his commission as second lieutenant. His unit was decorated by the French government. I take my hat off to Wilbur; he has delivered!

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LIEUTENANT THOMAS MCGOWEN

The following report comes from another soldier friend who again writes very briefly of his wounds in France:

Entered the American Army in August 1917 as second lieutenant of field artillery; became attached to the 224th Field Artillery, Second French Army, operating to the left of Verdun for observation purposes.

In May, 1918 assigned to E Battery, 76th Field Artillery, which had just arrived from the States. After a period of training at Coetquidan, France, regiment, as part of the 3rd Division, went into action at Chateau Thierry on July 3. Removed on July 21 to base hospital No. 27 at Angers, France.

After leaving hospital was assigned to the American School of Fire at Saumur, as instructor. In October, 1918 was assigned to the 313th Field Artillery, 80th Division, operating in the Argonne. After armistice remained with the above division billeted at Ancy-la-France until summoned to G.H.Q. for duty with the Peace Commission in Paris. Ordered home as casual officer latter part of March, 1919 to begin speaking tour in the United States on behalf of the Victory Loan.

As a student attended the French School of Fire at Fontainebleau and the French Cavalry School at Saumur, graduating from both places. Honorable discharge from the U. S. Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, May, 1919.

Lieutenant Thomas McGowen

LIEUTENANT JACOB REININGA

Upon request Miss Grace Reininga has given a short report of her brother's service in the World War from which the following is quoted:

Jack received his training at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. He was the only man from Oak Park to receive a commission in the regular army. He went to Waco, Texas, as second lieutenant in the Field Artillery where he spent the winter of 1917-18, and in the spring, May, 1918, sailed for France.

He was made a first lieutenant soon after arriving in France and showed himself willing to be exposed to danger at all points in his regiment where his services were required. He suffered gas attacks in the work of the 5th Division of which he was a member.

This division advanced nearly twenty miles against the enemy's guns, and during those days Lieutenant Reininga showed great willingness, as reported by the officers and privates of his company, to take the place of the men at their guns of the artillery in relieving them during the long sieges. Many times he was sent out under fire to get positions for the U. S. guns while shells were bursting about him.

He served in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles. His division, the 5th, was that division which took Romagne, where later the great American cemetery was located: many bodies of the nearly two thousand battle deaths of this division must have been buried at that cemetery.

Letters from privates who knew Lieutenant Reininga were full of praise for his gallantry and courage and great kindness to the men under him.

He was honorably discharged in the fall of 1918. Later

HEROES ALL

he was appointed by the government to help settle claims that the German government had against us. He returned to America in the spring of 1919.

From all accounts Jack's influence throughout his service in the World War was inspirationally Christian, wrote Miss Reininga.

THE RECORD OF HARRY OVERSTREET'S
FAMILY

“The ties of family and of country were never meant to circumscribe the soul,” wrote Channing.

In attempting to realize the import of the following brief but amazing record in Mr. Overstreet's letter which tells of the war service of himself and his four sons in France one knows that here is a war record not often surpassed in the annals of American history. They went over ready for any fate and entered any service put before them. In family records at least, they are not to be rated under the first of any family from our country.

As one reads of this great service of Mr. Overstreet and his four sons in France, one instinctively turns to the little mother. She bade them farewell one by one as they left for the unknown battle area in France where already millions of good and brave men had perished. Quietly she endured this tragic experience of the war, and her friends, knowing of her calm resignation through this heart-breaking time, find it difficult to provide a tribute in words for her, which she shares with her family.

We say with the poet truly “These wars are waged by the mothers of men.” Finding no word that seems adequate to praise my dear friend Mrs. Overstreet, the Divine tribute shall be written of her here, even though she may have often received it in times past. “Inasmuch as ye have done this . . . ye have done

HEROES ALL

it unto me.” And with reverence is this tribute written of her today.

Oak Park, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Leach:

As you say, it has been hard to get any record or information from the boys themselves, and although I was in France in the Y service from May, 1918, to September, 1919, and learned general news of some of them, details were scarce.

Did you know that George was in the same Battery E, 1st Illinois Artillery, Captain Henry J. Reilly, in Texas, 1916, with two of our sons, Albert P. and Harry M. Overstreet? Harry went to France with the Ambulance Service in January, 1917, and won the Croix de Guerre at Verdun with the French Army, afterwards enlisting in Battery E, 149th F.A. under Colonel Henry J. Reilly (who became the major general of the 42nd — Rainbow — Division). Harry's brothers, Albert P. and Edward V. K. Overstreet, were members of this same battery all through the A.E.F. service. Ralph M. Overstreet though married enlisted at Seattle, Washington, in the fall of 1917 (volunteer, as were all four), assigned as captain in Q. M. Dept. in charge of sanitation at Camp Lewis until April, 1918, sent to France in command of a company, was made a bridge-head officer in charge of distributing supplies in the field, was wounded and shellshocked through explosion of an enemy shell at Chateau Thierry during the July bat-

tle there; after hospital treatment was assigned to Graves Registration Service and cemetery preparation in the Paris region. Returned to America in July, 1919, and spent most of his time for two years in hospitals. Has since resided in Henderson and Louisville, Kentucky. The time you speak of George and Ralph being together in the west, was in Seattle, Washington.

Albert was wounded and gassed in the St. Mihiel advance and also in the Argonne Forest.

Harry was badly gassed in the Argonne just ten days before the armistice.

Edward, the youngest, went through with Battery E, 149th F.A., 42nd Division, in the Army of Occupation to Coblenz.

Yours very sincerely,
Harry E. Overstreet

OTHER SOLDIER FRIENDS

Lieutenant Shipley's family have other hero friends who sailed from the shores of America for France ready for any fate in 1917. Among these were:

Dr. Donald Abbott, head of the medical unit of the Chicago Presbyterian Hospital.

Dr. Earle B. Fowler, continually operating at Toul upon the eyes, ears and throats of the broken bodies brought to him from the battlefields near by.

Dr. Harold Hulbert, who had heart-breaking experiences caring for the shellshocked and the nerve-worn soldiers on shipboard as he brought them to the homeland.

George McClary and Donald Sperry, faithful ambulance officers, the former having been on a tour of Europe in 1914.

Lieutenants Ashley and Norman Smith and my nephew, George Allen Shipley who was with the 35th Engineers in France for a year and a half.

First Lieutenant Norman Stone and First Lieutenant Heber Smith whose division, The Blackhawk, did not arrive in France in time for any battle action, yet who were there in time to observe France, exhausted after four years of war, cheered and revived by the great Armistice Day.

And do we not with pride recall the marvelous work of our friend of Detroit school days, Wallace At-

terbury, who went to France to build railroads for the A.E.F., for the transference of troops and freight to the battle areas. General Atterbury was an outstanding leader of the A.E.F. in bringing an end to the World War in 1918.



CHAPLAIN J. AUSTEN LORD
Who buried Lieutenant Shipley

CHAPTER IV

SEVEN SHORT STORIES

THE STORY OF CHAPLAIN LORD

Great praise is surely the debt the people owe to those young soldiers who went over to France in the World War.

Colonel John Buchan of England has given a tribute of praise to the American soldier in his *History of the Great War*. "America's effort," says this brilliant historian, "is one of the most miraculous exploits in all history. From April, 1917, on, every month found hundreds of thousands of American boys reaching the shores of France to prepare for war, and in eight months two million men had arrived there ready to go under fire in the cause of the Allies. Moreover, America had shown the most admirable generosity and good sense in the use of her forces. The presence of these great potential reserves enabled Foch to use his seasoned troops boldly, since material for replacing them was mounting up steadily.

"Ludendorff suffered a bitter disillusionment as he saw these thousands of fine young Americans pouring into France, but his anxiety for a decisive victory

was quickened still more by the growing proofs that these millions of Americans were brave men. By the middle of July the American 3rd Division was fighting not far from Epernay and the Nanteuil-Hautvillers road. They first checked and then rolled back the German wave, taking 600 prisoners. The inconceivable had been brought to pass."

In connection with the 3rd Division of American troops mentioned by Colonel Buchan, a tribute should be given to a chaplain of this division, the Rev. J. Austen Lord, a young Methodist minister of Crothersville, Indiana.

"One of the godlike things in this world is the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men," wrote Carlyle.

We hear and read of the unknown dead, but there are also officers living who might be called "unknown heroes," and J. Austen Lord should be named among these for his work with the 3rd Division, 4th Infantry, throughout their service in the war. His work was certainly heroic even though it may not have become widely known.

He relinquished his pastorate in Crothersville, Indiana, and went as chaplain with the 3rd Division upon their entry into the war. He was with that 4th Infantry of the 3rd Division as chaplain all through their service in the battles of the Marne, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne. He and his small squad of men followed the line in action continuously, themselves always under fire, and when his service had

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ended, the records show that he had buried the remains of nearly 800 American soldiers. He tried when possible to give a Christian burial and he also tried as far as possible to keep a written record of each man, not only for the Infantry's books but for the families at home that he might give as much information as possible to those who were inquiring. On his 28th birthday, which was October 12, 1918, he was behind the line as usual. He had written in his diary the following few words concerning Lieutenant Shipley: "October 12, 1918. Am feeling very tired this morning: have come over behind a tree to write a few words of the day. I buried a Lieutenant Shipley this morning who was a graduate of Dartmouth College and had lived in Oak Park, Illinois."

Soon after this he and his men were attempting to gather a few wounded into one of the shell holes near by that they might if possible restore them to life. As they were busy at this task a German airplane flew over, noted their location, and took it back to the German gunners. This was often done, said Chaplain Lord; and this time the gunners aimed so perfectly at his little crowd that every one was killed but himself and one other. They had been soaked with mustard gas, however, and lay a day and two nights uncared for. At last they found themselves able to creep back to Montfaucon, and were carried from there to Geddeon, where the base hospital was located. To his very great disappointment, Chaplain Lord was not able to return to the line, and it

was several months before he was well enough to sail for America and home.

Nor have the years overcome the effects of that fearful gassing in the Argonne, as this paragraph from a very recent letter makes plain: " Please forgive my tardiness in answering. Have been in the hospital with an operation and things have been topsy turvy here. I have not been preaching for a year now and unless my throat improves very soon, I may never be able to again. That gas of the Argonne left a terrible scar upon every one who had to live thru it. I suppose I will carry mine to the end."

THE STORY OF LIEUTENANT
JAMES D. LIGHTBODY

There is no such thing as chance, and what seems to us the merest accident, springs from the deepest source of destiny.

— SCHILLER

There were two men who saw Lieutenant Shipley's first grave where he fell near Nantillois, the chaplain and Lieutenant Lightbody, friend from his early days as an athlete.

When he fell, someone took from him the discs for identification and his officer's insignia, in order to report his death to the officer in charge of this work. Harry Cook's record came from this report.

But Chaplain Lord, who buried him on October 12, and Lieutenant Lightbody, whose duties took him to the locality, were so far as we know the only two to view this first grave. In his description of discovering the grave of his old friend are illuminating facts as to this work of the Intelligence Service in which he was a lieutenant. How lightly he passes over his task in that dangerous section — "unhealthy" indeed! We count his service in the war extraordinary and outstanding for its cool courage. He deserves much more of a citation than these pages can give him.

His story of the custom the Germans had of sending their shells over the American hospital at Toul

about ten o'clock every Sunday morning is an interesting item.

He saw many times the headquarters (evacuated!) of the German Crown Prince at Montfaucon and related the fact that the pictures on the walls were real works of German art. He wore out four cars in this section of war chasms — three Fords and a Cadillac.

Thirty-eight men served under Lieutenant Lightbody in this work of discovering the bodies of American soldiers and informing the families how, when and where they had perished on this French battlefield.

The first grave, located near Nantillois, where George fell, was visited by these two men only, but after the removal to Romagne where his remains now lie, his grave was visited by many friends, and several pictures were brought to us. We have used only that which shows the grave after the wooden cross had been changed for a marble one by the French people. Those of my readers who have not been able to visit the graves of their friends in France will be interested in this view of the marble cross which now marks every American grave.

Lieutenant Lightbody's account follows:

The road from Varennes to Montfaucon follows the west side of the ridge with a gradual rise. The woods were located across the ravine to the east of the road with a ridge about three quarters of a mile to the right, the general direction being northeast. Montfaucon was the high point of the road. As one approached the town, the road forked, one



RUINS OF NANTILLOIS

Lieutenant Shipley's objective, near where he fell

SEVEN SHORT STORIES

branch running due east and the other or left fork hooked around to the back of the town. Between these two forks the ground fell away into a sort of spoon shaped ravine with a soggy or marsh effect at the bottom. The ravine ran north as I remember it and was edged on the right side by woods. A creek originated in the ravine. A German plane had been shot down and rested on the wide strip just north of the east road.

On the west side of the ravine and following the road, but in the bottom, were several piles of German ammunition. There were very few trees in this area, if I remember correctly. On the road about one and one-half miles north of Montfaucon, was the village of Nantillois.

This ravine was fairly well mused up and had seen action. It was not a very healthy place due to escaping gases and chemicals from damaged shells in the dumps.

A certain New York congressman had made some statements on the floor of Congress regarding a New Yorker. Within twelve hours, I received telephonic orders to investigate, contact all company commanders concerned and, if killed in action, locate grave, how, when, etc. The Central Records office showed serious conflicts. One card showed the man to be a member of a New York outfit, located miles away from Montfaucon. Another and newer card showed him on the company roll of another outfit near Montfaucon and, still later, killed in action. As all the outfits concerned were on the move I decided to work backwards, as the records showed this man as buried near Montfaucon. I figured that my orderly and myself could get up, locate, examine the grave and return to Toul in ten hours, — the roads were bad and jammed — while my office was locating the exact location of company billets. *This* was the reason for my going into this sector.

Instead of a few hours, I was four days in and around Montfaucon trying to locate this man. We cross-sectioned

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every one hundred yards and while thus engaged, I ran across George's grave located near the Nantillois road and back of a German ammunition dump, which was about fifteen feet long and about five feet high, about one-half mile south of the town of Nantillois.

It is very significant to know that few people were ever seen visiting this perilous section after the war.



S.S. LUTETIA

SEVEN SHORT STORIES

THE STORY OF THE LUTETIA

In one of George's last letters home to his mother he had placed in a postscript this question: " We are hearing a rumor that the *Lutetia*, the transport on which our division came to France, has been sunk on its return voyage. I wonder if it is true or just a rumor? "

This question provided a very interesting discussion at home, and we were unable to find out the facts concerning this boat until after the war was over. A friend in the navy, however, kindly undertook to discover the answer and after many months he was able to get a letter from London that seemed to be the solution of the matter and to show that the *Lutetia* had not perished on its return voyage, as the officers of the 79th Division had heard during those days in the Argonne battle area. The letter explaining this event follows:

April 8, 1932

CHAMBER SHIPPING OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

28 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C. s.

Dear Sir:

With further reference to your letters of the 26th January and 10th March we have been in communication with the owners of the French steamer "*Lutetia*," the Compagnie de Navigation Sud Atlantique, 3 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, as it occurred to us that it might be this vessel to which you refer; it could not possibly be the Donaldson vessel "*Letitia*" which was purely a hospital ship during the war and

used for no other purpose and, as previously advised, was lost in Halifax Harbour in September, 1917. There does not appear to have been any other vessel of the same name.

The Compagnie de Navigation Sud Atlantique inform us that their "Lutetia" was in fact used for the transport of American troops in considerable numbers and made a voyage leaving Marseilles on the 5th June, 1918, arriving New York on the 23rd June. The vessel left New York on the 10th July and arrived at Brest on the 21st July, 1918. The vessel made two similar voyages after that date in August and September of that year but was not lost during the war and is still in service though at the moment laid up. The company is unable however to say whether the 79th Division of the American army was among the troops carried by their vessel, and with that exception this information would seem to confirm that it was the "Lutetia" transport from which the brother of the party for whom you are inquiring landed at Brest in July, 1918; but that the information they had received from him that the vessel was sunk in that year is not correct.

It is quite probable that the American soldier who lost his life during the war, in writing to his mother, may have heard of the loss of the "Letitia," and not knowing the actual date that the vessel was sunk, confused it with the transport "Lutetia."

We hope that this is the information you required and are glad to have been of service to you.

Yours faithfully,
General Manager

THE STORY OF A QUESTION

Dr. J. W. G. Ward, one of Chicago's most notable preachers, is a native of England, and for seven years before coming to America was pastor of a London parish where he had succeeded Dr. G. Campbell Morgan. Soon after the beginning of the World War, Dr. Ward became a chaplain with the British troops. As to the war, he not only saw it through, but he thought it through.

In appealing to Dr. Ward, one appealed to an authority upon the subject. His letter, which follows, answers two fundamental questions about the evils of war: War is not necessary but does it not seem inevitable to the human race? And if so, what then? Dr. Ward's letter deserves to become a classic in world war literature.

October 24, 1934

Dear Madam:

I can quite understand and sympathize with your feelings regarding war. No one who has seen a little of it or suffered bereavement through it can be other than opposed to it. It is a primitive way of trying to settle a dispute. But in the light of the present position in world affairs one can plainly see that disputes are never settled in that way. There is something sinister about the whole proceeding. It begins to look as though a skillful game had been and is still

being played by statesmen and armament makers into which the various peoples are involuntarily drawn. Men then become pawns in that game, with consequent suffering and privation all around.

One's personal views scarcely affect the issue. I am not a pacifist if, by that term, is meant absolute nonresistance to the aggressor. I could not take up the position of the pacifist. Like Dr. Fosdick, I feel that many ministers were used as a means to an end. I urged the young men of my church in England to join the colors when to do so was entirely voluntary. The war commenced in August, 1914, and a month later almost every young man in my church between 18 and 25 had gone. As soon as I could be liberated, my church gave me a period of leave of absence to go to France, and later gave me absolute freedom to take up any service I felt was required of me. I did what I could to keep up the morale of the men, believing as I did that they were truly fighting the cause of human freedom. I tried to comfort wounded men along the same lines. I believed then, as I still believe, that the liberty of the human race was endangered by the militarist. Looking back, I am sure that their ideals and self-sacrifice could not have been mistaken. The very fact that there is a growing hatred of these things on the part of right-thinking people, that thousands who never felt any personal responsibility for the race's welfare are now deeply concerned about it, is proof of that fact. That is why the church and the individual are required to do

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all they can to discredit force and to foster friendship between the nations.

Unhappily, an armed force is still necessary for the preservation of liberty. I deplore the need for a police force for armed resistance to the criminal. I feel that it is lamentable that it should be necessary to imprison a fellow being. But I am sane enough to see that, as society is at present constituted, it is impossible to disband the police department. That would simply abandon society to the depredations of the gangster. That is, in my opinion, a small scale picture of what would happen if some nations were completely to disarm and leave other predatory countries an open field.

But I am not a militarist. As I have already said, to foster strife for national aggrandizement, to use force as a means merely for political ends, is reprehensible in the extreme. There is, as I see it, nothing good that can be said about either war or the war-maker. If the truth of what the last war meant could have been plainly told and fully comprehended by the peoples of the world, they would never permit their rulers to pursue such a policy again. Meanwhile, there is a middle course which I have outlined. As a nation and as individuals we dare not allow the war-maker to go unchecked, but, on the other hand, we ought to use every means in our power to create a better understanding between the nations, and also to prove that war, like crime, never pays.

J. W. G. Ward

A STORY OF WAR MONEY

It was Pliny who wrote: "Our youth and manhood are due to our country, but our declining years are due to ourselves."

There were heroes in America during those war days who, long past middle age, thought declining years did not belong to themselves but to the service of their country if needed. Many undertook the onerous duty in those days of raising money for the waging of this war.

It is said that the war cost our country during those two years a million dollars an hour. How was it secured? Someone had to take the responsibility of getting the millions needed during those two years. One of those who willingly undertook this great task was the chairman of the Metropolitan Committee, New York and environs, and he kept faithfully at this gigantic work during the *five drives* for Liberty Loans. The committee raised millions (or was it billions?) for carrying on the war, because the Metropolitan area was by far the wealthiest section for this war service.

The chairman to whom we allude was Arthur B. Leach of New York and South Orange. Requesting him to send an account of this work and the sum total raised by him, we received the following report. In this Mr. Leach does not give the sum total, but says in fact that there are no papers in existence that give this figure:

SEVEN SHORT STORIES

New York City

In regard to this war work, there is not a record of any kind. The only facts I can give you are: I was appointed chairman of what was known as the Metropolitan Committee, and as chairman of this committee, I created an enormous selling machine in New York City, had one hundred and thirty offices, several thousand volunteer workers. We had daily and nightly meetings in halls, churches, anywhere we could find a place to put an audience. Governor Strong, myself and others addressed these audiences — much flag waving, emotion, much “every man must do his bit.” I do not know the amounts, but as far as I can recall, we had more subscriptions in numbers and I think more subscriptions in amount than any other organization in the country. Details are not in existence.

One other job I undertook was the obtaining of dollar subscriptions for the Red Cross, in the State of New Jersey. We contacted with almost all of the Red Cross units in the state and then had a shock troop of say eight or ten automobiles, with workers going from town to town. We were met perhaps at the entrance to the city by the local workers, principally women in Red Cross uniforms. We held meetings in school houses, the city hall, or churches, and there would address the people urging upon each individual that he subscribe at least for a dollar membership. We addressed the school children and the burden of that urge was: “Boys and girls, there is not a single one of you but who can prevail upon your father or mother to subscribe one dollar to the Red Cross.” We received several thousands of subscriptions. It was a great work carried out in a big way all over the state. I spent days and weeks traveling about the state with this automobile caravan.

Another effort was — when the war finally broke out I organized a motor cycle troop in South Orange and vicinity. I bought the motor cycles and equipment for these men —

don't know how many, but I think I furnished upward of one hundred motor cycles. This troop was organized, officers appointed, drilled and finally turned over to the State Militia at Trenton. Of this activity, there is no record.

Sorry I cannot give you a more definite and detailed account.

Let me say this — each generation lives and loves and hates for itself, forgetful of the doing of its forebears or earlier generations. What I did was not with any thought of praise, thanks or remembrance and I feel just that way today.

Arthur B. Leach

We have in mind other heroes who, no longer young, had the right to think their declining years might be saved for their own use. For example the late William A. Douglass of Oak Park was extremely active in the Oak Park work through those five drives.

It has been said “responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power,” and the sums needed for our part in the World War were acquired. The latest statistics now disclose that the World War cost America *Twenty Five Billion Dollars!*

THE STORY OF NASSAU HALL

Among the buildings of colonial times in our American history, surely none is more important, more picturesque, more romantic than old Nassau Hall of Princeton University. It still stands, the outer walls quite complete, the interior only being changed, its partitions removed so that the walls might be covered with the university's valuable paintings.

Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, nephew and namesake of our ancestor, was the donor of the original campus at Princeton, twenty acres of ground on old Nassau street. After he had presented this tract to the trustees, he began raising the money to build old Nassau Hall. He raised what he could in America, and the balance of the building fund was given by friends in Scotland. This very interesting piece of ground is now surrounded by a high iron fence along Nassau street and the gates are ornamented with the name of Nathaniel Fitz Randolph in bronze letters. These gates are never opened except at Commencement or when some notable, the President of the United States or the Prince of Wales for example, is there to visit the university.

Recently, a descendant living in Philadelphia presented to the trustees of Princeton a small diary Nathaniel Fitz Randolph had kept through those most interesting days, and they placed it in the

library. A dozen photostatic copies have been made of this diary telling the history of the gift and some of the donor's family history.

In a letter which the daughter of Jonathan Edwards wrote from Princeton, she calls Nassau Hall "the most commodious of any of the Colleges as well as much the largest building of any upon the Continent. There is something very striking in it and a grandeur and yet a simplicity that can't well be expressed."

Or, as the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* has it:

"Nassau Hall, the oldest and historically the most interesting building on the campus, was at the time of its completion in 1756 the largest academic building in the American colonies. It was designed by Robert Smith, architect of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and was named in honour of William of Nassau, William III of England. Here in 1783 General Washington received the formal thanks of the American Congress for his conduct of the Revolutionary War."

Nassau Hall was the seat of the American government for almost a year at the time when its removal from Philadelphia, the original capital, became necessary.

THE STORY OF GOETHE'S "HILL"

*On every mountain height
Is rest,
On all the tree-tops
You can trace
Scarcely a breath;
The small birds are silent in the forest.
Only wait; and soon
Thou too shalt rest.*

GOETHE

These lines by Goethe were written when he was a youth. He climbed a hill at Ilmenau near Weimar and wrote them upon the walls of a chalet at the top.

On his last birthday, August 29, 1831, fifty-one years after composing the verse, he again ascended this hill in the forest district of Ilmenau not far from Weimar. He had his two young grandsons with him and together they climbed the Gickelhahn — no great height certainly but something of an achievement for a man of eighty-two. In the little wooden hut at the top, he showed them the lines he had written in pencil on one of the boards fifty-one years before. The writing, put there in 1780, may still be deciphered.

CHAPTER V

TREASURED LETTERS

In response to our brother's request, Dr. Hopkins wrote the following reference for his entrance to the Officers Training Camp at Fort Sheridan.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
HANOVER, N. H.
Offices of Administration

THE PRESIDENT

February twenty-sixth
1917

Dear Sir:

I take great pleasure in giving a word of hearty recommendation in connection with the application of George Elliott Shipley for enrollment in the Officers Reserve Corps.

Mr. Shipley took his college course at Dartmouth and was well known here as one of the prominent men of his class. He satisfied the requirements of the institution scholastically and was prominent in athletics, meanwhile maintaining his popularity among his classmates socially and having their respect. I think that he is the type of man that is de-

sirable for such enrollment as the Officers Reserve Corps offers.

Yours very sincerely,
Ernest Martin Hopkins

The Commanding General,
Central Department, U. S. Army,
Chicago, Ill.

TREASURED LETTERS

A letter of sympathy from Governor Lowden.

STATE OF ILLINOIS
Office of the Governor
SPRINGFIELD

March 21, 1919

My Dear Mr. Leach:

I have learned with deep regret of the death of Lieutenant George E. Shipley, and I want to extend to you and the other members of his family my heartfelt sympathy in the great loss you have sustained. It must be some consolation to you, however, to know that he gave his life in as sacred a cause as the world has ever known.

Illinois feels a great pride in the supreme sacrifice he made for humanity.

Sincerely yours,
Frank O. Lowden

Dr. Hopkins' letter upon hearing of our brother's death.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

HANOVER, N. H.

Offices of Administration

THE PRESIDENT

February fourteen

1919

Dear Mr. Leach:

Upon returning home I find your letter of January 24.

I of course knew George Shipley exceedingly well. As a matter of fact he came up from Baltimore and asked me to help him to get his assignment abroad, in which matter I did all that I could for him because of the long time friendship we had had dating from the days of his undergraduate course.

There is no way for me to express my feelings in regard to these men who have been representative of the College and whom we shall see no more. Among the group who have given their lives there are very few whom I have known better or shall miss more than George.

I am

Most sincerely yours,

Ernest M. Hopkins

TREASURED LETTERS

A letter from Mrs. Lounsbury, wife of Capt. Lounsbury formerly at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

Windermere Hotel
Chicago

Dear Mrs. Leach:

May I express my very deepest sympathy to you for this great sorrow the war has brought upon you. I knew your brother in Rockford and shall always cherish the memory of that Thanksgiving Day he spent with us. My husband and son are both across; Capt. Lounsbury ill with pneumonia in the base hospital at St. Nazaire and Ralph on his way into Germany.

So for me the war is not over.

I can so sympathize with you for I know what it means to give up such a splendid brother. Capt. Lounsbury, were he here, would indeed join me in expressing very deepest sympathy for he too greatly admired your brother. Believe me,

Most sincerely,

Elizabeth C. Lounsbury
(Mrs. J. A.)

HILL 7

A close friend of Lieutenant Shipley's in the War Service wrote the following:

December 10, 1919
611 West 158th St.
New York City

Dear Mrs. Leach:

Here in New York there are many soldiers on the streets and many times I have seen men who reminded me of George. It will be that way from now on, I will be continually meeting boys and men who will bring back the recollection of one of the finest men and one of the finest friends I may ever hope to have, George Shipley. I feel that I knew him perhaps better than any other of his friends. We grew very close to each other during the six months that I lived with him there in Chicago. Assuredly I am proud of him, proud that he died as he did, fighting because he was a real American.

Very sincerely,
Glenn W. Tisdale
(Captain, 331st Field Artillery)

TREASURED LETTERS

From his lifelong friend, Captain Frank Templeton.

Oak Park, Illinois

June 29, 1919

Dear Mrs. Leach:

I thank you from the bottom of my heart for George's picture. Our great friendship extended over a good many years without interruption and without change. It is too bad George is gone but he went in a wonderful way. His picture will be a constant reminder to me of boyhood days, college days, and later days that were well spent and well enjoyed.

Very sincerely

Frank Templeton

From John A. Clarke, a beloved Dartmouth College classmate.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB
1 West 54th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Leach:

I can think of no one to whom Kipling's verses might have applied better than to dear old George, — those lines that go —

Borne on the breath that men call Death,
My brother's spirit came.
He scarce had need to doff his pride
Or slough the dross of earth —
E'en as he trod that day to God
So walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

These for George, one of the best friends I ever had.

Sincerely yours,
John A. Clarke

TREASURED LETTERS

From Dr. George N. Luccock, his pastor for many years in Oak Park.

THE COLLEGE CHURCH
WESTMINSTER
George N. Luccock, *Minister*
WOOSTER, OHIO

January 27, 1919

Dear Mr. Leach:

We can understand how sore will be your sorrow. And yet it is a sorrow mingled with comfort and pride. I believe he is the only member of our Oak Park Church so far reported to have given his life in the great Cause. Douglas Mott was a member of the S.S. and belonged to one of our church families, and so was one of us. George's star will be preeminent in its golden hue, on the service flag embracing church communicants. It is indeed hard to have a life cut off on the threshold of its career, but if one must die in early manhood it is glorious to die in the service of humanity. How proud the mother who bore him has a right to feel over that service! Upon the memory of his young manhood there rests an enduring crown.

With affectionate regards to you all, in which Mrs. Luccock warmly joins, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Geo. N. Luccock

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, a boyhood friend of Lieutenant Shipley's father in Chesterville, Ohio, wrote the following to George's older brother upon reading the account of Lieutenant Shipley's death.

ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

F. W. Gunsaulus, *President*

December 1, 1919

My dear Mr. Shipley:

With a good deal of emotion and tender affection and sympathy for you, I have read this most interesting manuscript concerning Lieutenant George E. Shipley.

Oh, I thought of the old Ohio and Morrow County associations, and praised God for the good blood that has gone into the world's veins through such ancestry. You certainly must be proud to have such a contribution made through your brother to the life and hope of the world.

Faithfully yours,

F. W. Gunsaulus

TREASURED LETTERS

Letter from Mrs. W. R. Vosburgh, a friend of Lieutenant Shipley's family.

321 South Grove Avenue
Oak Park, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Leach:

I have felt the lack of ability to say anything that could be of any comfort to you. You know the help that religion gives in time of trouble and I do not need to point out that, and I know too how proud and glad you are that if George must go it should be as he did, fighting for the ideals of his country.

I remember him so happy and proud and young the last time I saw him that summer in Douglas; in his uniform he was so good looking and so happy. I shall always think of him that way.

But even tho I cannot say comforting words I can assure you of our tenderest sympathy and that I do for both Mr. Vosburgh and myself.

Very sincerely yours,

Annie J. Vosburgh

February the eighth

DARTMOUTH CHAPTER
OF
ALPHA DELTA PHI
HANOVER, N. H.

January 26, 1919

Whereas, it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to take from this life our Brother, George E. Shipley, of the class of 1908 of Dartmouth College, and

Whereas, by his death we lose an esteemed and beloved Brother,

Resolved, that we, the members of the Dartmouth Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, do hereby express our sorrow at his death and do extend to his family our sincere sympathy, and

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published in "The Dartmouth" and filed in the records of the chapter.

For the Chapter,

Hugh M. McKay
Corresponding Secretary

CASQUE AND GAUNTLET

Office of the Secretary
151 Manthorne Road
West Roxbury, Mass.

April 14, 1919

My dear Mrs. Shipley:

Accept my deepest sympathy in your loss and feel assured that Casque & Gauntlet is proud that it can look upon the name of George Shipley as one of the Knights worthy of the name.

Yours sincerely,

Earle H. Pierce

CASQUE AND GAUNTLET

IN MEMORIAM

Lieutenant George Shipley

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from earthly sufferings our brother

Lieutenant George Shipley

be it

Resolved, that we, representing the Alumni and Active Members of the Order of Casque and Gauntlet, hereby express our profound sorrow and deep regret at what, from every human point of view, seems the untimely taking off of a man in the strength of ripening manhood, and who gave promise of long years crowned with honor among his fellowmen, for whom he made the supreme sacrifice in the great war, and be it further

Resolved, that we take consolation to ourselves and shall endeavor to extend it to others, even nearer and dearer to him by family ties, for the striking down of a strong man, in the thought that his adventurous enterprise truly set forth the daring shown by the Knights of olden times, and be it further

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of this society and a copy be sent to the family of our late brother.

Given at the annual meeting of the Alumni of the Order of Casque and Gauntlet, in the City of Boston,

TREASURED LETTERS

this twenty-first day of March, in the Year One-Thousand-Nine-Hundred-and Nineteen.

Edmund J. Shattuck '10

Lawrence H. Bankart '10

Earle H. Pierce '10

Mrs. Addison Gardner, Jr. was the first friend of our family to visit George's grave at its first location in Romagne. Her letter, which follows, was the first to contain a picture of the grave. With what emotion did we read this letter which told us of the grave, and look upon a picture of it so far away in France.

Many friends have visited it since and have written us and graciously sent us pictures and we hereby thank them one and all for their great thoughtfulness and kindness in so doing.

MICKLEM HALL
Oxford, England
Aug. 7, 1920

Dear Mrs. Leach:

Before my days become overcrowded with more experiences I want to write you of the time I spent in France. When this trip was first planned I had no intention of going on the continent at all because of the discouraging reports of all kinds of hardship and inconvenience of tourists. However, through Mother's insistence we were finally persuaded to go over to France and make the effort to go at least over the battle-fronts near Paris and Reims. Upon our arrival in Paris we met friends who had taken the entire three day trip over the French and American fronts and they said that we must by all means take the whole trip. The experience of that three days I shall never forget; had I been on this side and not



FRENCH PEASANTS MAKING GARDEN
Taken at foot of Montsaucon, in 1920

TREASURED LETTERS

visited that country I should have missed a great opportunity not to say a duty. It is bound to be a lesson to a young person like me to see the heart-sickening destruction of the French villages and farms and then to see with what indomitable courage the people come back and rebuild on the ruins which in many cases are no more than heaps of plaster and rubbish. Our first day included Reims itself and the battlefields thereabout, the second day we went thru the Argonne which I know holds particular significance for you. I knew that George Shipley lost his life in the Argonne, so I inquired in the office of the Romagne Cemetery and found his grave. I think it may be a little comfort to you to have someone tell you of it who has been there. I took a picture and I want to come and see you and tell you whatever I can when I get home. You probably know all about the cemetery but in case you do not I shall try to tell you a little although it seems difficult to describe. There are twenty-one thousand American men lying there. Each grave has a snow white wooden cross with the name and service inscribed. In the middle of the cemetery is a beautiful American flag which can be seen some distance away. The hills of the Argonne and Montfaucon are in the background. This attempt at a description seems hopelessly inadequate but I hope I can tell you more about it. Most of all I hope you will have an opportunity to see it. I am sure you would feel a great comfort in seeing it. Really I cannot attempt to relate our experience on

this trip. It is one of the great things that are too overpowering to be put into words. I have not tried to write about it to anyone — but I felt that I must at least let you hear right away of the part of my pilgrimage which I know is very near to you.

As you see we are now in Oxford and will go from here to the Lakes and then back to Sir William Mathew's until September eighth which is now the date of our sailing.

Devotedly,

Sylvia *

* Now Mrs. Addison Gardner, Jr.

TREASURED LETTERS

Mr. Harry W. Austin in the following letter describes the first location of the grave of Lieutenant Shipley in Romagne.

HOTEL D'HARSCAMP

Namur, Belgium

July 29, 1921

Dear Ferry:

I saw George Shipley's grave today. On the back of the paper I send is an exact copy of what is on the grave marker. The grave is exceptionally well located. Right in the center of the cemetery in the section next the flag and on the corner of the walk. They would not allow me however to take a picture of the grave, as bodies are now being removed. There were 21,000 bodies there and 10,000 have been taken away. When they get thru with removals they will take the bodies from other cemeteries to this one and make probably as fine a national cemetery as they have in America. Were this my own case I would leave him here. Out of four boys I was interested in, three of them (all Alpha Delts) are still here. One of them, my cousin, nephew of F. C. Austin, was taken out for shipment to Kansas City three weeks ago.

Sincerely

H. W. Austin

CHAPTER VI

TRIBUTES

LLOYD GEORGE'S TRIBUTE TO CHICAGO SOLDIERS OF THE WORLD WAR

Lloyd George, War Premier of England, came on a tour to the United States in 1923, and in Chicago in an address given before twelve thousand citizens he told the following:

“Chicago Wins the War.”

The little Welshman told how Chicago soldiers saved the situation at Amiens without orders from their superior officers.

When but 200 yards from Amiens, the Germans would have won the war, the Chicago boys saved the Allied lines by going in without orders to help the Australians.

To quote from the *Chicago Tribune*:

I first met Chicago behind Amiens, continued Lloyd George. Perhaps I should not tell this — it has never been told before. It was March, 1918, and I, a poor premier, trying to see what was wanted at the front, found that Germany was about to win the war.

Two hundred yards more and Germany would have Amiens, would split the French and British armies and then — I need not say. A division of Australians was ready to go against the German spearhead that night. Chicagoans were stationed behind the lines with them.

“We’re going in to fight tonight, come on along,” said the Aussies to the Americans.

HILL 7

"We can't; we have orders not to fight yet," was the answer.

The Australians were fine fighters but not so good on obeying orders, and they kidded the Americans about their attitude. The Americans went in despite — or without — orders. With the Australians they turned back the Huns when victory was 200 yards away. I asked the German prisoners about your boys the next day and one answered: "They're good fighters, but too rough."

TRIBUTES

GENERALISSIMO FOCH'S TRIBUTE TO THE A. E. F.

To the American Legion, in convention assembled, Cleveland, Ohio: My heart is with them at the moment of the second anniversary of the fighting they went through by the side of the Allies for the common cause of right and liberty. I again render homage to the valor and to the tenacity which they unceasingly showed on the battle fields of France; in the days of misfortune and the days of success; the magnificent enthusiasm with which they answered our call; the great part they took in the sacrifices of war; the glorious remembrance of those who fell on our soil will remain a token of the profound gratitude and the indestructible union of our two countries.

THE LAST WORD

As the last page of this narrative is being written, it is the sixth of April, in the year 1935. The lost horizon is hidden with black war clouds once again after so many years, on this the eighteenth anniversary of America's entrance into the world war.

But now, how changed! America can scarcely protect her own shores. What great debts must be incurred to do even that! We must leave to their own fate our friends in Europe, they must work out their own safety, America must stand off!

It is Admiral Sims who is now declaring that peace depends upon education, the peace of the world. I would add to his words "It depends upon religious education." It is not the enemy but the enmity that must be attacked.

The whole world must fervently unite in that great prayer recently recorded for a world prayer, "O God, scatter upon the face of the earth, all those who instigate war." Amen and Amen.

THE END

1914-1919

CEUX QUI PIEUSEMENT SONT MORTS POUR LA PATRIE
ONT DROIT SUR LEUR CROQUIS LA FOLLE VIE ET LA PAIX



A LA MÉMOIRE

George C. Shapley
Second Lieutenant U. S. Army

DES ETATS-UNIS D'AMÉRIQUE,
MORT POUR LA LIBERTÉ
PENDANT LA GRANDE GUERRE
HOMMAGE DE LA FRANCE

Le Président de la République

Marcel



CARTIER Paris Ed. Gode Simon

THE FRENCH TRIBUTE

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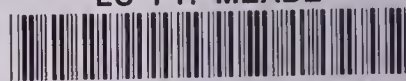
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